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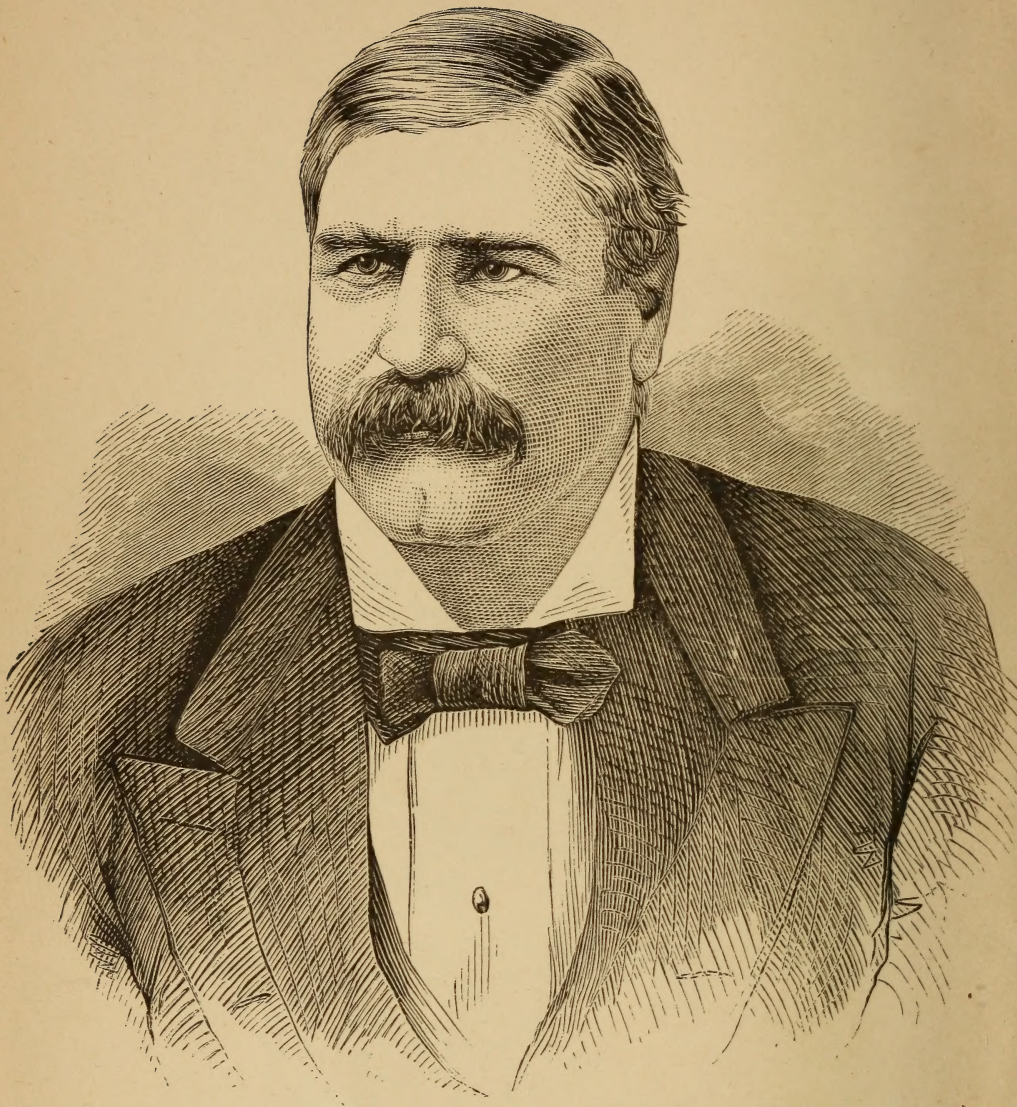

Francis Murphy.

THE

TRUE PATH;

OR,

GOSPEL TEMPERANCE:

BEING

THE LIFE, WORK AND SPEECHES

OF

FRANCIS MURPHY,

DR. HENRY A. REYNOLDS,

AND THEIR CO-LABORERS.

EMBRACING ALSO A HISTORY OF THE

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

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BY

REV. J. SAM'L VANDERSLOOT,

AUTHOR OF

"Comprehensive Bible Encylopedia," "Explanatory Bible Dictionary," "Bible History and Analysis," "Books of Biblical Antiquities," "New and Improved Dictionary of Bible Names," &c., &c.

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TO

CYRUS STURDIVANT,

THE MODEST

HERO AND CHRISTIAN REFORMER,

WHOSE WORTH AND SACRIFICES—THOUGH ALMOST LOST SIGHT OF IN THE MAGNITUDE OF THE PRESENT STRUGGLE—HAVE BROUGHT, UNDER GOD,

FRANCIS MURPHY

FROM THE POWER OF RUM TO TEMPERANCE,

AND OF

SIN TO RIGHTEOUSNESS,

THIS WORK IS DEDICATED,

AS AN ACT OF JUSTICE AND KINDLY ACKNOWLEDGMENT,

BY THE AUTHOR.

National Christian Temperance Union.

"WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE, AND CHARITY FOR ALL."

I, the undersigned, do PLEDGE my word and honor,

GOD HELPING ME,

to abstain from ALL Intoxicating Liquors as a beverage, and that I will, by all honorable means, encourage others to abstain.

Francis Murphy.

_____

PREFACE.

GREAT movements have their literature. It has invariably been so. And it would be strange if, in our civilization, the Murphy and Reynolds temperance reforms should prove exceptions. It is not enough that books should be published in support of the holy cause. The popular mind will not rest here. Its special and wonderful achievements must be recorded. The needed truths must be heralded and preserved.

In deference to these reflections this book is sent forth. It has only been prepared, however, in the spirit that should be dominant in every work of life—that of *doing good.* We have had nothing narrower to inspire us. The thought that what Francis Murphy and Dr. Henry A. Reynolds have done, in particular places, both of themselves and through their followers, might not be ineffectual in its saving influence among the quiet villages and humble homes throughout our beloved borders, has nerved the writer to his task along many weary hours before daylight and after nightfall.

Many facts furnished in this volume have been gathered from Mr. Murphy's lips, by a reporter specially employed, and have never heretofore found their way into print. They have also, in some instances, been properly clothed by ourselves, in such a way as not to mislead, either by undue exaltation or any attempt at their abasement. Thus they are peculiar and individual property. The speeches we present have been, in cases,

solely procured through personal painstaking and expense. They can be found nowhere else.

Not a few of the reformed men, being familiar with Mr. Murphy's reticence upon things relating to his career, have, in looking over some of the advance sheets, been amazed at the fullness and evident completeness of our history of the Apostle's life. They have conceded that it gives every indication of a connected narration of all the circumstances most important to the general reader. And such we believe to be the fact. Certainly we have done all that Mr. Murphy can or will look for, everything considered. We have attempted, at every turn, to hold up the hands of the prophet; and, although not a famous Aaron, we have assumed the role of an unpretending Hur. Much of what we say above of Mr. Murphy is applicable to what we have written of Dr. Reynolds.

Our mind has been no little encouraged by the report that not a few of the reformer's friends have ordered many copies of the work, and they are unreserved in their avowed purpose to regard it as a *vade mecum* in this gigantic campaign.

Finally, we have not written for compensation. This concerns only one—a grain in the desert of life, a drop in the ocean of time. But we have fitted up what we would modestly regard as a "little labor of love." Had our spiritual desires and advantages not appeared, we would never have begun it. We have looked out upon the hundreds of thousands going along in the deep current of sin to the yawning and seething cataract of destruction, and we have thrown out this life-line to them, not without many anxious prayers and tears, in the hope that some, yea, many, might grasp it and be saved. And we have lifted up our eyes and heart "unto the hills, from whence cometh our help," and seen the golden wreaths of eternal royalty waving above them; and have heard the words, so prophetically scintillating through the swift rolling centuries, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament: and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

J. Saml. V.

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PART I.

THE SUBJECT AS PRESENTED TO-DAY.

THE TRUE PATH;

OR,

GOSPEL TEMPERANCE.

PART I.

THE SUBJECT AS PRESENTED TO-DAY.

CHAPTER I.

MR. MURPHY'S INFLUENCE.—HIS SUCCESS.—LEADING CHARACTERISTICS.

Francis Murphy is a surprise. Within a comparatively short time he has astonished the whole country. He has effectually gained the popular ear, and almost as readily won its heart. Certainly, his success is unequalled in the annals of reform. No other man has risen so high as a public benefactor, and a real friend of the most degraded and wretched among men.

Thus, already, his influence is wonderful. It is of a most commanding character. Not only do leading men, among ministers, merchants and others—of both great mental culture and wealth—subscribe to his plans and conform to all his most reasonable wishes; but his influence extends to every grade and character of our people. It brings thousands of eager and devoted disciples to his feet. It goes beyond the bold and

impertinent stare of the public eye, and enters into the privacy and sanctity of the most humble homes. It finds firm anchorage in the shadow-land of family trials, and carries with it the needful balm that issues only from Divine Truth and its association with human effort. It rests complacently in chambers where once sadness, fear and squalid misery held carnival. It establishes the true human helper and friend—though but a pliant instrument in the Omnipotent hand—in the hearts of countless thousands of innocent and dependent ones, far outnumbering the fathers, husbands and brothers redeemed.

The reason for all this is plain. It is in the fact that through his remarkable exertions there has been lifted from priceless souls the suffering of lives more intolerable than any death, and instead thereof the unbounded happiness dispensed that only those long denied it can fully experience. And it is further in the fact that the number of souls so reclaimed and freed are known to be legion.

The speediest and most effective way to the interests, sympathies and affections of an intelligent people, is the salvation of its unfortunates. Great men have often become so by saving the lives of a few hundred or thousand persons. But here is an instance of a man, under God, saving thousands upon thousands of lives—both for time and eternity. People see and feel this, and are awakened to a sense of what is due such an one.

Nor is this appreciation limited to the immediate fields of Mr. Murphy's labor. His influence is almost equally powerful and far-reaching in every community. His name—with his words of kindness and wisdom, and deeds of love—has been well heralded throughout our borders. It seems as if the whole nation of intemperance and vice is beginning to fret and heave from the enormous load his skill and struggles have put upon it. And it is plain that Christianity and morality have been stirred up to the importance of a hearty co-operation with a plan that human wisdom can in no way condemn.

All feel the magnitude of the work now fairly inaugurated. Every atmosphere is full of the movement our hero has championed. The millions are only waiting—and anxiously—to know who, and what, he really is who has been able to so trouble the pools throughout our great social system.

As already intimated, Mr. Murphy is a new star in the canopy of our era—a brilliant gladiator in the arena of American life. He is both a leader of great promise, and a general of prodigious victories. His success is assured for the time to come. He has taken firm root in the soil of the whole people. Even now the plant fills the air with the perfume of its blossoms and fruit. All concede the fact that neither tongue nor pen can do justice to either the worker or his work.

It is evident that more than one million persons have signed the Murphy pledge. Among these is a large proportion of men and women who were slaves to their appetites for strong drink. Not a few were confirmed drunkards and outcasts. This is a glorious record—one that should cause the people in the true path—they of the Gates of Zion—to be filled with pleasure and songs of thanksgiving.

Through this unprecedented success—we may say, this extraordinary share of Divine blessing—the people are largely aglow with earnestness and enthusiasm. There is a disposition on the part of many to yield personal tastes and convictions, and subscribe to anything that will add to the general result. The tendency of the Church is toward more of prayer and labor and faith. And what may we not expect when the hearts of the Christian public are turned, from day to day, toward God—He who redeems more willingly than men receive his inestimable blessings.

One of the things constantly developed in Mr. Murphy's labors is his unfaltering faith. He clearly has his convictions fixed upon the willingness of the Divine Spirit to aid every noble enterprise—especially that having for its purpose purely the elevation into spiritual life and activity of his unfortunate fellow-men.

He also has confidence in the fact that something of good, however small or flickering, exists down somewhere in every soul—something which can be fanned into a flame sufficient to light up the whole being and fill it with righteousness and truth. He has faith that, hard by the refreshing and enkindling power of the Almighty, on the one hand, and the feeble desires and latent sympathies of the fallen, on the other, there flows a continual stream of salvation; and that a brotherly hand, warmed by a loving heart, may lift into useful manhood hosts of men who have long ceased to look for real friendship upon the earth. He has faith also that even one man, leaning heavily upon Christ, can accomplish more against evil than regiments of men depending solely upon themselves.

Another important feature is his peculiar aptitude at persuasiveness. By this none are harmed by him, in his approaches, or addresses, whilst many are either surprised and impressed, or speedily won to him.

The former method of badgering with innuendos, or even epithets, is disdained. Even the first show of unkindness is studiously avoided. No hostility is awakened in the breast of anyone. Threatening is not so much as thought of alongside the better and more potent principle of kindness—the child of love—that divine grace and attribute which moves worlds, and heaven itself.

Persuasion is at once carefully and thoroughly employed, adhered to, and held, as the central motive power. Men are taken by the hand. This is the easy and sure way to the heart. And well might religion profit by this, in all its various ecclesiastical methods, while striving for the glory of the Master. There is more hope for the reclamation of thousands in this way than in perhaps most of the denunciatory efforts of the pulpit and rostrum. There is much more of Christianity in the friendly shake of the hand than in many prayers offered. Mr. Murphy not only understands this, but seems to consider that a long and hearty shake of the hand and a short prayer is at no disadvantage over against a long prayer and a

short and feeble act of fellowship. He moves toward the erring with a soul running over with a tenderness and persuasiveness that melts them down as effectually as are battalions and brigades decimated before the well-delivered leaden hail of an intrenched enemy.

Thus, where there has been no desire for reformation he excites it. No matter how mean in appearance the man may be, he, the champion, grasps his hand and says, "My brother, come and assert your manhood! Come! You shall be saved!" And he comes—for a ray of hope, for the first time, touches the darkened soul.

There is also presented to us in the man the very essential elements of personality—giving shape and even solidity to a sweeping popular enthusiasm. There can be no doubt as to the possession of this in a most extraordinary degree. He is at once captivating through his gift of eloquence, his most admirable earnestness, his impressive manner, his delicacy of feeling, his robust and enduring physical organism, and, withal, his singularly magnetic presence. All regard his personal appeals as irresistible, and calculated to thoroughly imbue his hearers with the same spirit by which he is himself moved.

Thoroughness is seen, too, in all Mr. Murphy does. His mind not only expands, in proportion to the demands of his soul, in the great movement, but his plans and their fulfillment are distinguished for precision and effectiveness. Nothing is done loosely or carelessly; not a man is allowed to escape him, if in any way adapted to the work. Is one a good speaker? has he an important and telling experience? has he been distinguished among the intemperate, or frequenters of the drinking saloon, or groggery? At once he is pushed to the front, constrained to tell his sad story and its rejoiceful sequel to the thousands, and then sent into the field to imitate the great leader in urging the necessity for, and value of, Gospel temperance.

Often men have signed the pledge, and then walked away from philanthropic workers, as if all was done that it was pos-

sible for them to do. That act ended, the signer was left to himself, and a world of snares and false friends. No interest was taken in them, and they were not encouraged to keep their solemn pledge by subsequent words or efforts.

Not so is Mr. Murphy's work done. Men are clothed, fed, employed, encouraged, and drilled to faithfulness. Thus appeal after appeal has been made to the public. The leader himself has gone to private homes soliciting apparel for his converts. His self-sacrificing devotion has driven home to the great public heart the fact of his genuine humanitarianism; and the community of rum-venders and rum-drinkers have silently bowed their heads before him.

One other peculiarity requires, at our hands, a few reflections. It is that of a deep, personal experience. This has made Mr. Murphy bold, strong and shrewd. It is the band that encircles his soul, and whatever of gifts and graces he possesses. He was saved from a terrible end. His redemption released him from the worst of foes. His tender nature and sympathies were caught up by the power of the Holy Spirit. His prayers carried him from a familiar degradation to peace and happiness in believing. His very cruelties to others, especially the objects of his love, brought to him a more persistent interest and affection in their behalf.

Through this last characteristic, Mr. Murphy stepped out not only upon the broad platform, and into the pure air of universal manhood, but—as by an unseen impetus—began to ascend the heights by which he might more perfectly measure his privileges and opportunities, and from which he might call to him those of like perils and misfortunes.

CHAPTER II.

MR. MURPHY'S DIFFICULTIES.—INFLUENCES AGAINST HIM.—A WARNING.

It is well that the world has its generous and noble natures which press beyond the narrow confines of the cynics and fault-finders—a class seldom pleased with anything unless they do it themselves, although eager to enjoy the good opinions of others. It is well that there are men who consider and remember their duty to God and humanity; who are willing to be held up to the contempt of some so that others may be profited, and who are ready to endure as good soldiers, for the honor of the name of Christ. It even seems well, also, that there are at times difficulties before such valiant defenders of truth, by the overcoming of which we are led to know that the wisdom of man is as foolishness before Him who gives to all their talents, and whose spiritual gifts and blessings are greatly above the highest advantages of a carnal nature.

Thus are we brought to ourselves. Thus does God humble the lofty and instruct the despised. And thus, while we see hundreds of the most learned and skilled from distinguished "Alma Maters" pass through lives full of golden opportunities, without acquiring a name beyond the slender fields of their professional or business engagements, we are now and then amazed at the splendid acts of such as have risen from obscurity and disadvantages—as have asked no mercy of the proud wave above the surface, and yet transcended them all.

Few persons, having such obstacles before them as had Francis Murphy, ever conceive of, or attempt, great popular

movements. Fewer still meet with any respectable success in the attempts made. They who succeed, however—and especially who do so signally and continuously—must be great, find them what and where you will. God reigns among men, and no one can accomplish such results, unless he is a chosen vessel—having the peculiar characteristics of mind and soul most essential, however they may be hidden from human ken.

It is neither an easy nor common thing for men, having the advantages of influence and education, to rise to prominence in our large communities. But for men to come from the depths of debauchery and the prison house, and without so much as an ordinary mental outfit, and then hew their way up to a place alongside the ablest and most distinguished of our citizens, is truly marvellous, and demands our attention and respect.

It may be objected by some, that such men are only great, because they meet the tastes, views, feelings and training of the crowd. Be it so. The most distinguished of our countrymen, generally, in all departments of usefulness, have become so by consulting the requirements of the masses. Great minds must bend to those around and beneath them, or their very greatness becomes a source of reproach. Truly popular men are more surely great than those who despise the opinions of the world, simply because of a consciousness of their superior personal attainments.

There is a greatness that the schools cannot give—that the most exquisite preparation cannot procure—and that rises in intrinsic merit and importance above all mind culture. It is born, and is somewhat of a rare production. It has to do with the soul.

Education might have raised a mind and soul like Mr. Murphy's high up among the people with but little effort. But then his usefulness might have been thwarted. Difficulties make some men all the greater—often much more useful. His strength is seen more prominently in the indifference with which he treats the very qualification held to be so essential.

He doubtless knows of his misfortune—if such it be—perhaps feels it for the moment; but then led, as by a superhuman impulse, and a keen appreciation of his duty in behalf of suffering and erring humanity, he springs forward, appeals pointedly to men, catches their ears, wins their hearts, and holds them till he slays the enemy of their souls; and then anoints and bandages them for their new existence.

The questions have been recently asked, "Whether men, having little more than dissolute lives to commend them to the public, are the proper persons to be recognized as leaders in important public movements?"—"Whether wickedness should be made a vestibule to popularity?"—"Whether those of offensive antecedents should not be kept upon the stool of repentance for a goodly season, and held at a discount in matters of general interest?"

In answer to such inquiries, we scarcely know what to say. We would not utter anything having the appearance of unkindness in it. And yet we feel a deep sense of indignation in an attempt at their consideration. We regard them as an impeachment of the common sense of our people generally. Yea, more!—they seem to be an arraignment of the government of God among men!

When our Lord called Saul, the "chief of sinners," He did no more than He is doing to-day, both in the Church and out of it. And when He does so call, shall men shake their heads impiously and declare that wickedness with Jehovah is at a premium?

We will use a homely illustration, and urge, that there are very many tame crows sitting cozily and lazily upon the fence, which are only innocent of the decaying carcass of sin because it did not lie within easy range of their flight. Perhaps if they had tasted it, they would enjoy more of active usefulness; would desert their complacent and self-important habits; would entertain more charitable opinions of the world around them; and would more actively and truthfully engage in the great conflict of life. The worst sinners have been made so

by the very soul qualities that—once subjected to the light and heat of God's Spirit—make them the best and most noble Christians.

Again, we think it is no reflection upon the educational interests of our day to say that sound, practical sense flourishes most outside the range of our more prominent schools of learning. Nor do we violate the sentiments of the most experienced of intelligent Christians, when we say that about the worst men in the church are those who sit in judgment over others—following simply their own uncharitable opinions, and seeking to punish accordingly—taking the whole business out of the hands of Him who hath said, "I will repay." The influences against him have evidently escaped the attention of Mr. Murphy. From remarks recently made by him, it is certain that, in his hurried and resistless labors, he has not seen the indifference and obstacles set up by various influences, the moral support of which he should have had.

We would first direct attention, under this caption, to the secular press—that most notable power in the direction of either interesting and arousing the people, or checking and neutralizing public movements. It has to a considerable extent exercised remarkable caution in this entire temperance warfare. The reasons for this we can well understand. Its interests have often been at stake. It has, perhaps, done all we could reasonably expect. But we are quite sure it might have done abundantly more, had it assumed the independence characteristic of its course upon many other subjects. In numerous instances in the Middle, as also in the Eastern and Western States, it has yielded its favor grudgingly, and as if from the merest compulsion. To these, of course, there have been not a few honorable exceptions. We know of none which have been outspoken in their opposition; yet many have failed in any moral support.

Mr. Murphy has not given this his attention as others have done. And he has been sincere, doubtless, in his declarations that the newspapers were able to render him helpless at any

time. But we cannot for a moment believe that Francis Murphy, in the hands of the Blessed Spirit of God, could be made helpless, although the combined efforts of newspaperdom were levelled squarely against him. At second thought, he will agree with us in this particular. But Mr. Murphy is kind. He hits at no one except to favor. He knows the power of the press, and is even grateful for its silence, where it has avoided support. But there are thousands throughout our nation who will hear of the kind words of the orator in regard to the press, and then conclude that he said all he could say from the kindly swellings of his soul, and could risk little or nothing more.

There are able and noble men in the great editorial fraternity of our country; those who are eager to support every good enterprise; who have rejoiced down in their hearts at Mr. Murphy's success; and who doubtless have sympathetically watched the tide of general favor, as it rose up wave after wave around the champion, and then dashed from the centres and strongholds of the movement and washed over the suburban, and more remote districts, controlling and converting thousands. Some of them have given full reports at times, and uttered no word of disfavor. But in numerous instances, it is commonly reported and accepted among the people, their influence has not been what might and should have been.

In addition to this, some influential religious newspapers, in various parts, have thus far largely failed in their support of Mr. Murphy. What shall we say of these, after the foregoing remarks? If the secular press has been at fault, what have the Church papers not done, which, by their silence or covert thrusts, have been in the way of the good work? They seem to have forgotten that Temperance and Christianity are of the same household—having the same Author, and Father, and divine relationship; that they live and labor together; that they are united by indissoluble ties, upon which their lives equally depend; that unitedly they go out upon the great mission of alleviating human misery; that they are heaven-

appointed, and Jehovah-instructed, for the lifting up and sundering of the network of sin; and that with the trials and misfortunes of one, come suffering and confusion to the other. They are both as needful to the success of every Christian Church, of whatever name, as air and water are to the sustenance of the human body.

The ministry in our cities has done good service by taking Mr. Murphy and his converts by the hand, and giving them countenance and support. The leader has invoked the help of the watchmen in Zion, and has received it. His gratitude therefor has been unbounded. Yet there are those who have antagonized him in his great work. What their reasons for such a course have been, we cannot understand. Evidently they have seen that the power of the Almighty is freely on the side of the weak vessel—one heretofore full of ignorance and sin. Because, perhaps, they are unable to shut their eyes to this last feature, they forsooth resist Him by whom all victory is assured. They appear to turn away from every true and just impulse of a religious nature, and shield themselves behind the false dispositions and tastes of a depraved and flimsy social world.

A few sentences may well be employed here as notes of warning to such of the ministry as hold in disfavor the Murphy enterprise. For years, not a few of our churches have become cold and negligent of the more responsible duties resting upon them. Thus, in our large cities and throughout the land, the Standard of Christ has frequently been lowered under a system of theological training, recognizing more the doctrines of men—and the need of a successful defense of views, involving the peculiar tenets of certain religious systems—than the high and holy doctrines of God. We have watched the conflict for some time between human philosophy, and the wisdom of the Divine Spirit. Logic, controversy and schemes have resulted freely from our late methods of seminary training, while the unction from above—so all-essential to true Christianity—has been neglected.

Under such circumstances, God calls from the ranks of the debauched and uneducated, the men who, through His power, accomplish as much in a few short months, as professedly able ministers do in a life-time. Evangelists, brought up under the rays of the eternal sun, are suddenly sent out. They charm and electrify the people, and reflect the truths of the Gospel abroad into their hearts. They become the whips in the hands of God, by which the churches are punished,—or, rather, the goads by which the organized and regular means of salvation are incited to better and greater efforts. Therefore, it is not becoming or wise for those in the pulpit to question, criticise and deny the correctness and expediency of such labors as have recently startled us.

We recognize all good as from God, and especially the kind that carries the Gospel to the crowds, and Christ to the hearts of the people. The feeble and foolish declaration so frequently put forth, that there is no permanence to such efforts as have distinguished Mr. Murphy and his co-laborers, is not only erroneous and evil in effect, but contrary to the spirit of the Gospel. It is ours to do all we can for the common good —to preach all of the truth—to lose no opportunity of conferring blessing upon every condition and degree of sinners. Even the method is, we apprehend, of minor consequence—so that we violate no plain law of Scripture. God will take care of the balance. If we, in good faith, save men for a season from sin, it will secure us as much reward, as if the dews of God's grace, and the sun of the inner heavens had watered and warmed them all through life. It is not ours to consider the permanence of the thing, or to sit in judgment over times and circumstances which have not transpired, any more than it is right for the farmer to refuse to put his crops into the earth because he believes there will be a plague or a drought. We are commanded to plow, sow and water. We are to leave the increase with God. The duty—the labor—belongs to man; the result belongs solely to Him who knoweth all things, and whose wisdom in not given to another.

CHAPTER III.

PREVIOUS TEMPERANCE MOVEMENTS.—DIFFERENT OPINIONS CURRENT.—AT THE ROOTS.

Before considering the Gospel temperance plan of Mr. Murphy, it may be well—for the information of the reader—at this point, to consider, as succinctly as possible, the history of the various temperance movements in our own country.

In the year 1651, by direction of a public meeting, the town of East Hampton, L. I., arranged itself against drunkenness, and a little later limited the amount of liquor to be sold. In 1676 the legislature of the State of Virginia passed a prohibitory act. In 1700 steps were taken at different points against the use of liquor at funerals. In 1777 the Continental Congress urged upon the State governments the prevention of "the pernicious practice of distilling grain." In 1789 the first temperance society was formed in Litchfield Co., Conn. In 1795 Dr. Rush advocated total abstinence. In 1797 a religious opposition to the use of liquors made its appearance among the Methodists, Presbyterians and other sects. In 1805 the Philadelphia paper makers formed a temperance association. In 1808 on account of the alarming increase of drunkenness, a Union Temperance Organization was effected in New York. In 1811 reform began in Philadelphia. In 1813 was organized the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Intemperance. In 1825, the advocacy of total abstinence again became somewhat formidable. In 1826 the American Temperance Society of Boston was organized; shortly after which societies sprung up everywhere throughout

the country. In 1827 medical societies declared against liquors; religious assemblies declaimed against them; and prominent advocates of total abstinence appeared. Before the close of 1827 two hundred and twenty-two societies were formed, having thirty thousand members. In 1829 one thousand societies existed, and one hundred thousand men were pledged against liquors. In 1831 there were twenty-two hundred local societies and one hundred and seventy thousand members, and the question of license was pressed to the ballot. In 1832 the secretaries of war and the navy of the United States substituted coffee and sugar for liquors in the forts, camps, garrisons, navy yards and vessels. In 1833 meetings were general; the first regular total abstinence society was formed; a Congressional Society was organized, with General Cass as president; and the number of societies had increased to five thousand, having a membership of one and a quarter million. In this year, also, the first National Temperance Society meeting was held at Independence Hall, in Philadelphia. In 1834 the general government sanctioned prohibition. In 1837 a prohibitory law was offered and defeated in Maine, and Neal Dow began to be conspicuous. In 1838 several States passed stringent liquor laws. In 1839 Mississippi passed a "one gallon law," and Illinois a local option bill. This year news of the work of Father Mathew, in Ireland, reached our country, and caused great rejoicing among temperance people. On July 4, Boston held a Cold Water Jubilee. In 1840 six inebriates inaugurated "The Washingtonians" in Baltimore. The effect of this society was marvellous. Reformed men arose everywhere. Two of these visited various States and obtained thirty-four thousand signatures. The supposition is that one hundred and fifty thousand pledges were obtained from this movement.

A great work began in 1842, in the organization of the Sons of Temperance, the influence and power of which has cintinued until the present. In addition to this the Order of Rechabites was introduced from England, and gained con-

siderable favor. John B. Gough, the eloquent, began his labors of reform also during this year. In 1845 the Templar Society began its existence. In 1846 Maine secured a prohibitory law. During this year the Order of Cadets of Temperance was originated, and was followed by the Good Samaritans in New York. In 1848 New Hampshire and other States obtained prohibition. In 1849 Father Mathew landed in New York, through whom was founded the present Total Abstinence Brotherhood. In 1852 the Maine law had its birth. In 1853, a World's Temperance Convention was held in New York. In 1856 the American Juvenile Temperance Society was formed. In 1859, the total abstinence society, called the "Dashaways," was organized by four young men in San Francisco. In 1860 the Temperance Flying Artillery was instituted in Chicago. In 1865 the National Temperance Society was begun, with Hon. W. E. Dodge as president. In the same year, the California Temperance Legion, and Maryland Abstinence League appeared, and Congress excluded liquor from the capitol and grounds. In 1866 the Pennsylvania State Temperance Union was started. In 1868 the Friends of Temperance was begun in Virginia. During the same year the Young Men's Christian Association became first identified with the temperance movement. In 1869 the Ladies' Reform was organized in Ohio. In 1871 Total Abstinence Catholic Societies were formed. In 1873 the Women's Crusade in the West came into prominence, and soon developed into the Women's Christian Temperance Union. In 1875 two National Temperance Conventions met and effected considerable legislation. In 1876, at Independence Hall, a grand International Temperance Convention was held. Since this, and especially during the present year, much has been done through the evangelistic efforts of D. L. Moody and others. But nothing approximating to the present movement has ever transpired in this, or, perhaps, any other country.

The Murphy plan is a new one, not theoretically, or even, perhaps, practically, but in its arrangement, methods and

scope. Heretofore, the alarming increase of intemperance, debauchery and crime has given rise to much of serious thought and effort on the part of prominent Christians and philanthropists. No stone has been left unturned in the search for a remedy; no expenditure of treasure spared in attempts to shield the weak and helpless; no influences withheld from the devotee of the poisoned chalice looking to his liberation from the fangs of the serpent within it. There has been much of anxiety, counselling, and debate, as well as labor. And, as any one would readily conclude, there has been an endless variety of opinions as to the most proper and effectual course to pursue.

On the part of a great number of persons, legal enactments are the only hope for any permanent or thorough success. The infliction of severe penalties upon all who become intoxicated is esteemed by them the sure way to an abandonment of the evil. Having failed to overcome the great combinations formed by men who traffic in alcoholic and malt liquors—and in wretched, undone souls—and fearing any further attempts against those of the "first cause," in this national evil, as fruitless, on account of the support and protection secured by legislation—they have turned upon the poor creature of his appetite, and would add inhumanity to misery; in other words, using the legal phrase, they would liberate "the party of the first part," on account of his strength of purse, and his hold upon the good-will of the crowd, and visit his act upon one who is scarcely a "particeps criminis"—but little more than a poor dupe. In a word, they would kill the tree by lopping off its outer twigs.

Many others would go further and deeper, in their onslaughts upon the evil, and would cut at the trunk of the tree, and, if possible, sever it from its roots. They would war against the tavern and saloon-keepers, and, through ceaseless struggling at the ballot box, and with our law makers, securing most stringent limitations and barriers, or, further still, a prohibitory law, would annihilate the "middle-man." Their

purposes transpired in the Murphy awakening, and have fairly come to the surface at this stage of the movement. They denounce the seller as a blot upon society's face, a moral leper in the community, a disgrace to our age, and as one of the worst, and most to be despised of men.

Between these warriors in the cause of prohibition, and Mr. Murphy, there is considerable variance, if not dissension. Mr. Murphy claims—and he speaks from his own experience—that there are thousands of men in the liquor business who have engaged in it because of a seeming necessity; that they have good heads and hearts; that they are capable of becoming ornaments among men; that they are not degraded down in their souls; and that they are no little sinned against in having hurled at them the opprobrious epithets of prohibitionists.

Therefore, while the one side would resort to unrelenting and vigilant legal means, the other would take the purest and broadest spirit of our Christian religion, and aim at the convictions. The prohibitionists carry in their hands the law. Mr. Murphy, disgusted with the moral faithlessness and pusillanimity of law makers, has seized upon the Gospel. Of course, our sympathies are with Mr. Murphy. We believe, yea, we know, from no little of association with Christians, that when the law fails, the Gospel most effectually triumphs.

We cannot agree to the assertion that all who traffic in liquors are the worst and most despicable of men. Their business is enormously wicked, doubtlessly, on account of many things belonging to, and growing out of it. But the dealer does not so regard it, and is often blind to the injury he does to the cause of God and of humanity. He often does not see the terrors of drunkenness, as they appear in the lives and the families of his customers, and even in the prison-homes of his victims—unless, indeed, he becomes the victim himself. This was the case with Mr. Murphy. Then, when he accidentally awakens to his true situation, he is appalled; his soul is stirred; he abhors the

life consequent upon his nefarious pursuit; he catches at new desires; he seeks the only guidance known to man, and humbly falls down before God. Thus it was, also, with Mr. Murphy. And before the prohibition school can fasten upon the average Christian heart its views and claims, and make believe that the liquor-venders are a worthless, God-forsaken body, they must hide away the double character of Francis Murphy, the liquor-seller, drunkard, and prisoner, and Francis Murphy, the hero and champion of the grandest temperance reform that has ever visited the centuries.

Far be it from us to attempt to elevate the business of the men who contribute more than all others to the misery of our race. We could not do it, and would flee the very thought. But it is always God-like to elevate men. It is well to degrade the thing that is evil; it is error to degrade the men that do evil. Lift up Christ in all things; and in obedience to His plain teachings, do good to all men. Never hate, despise or condemn, while the blood of the atonement is sufficient to make as pure as wool the crimson-dyed sinner.

There is yet one other class of temperance men. They maintain that it is necessary for us to go beyond both twigs and branches and trunk, and dig out the whole tree—roots and all. They object not only to the license system *in toto*, but are opposed to the distillation and brewing of liquors, and would have severe measures against their manufacture. That this is striking at the roots of the evil, none will question. But effort in this direction, under our present system of government, would seem like endeavoring to dry up the sea by drainage. Our legislators are, to a considerable extent, not only patrons of the tavern-keepers, but dependent upon their favor for a continuance in office. They know, many of them, that if it were not for the interests of rum they would never be allowed to fill their positions; that it is by the way of the bar, and the toddy, they have come, and that everything aimed at these is, to them, a deeply personal affair. How can they break faith with their only friends? We can under-

stand how this would be suicide with them, although they fail to see how the suicide would be a great blessing to the public.

In this connection, we cannot but remark that the present method of holding elections, in many of our cities and populous districts, at hotels, taverns and little groggeries, is an outrage upon Christianity and morality. We care little for the plea that our laws require such places to be closed on election day. The compromise is, perhaps, an improvement upon the old system, but is only a slight concession on the side of the evil. What was done publicly is now only done privately. No amount of excuse can justify it in a single instance. It would be more profitable to the taxpayer either to have small buildings erected for the purpose, or to remunerate families, having reputation for temperance, for the use of their homes, than to continue a means by which the friends of intemperance obtain dominance in local government. For we remember that these make fifty per cent. of our insane, sixty-five per cent. of our paupers, seventy-five per cent. of our murderers, eighty per cent. of our criminals, ninety-five per cent. of our vicious youth, and send one every six minutes into a drunkard's grave, or nearly one hundred thousand precious souls a year!

How shameful, then, that our ballot-boxes, designed to be kept sacredly pure, are frequently placed in the houses whence vice, corruption and drunkenness proceed; where the fiery fluid that steals away reason is freely dispensed; where the most profligate and malicious in the community spend their hours; and where there is every incitement to fraud, riot and murder. And to such points Christian ministers, and all honest and good citizens are compelled to go, if they would exercise the right and duty of franchise! Compelled to breathe an air vitiated by the peculiar odor of the still product, as well as by the many hot breaths, alike poisoned by rum, cheap tobacco and profanity.

We fancy it would be prudent for the intelligent women of our land to operate loudly and boldly against this evil, in

view of its possible effect upon their fathers, husbands and brothers, before seeking to tread, themselves, with ballot in hand, the miserable purlieus of the spot where revelry is most unblushing and degenerate.

How can it be otherwise than that liquor-dealers and their friends should feel themselves to be the true custodians of the voice and will of the people, while such things are permitted to continue? How can we be sustained at the power of rum in our midst, and the inability of men to overcome the influence of organized distillers, when our highest privileges as citizens are at the mercy of the retailers of the fiery stuff? How can we expect anything else than legislators, councilmen, and alderman and magistrates of corrupt and bacchanalian sympathies and tendencies?

By all means, then, let the influential classes who are opposed, both to the license system and the manufacture of liquors, go consistently to work, and strive for a divorce of rum and the ballot-box, before looking to the offspring of these our legislators for a destruction of the foundation of the whole fabric of King Alcohol. They have been trying to legislate against the distiller and dealer for over half a century and have steadily failed. More rum is consumed in our country now than ever before. Perhaps, if these extremists had pursued the course referred to, their cause might have been victorious long since.

All parties holding to the various opinions considered have done something of good—must have contributed somewhat to the success of sobriety among us. But they have fallen short, doubtless, of their ability in the premises. Not a few, of our wisest and clearest thinkers, have admitted that none have proven themselves equal to the demands of our times.

CHAPTER IV.

GOSPEL TEMPERANCE.—OPPOSITION OF CHRISTIANS.—THE TERM AS USED BY MR. MURPHY.—EXAMPLE AND TEACHING OF CHRIST.—CHRIST'S WINE NOT INTOXICATING.—MR. MURPHY CONSISTENT.—NECESSITY FOR GOSPEL TEMPERANCE.

Mr. Murphy has been thoroughly convinced of the weakness and ineffectualness of the methods heretofore resorted to. Another must be sought. He, himself, had failed of reformation before invoking the aid of Divine power. Herein was the successful way. It was the true path to him, and would surely be to everyone. He had not the strength of himself, but God gave him freely of grace, and he was thoroughly brought to hate the beastly liquid he once loved. This must be made plain to others. His way was not open to the pulpit, but he could go upon the rostrum and appeal to his fellow-man. He could take his own simple narrative of wretchedness and crime, and of his final salvation at the foot of the cross. This he would do. The Gospel of the Son of God had brought him to temperance and peace, and now he would lift up a banner that he well knew would save to the uttermost, that of Gospel temperance.

Counselling the erring, appealing to whatever of manhood remained, inducing them to sign the pledge, assuring them of all needful support from Jehovah, pointing them to the wide mercies of a present Saviour, and turning their attention to a life of prayer and faith, would be the effort of his life, and would necessarily have triumph.

God would thus not only enable the individual convert to stand above his appetite, but would also give encouragement and power to every means put forth for the rescue of others—in a word, would fill the cause with His presence and blessing. Thus he might become an instrument of great good ; perhaps, be made a power against evil ; might gather into a new plan of reform the masses in the community ; and might make, through love and kindness, to the living, active souls within the grasp of Satan, their wicked practices and avocation more unpopular and offensive than ever.

The resolution was taken. His family were informed of it. He plainly and in brief sentences revealed to them the thoughts of his mind and desires of his soul ; and they could not but acquiesce in the generous and noble purposes, so new and strange were they to all they had previously experienced. His soul was evidently on fire, for his language had become thoroughly warmed, and his tones and earnestness reached their hearts. They fell in freely with his sentences of irresistible eloquence. The giant was rising to his task.

Thus the temperance of Mr. Murphy was of the Spirit. When a man becomes a sincere Christian, he is alive to the importance of having others accept his Saviour ; he has a hungering for souls. The reformation of this man was complete, being accomplished through the Gospel. The Lord had revealed Himself to him in this way. He desired to know or teach no other method.

And Mr. Murphy has been consistent throughout. He has encountered strong and able advocates of other methods, but he has successfully withstood all their views, prejudices and influences. He adheres to the one plan. He will follow it against all opposition. He regards it as the true path—the Lord's way—and it were violence and crime to leave it. More than this, he is conscious that he has the Divine help, while faithful to it, and believes that his success would cease were he to forsake it. In this he is wise, as the history of all other plans abundantly shows.

When the Washingtonians came into existence, in 1840, multitudes gathered around them. In a short time they numbered two hundred and fifty thousand. The country was largely influenced by the movement. Christians were deeply interested in its behalf, and the aisles and vestibules of houses of worship, as well as the street corners and all gathering places, were the scenes of animated converse and jubilant demonstrations. The Spirit of the Almighty was plainly seen in the work. The effect upon the whole public mind was unmistakable. The Church approached the great work.

But, at this juncture, the members of the organization became narrowed through regarding man, and his extended labors, and forgetting God. Thus, speedily the Gospel was separated from the movement, in deference to those who were unchristian in their views. The Bible, the cross and prayer were ignored. Then came a sudden and inglorious failure. This result has attended a similar procedure in a lesser degree, in various other attempts. And we believe that discomfiture must quickly come in all instances in which the power is other than of God. The will of man is weak in itself. His pledge is not sure. If he fails to look up to the only Helper, he will surely be brought to shame, if not to the complete power of the enemy.

There is a circumstance in connection with Gospel temperance to which we believe it necessary to allude. It is in the fact that it is opposed by some who are confessedly Christians, and members of orthodox churches. This appears to us, at a glance, as unaccountably strange.

It is evident that the Gospel is of God; that it reveals the mind and will of our Creator; and that it is good and true, though everything else be false. What objection, then, can a consistent believer offer to Gospel Temperance? If Gospel teachings are right, why not its temperance.

"But," says the objector, "we do not object to *Gospel* temperance—only to the term as used by Murphy school. In their hands it is a misnomer. We believe the Gospel way to

be the true path—but we cannot accept the Murphy abstinence way as such."

Now, let us frankly look as these objections. The Gospel of Christ enjoins temperance. Here none will dissent. Temperance in all things is needful. But it goes further than this. It enforces, at times, abstinence. It requires of us that we be absolutely separated from anything by which we cause a brother to offend. When we, therefore, do that which leads another to sin, we are far from excusable. In such case, if we simply taste, we are intemperate. The Gospel shows us that not only is the excess or abuse of many things intemperance, but also the very use by which we cause stumbling. For this reason Paul declares that if the use of meat causes his brother to offend, then will he never eat it. Therefore, we affirm that the sin is not in the thing itself, it is simply in its injury to ourselves and others.

We are morally and religiously bound to conform to the things that are most expedient, both for ourselves and others. To nothing will this question of expediency more fully and potently apply than to temperance. Strong drink is the bane of our country; is carrying our young men of best promise by thousands into the ranks of sin, that they may be hurried beyond the reach of truth as affectually as was Uriah put away at the command of his unfaithful king. All believers are especially subject to the restraint imposed by the Gospel—which but reflects the safeguards enjoined in even the Old Dispensation. The whole law is clearly authority for a total separation from intoxicating beverages, and reveals to us the important truth that there is greater need of special efforts against intemperance than nearly all other sins.

Individual rights cease to be such the moment they ignore the rights of others. The net-work of society is as thoroughly interwoven and identical as that of a great seine, which, when there is a single rent anywhere, is more or less impaired; or, is as sympathetic in its structure as the human body, which, when injured in any part, is made to suffer as a whole. There-

fore the entire body of society, in view of the blighting effects of intemperance, and the highly inebriating properties of modern drinks, has the highest and most sacred reasons for requiring a strict enforcement of the abstinence features of Mr. Murphy's Gospel temperance.

"But," says the objector, "our Saviour doubtless used wine, permitted others to use it, and even turned water into *good* wine,"—emphasizing with an air of satisfaction the word "good." We will not attempt, at this particular juncture, an argument as to the kind of wine used under the cognizance of Christ. We will, to gratify those of opposite views, just for a few moments, allow what they claim—that it was alcoholic, or fermented wine. What does that prove? Our Lord was hunted and watched throughout His ministry by His enemies, who failed at any time to detect a flaw in His acts or character. Had He shown the least fondness, or favor, for wine, beyond what prudence or unimpeachable sobriety admitted, He would have been quickly assailed therefor, and the circumstances have been put upon record. Had He done anything contrary to the temperance principles set forth throughout His Gospel, He would have lost His hold upon those who thronged His sacred person, and would have caused their hearts to be filled with doubt and unbelief.

On the other hand, where can we find more pronounced declarations against intemperance than in the New Dispensation? By drunkenness we become guilty of the whole law; by it we are shut out of the kingdom of His glory; and by it we are shut out, by the concurrent action of the universal Christian Church in the ages, of the assemblies of His saints upon the earth.

Certainly, no evil has ever resulted from what Christ did in relation to this entire subject. We have every reason to believe that no drunkenness, or wickedness came from the festivities of Cana; that their effects on those who hung upon the lips and steps of the Master, were harmless; and that the surroundings, the custom of the times, and the wine itself

were all such as to forbid anything baneful. Any other conclusion is at variance with the known character and word of Christ.

We know, as is often urged, that the juice of the grape is "the creature of God." We do not regard it as any more so than the gold and silver and copper. He has not intended their use in such a way as to create evil desires in the human heart. If such juice is taken into our bodies simply from the love of it, and because of an evil appetite—which means because of its alcoholic effects, and without some purely sanitary, otherwise, good and important purpose; especially in full knowledge of its evil influence upon ourselves and others—then, we offend. The Gospel is clearly and broadly against everything, whether food or drink, that especially conduces to intemperance in any direction. Our appetites must both be conquered and held under subjection. We must habituate them to denial, whenever the interests of the soul are jeopardized.

The objections to Gospel temperance, based upon the acts of our Lord, are trifling in their character, and wicked in fact. Pure grape juice, fermented, or otherwise, is not in the question at issue. It is seized upon to cloak and protect the miserable and powerful distillations and decoctions that alone are found in our public drinking-places. Men argue, for effect, and from narrow and improper motives, as well as in ignorance of the real facts, when they urge that because wine was used with the knowledge and consent of our Lord, therefore the Gospel allows stimulating drinks. A comparison of even the pure alcoholic wine, of our own times, with the villainous compounds of nineteen-twentieths or ninety-nine one-hundreths of our bar-rooms, should bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of such persons.

In all this we have felt unwilling to admit anything favorable to wine. We apprehend that, in these times of high chemical advancement, and aptitude at imitation, when it is known that there is a surplusage of poison and deception in

the "vile stuff" so innocently advertised upon bottles, barrels, and signs, the use of wine, or even colored water, publicly, is an abuse.

It may be well for us here to adduce the testimony of one of the most learned students of the Bible our country has produced, a man who battled against both wine and strong drink of all kinds while he lived, and one of the most effective of that class who believed that the wine of our Lord was unalcoholic. He says: "The Bible speaks with approbation thirty-six times of substances called *Tirosh* in Hebrew, *Oinos* in Greek, *Vinum* in Latin, and wine in English, and nine times of similar substances called by other names; and fifty times of *Yayin* (Heb.), *Oinos*, *Vinum* and wine, and every instance meaning either grapes, fresh grape juice, or grape juice boiled to a syrup, so as to prevent fermentation, and often 'mingled' with from three to twelve times its volume of water, forming a delicious drink. In nearly all these cases the substances named would not intoxicate, though freely used as food or drink, and they would not create a morbid craving, which increased as it was gratified until its victims were consumed. On the other hand, *Yayin*, *Oinos*, *Vinum*, wine, or strong drink, and in other words, are named with disapprobation over one hundred times, meaning fermented wines for liquors, or those liquors 'mingled' with drugs. Though in extreme agony, and almost exhausted, Christ rejected the wine 'mingled' with myrrh, which was offered to Him on the cross, though He had often used the unintoxicating wines of Palestine, and even worked his first miracle to turn the water into this *harmless* wine. Christ's wine at Cana was not intoxicating, for it was better than what they had used until they had 'well drunk,' or drank nearly enough; and Philo, a Jew, Plato, a Greek, and Pliny, a Roman, and other eminent ancients, expressly say that 'the best wine would not intoxicate.' At the passover, when Christ instituted the Lord's Supper, no fermented bread or wine could be used by any Jew."

Thus, we believe that the temperance advocated to-day by Mr. Murphy is consistent with the Gospel ; that in its prohibitory features it does not transcend, in one iota, the Divine instructions ; and that the moral power he invokes in behalf of the cause is the highest and most thorough, as well as the only perfect way. When men have broken resolution after resolution ; when they have become miserably besotted and profane ; when they have fallen to depths of intolerable pests ; when streams of obscenity and vice flow from their mouth as streams of filth from the public sewers ; and when they have nothing of confidence and hope left,—the Gospel is able to redeem, raise up and employ. None, among the worst, are despised by it. Its principles and power are extended to all.

There is but one difficulty in the way of most thorough success, in the advocacy of Gospel temperance, which Mr. Murphy recognizes as no one before him has so fully done. Men must be consistent. They must not regard *caste*. The acts of temperance people are closely criticised by the subject of reformation, as well as by the reformed drunkard. And the existence of the "I-am-better-than-thou" principle has sent many a good-meaning reformed man back to the haunts of intemperance. It is not only needful that men lift their fallen brethren up, but that they help to steady them when upon their feet. The humility and kindness, that enable individuals to help others out of the gutter, must not desert them when they happen to catch the eye of a proud and uncharitable world behind them. Faithfulness to the first act only makes the work admirable, successful and noble. Otherwise insult is added to misery, and offense to sin.

Before leaving this branch of our subject it may be well to add a few words in recognition of the vast importance to the public and the world at large of Gospel temperance. By statistics of the most reliable nature we are assured that various nations of the earth expend annually between one and two billions of money for intoxicating beverages—an amount which would feed and clothe every creature of poverty, educate

every young person, furnish a home to every family, provide a Bible for every fireside, and send the tidings of salvation to every part of heathendom. We know, also, by statistics equally anthentic, that there are one hundred and fifty thousand drinking saloons in the United States, and five hundred thousand habitual drunkards—of whom fifty thousand die annually.

PART II.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF FRANCIS MURPHY.

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CHAPTER V.

MR. MURPHY'S EARLY LIFE.—HIS PARENTS' RELIGION.—STRUGGLES WITH POVERTY.—PECULIAR HOSPITALITY.—YOUNGSTERS HUDDLED INTO THE KITCHEN.—WRONG TREATMENT.—IRISH CUSTOM OF USING LIQUOR.—APPETITE FOR LIQUOR FIRST FORMED.—A WAY THAT IS NOT THE "TRUE PATH."—LIMITED EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES.—A "PIGGY-BACK" FLOGGING.—OUTRAGEOUSLY DEALT WITH.—EFFECT OF UNKINDNESS AND INJUSTICE.—"AN ACT MOST DIFFICULT TO FORGIVE."—LONGING FOR A FREER AIR.—AN IMMOVABLE PURPOSE.—EMPLOYED AT A CASTLE.—A DIFFICULT TASK.

THE great Apostle of Temperance was born April 24, 1836, in Wexford, county of Wexford, Ireland. His mother was an humble Irish peasant widow, in rather impoverished circumstances. His father, after a brief illness, died a short time previous to his birth. Often has he made the somewhat pathetic remark, that "he never knew a father's face or a father's smile."

His home belonged to an estate. It was a small, thatched cottage, such as is usually met with among the poorer people os the Green Isle, and as is occasionally seen in our own country, in rural districts, somewhat remote from business centers. This home overlooked the sea, being upon the Har-

bor of Wexford, not very distant from St. George's Channel, which connects the Irish Sea with the Atlantic Ocean.

On the brow of a small hill, rising from the harbor, was nestled the little cottage, having every appearance of humbleness and quiet. About it was the little garden of the household, in which were grown the most necessary vegetables, together with some beautiful flowers—combining the useful and ornamental—whilst, a little beyond, the golden grain lifted its myriad heads, as if watching the great expanse of water at its feet, and ever and anon bowing and swelling in imitation of its restless motion. Above it was the majestically curved canopy, which nowhere upon the earth has ever looked brighter and bluer than over Erin's hills and slopes, as they descend toward the turbulent sea. Beyond it, and not very distant, running out toward the Channel, appeared the rocky sides which have resisted successfully the tides and waves for centuries, and hurled back their angry and helpless foam. And, more prominently than all these, there loomed up the world of water upon the one side, and the clearly defined hills reposing lazily against the clouds, upon the other. Everything, at once, beautifully conspired together to give character to the scene, and make the home seem most lowly.

Here, in youth, did Mr. Murphy catch the impressions and feelings that have greatly contributed to his effectiveness as a public speaker and worker; here were formed the aspirations and desires that could never be satisfied with mere individual success in life; and here, too, were nourished the soul faculties that have enabled him to look through the mists of misfortune and the gloom of prison-life, and to rise above the meanness of confirmed dissipation. Certainly, few persons, raised amidst the charms of such natural surroundings and having aught of spiritual discernment, could fail eventually to step out freely into the majesty of the Divine Spirit.

Mr. Murphy's parents were of the Roman Catholic persuasion. His mother was a devoted member of the Church, and carried her views and feelings into the family. She was

ever ready to call her children to her side in the hour of prayer. "Well do I remember," said the lecturer, on one occasion, "how, when I was a youth, and was kneeling with my mother in silent prayer, she asked God to watch over my helplessness, and guide my riper years into the way of peace." She realized that there was One to whom she should go for direction, in the arduous and responsible duties of her household, and to Him she often went, leading her children by their hands.

The lives of the Murphys in Ireland were a connected series of struggles with poverty. The order of each day successively was work, quiet, heavy, steady toil. The children were required to take their share in whatever was to be done. In certain seasons they had little of substantial rest. And their labors were attended, also, with considerable of inconvenience. At one time, in an address bearing upon these remarks, Mr. Murphy said: "There is such a thing as decent poverty, but I know, from personal encounter, that it is very inconvenient. I remember of going into the harvest field, and gleaning, and then taking the grain into the house, pushing away the furniture, and thrashing it out at night."

Although trials of this kind would indicate to the people in our favored land an extreme condition of poverty; yet, it may be well to remember that the Murphy family, like thousands of others in Ireland, were not the subjects of want. Otherwise, they found occasional opportunity of engaging in a species of hospitality peculiar to the people of that far-off island, a hospitality occasionally referred to by travellers and tourists in terms of warmest commendation. In reference to this Mr. Murphy spoke as follows in one of his public addresses:

"Public dinners were popular in the old country; and, though we could not afford them, our friends would be invited sometimes, because my mother thought that it would be considered mean if she did not invite them. I enjoyed those days on which the friends would come to be feasted

at the little home. And the table might groan beneath the luxuries; unless there was liquor upon it something seemed needed for the occasion.

"It has been the fashion in my country, from time immemorial, to have liquor on the table; and it is thus that a great many young men have been brought into the habit of drinking, resulting, in the course of time, in their disgrace and shame.

"I remember, when the table was spread, and all the arrangements made, how I was allowed to come into the room and see it. The white Irish linen cover and the little china tea cups, with a gilt rim around the edge, looked beautiful upon it. I remember, that when I only touched one of the cups it would seem to sing like a bird. I could see all the large raisins in the cake; and it was with difficulty I could keep my fingers from them. Of course, I knew that if I touched them my mother would stir me up.

"When you have a feast in this country the children are brought into the room and are introduced to the friends. In my country the youngsters are huddled into the kitchen. This was a part of our entertainments I did not like. My mother, when everything was ready, would call me aside and say, 'Come here, be a good boy, keep perfectly still, go straight out of this, and make no noise.' Thus, I remember being turned out into the kitchen, and how my hand doubled in perfect indignation. I can yet feel the scalding tears as I paced back and forth.

"There is no pleasant remembrance about this treatment. Don't ask your friends to come to your house at the expense of your children. If there are no chairs, so that they can be seated at the table, I suggest, that the old folks go out and wait until the children have eaten.

"On the occasion referred to I kept walking back and forth in great restlessness. Often I came to the door and put my ear to it that I might in some way enjoy the laughter and talking. There was a little latch across, and it would open if

it was touched. Finally patience ceased to be a virtue, and the latch was touched, whereupon the door opened. At this, some of the friends noticed me, and beckoned to me to come into the room. I entered very cautiously, for if my dear mother had caught me she would have sent me back. The friends had gotten through eating and were quite merry over their drink.

"Much has been said about the Irish people drinking intoxicating liquor ; but, if you were accustomed to the ways in old Ireland, you would say very little about it. If half a dozen friends met together they had to have a drop of the crater, of course ; they couldn't get along without it. A man would be considered mean unless he had it on special occasions upon his table ; and no man likes to be called stingy. There is something fascinating to an Irishman in the thought that he is a liberal man, and that his friends will say of him : 'I would like to repeat my visit to his house ; what beautiful whisky ; what splendid wine ; it was glorious.'

"My friend would take his glass in his hand ; he was a dear friend of our family ; and, adding a little water to the whisky, would place it in my hand as I stood by his side. I remember of my looking up in his face and sipping it from a tea-spoon. Thus I first learned to love the taste of liquor. It was there the appetite was first formed. It was there the seeds of intemperance were sown which cursed and made a wreck of me thousands of miles from my native land.

"In justice to the memory of my beloved mother, who loved me as effectionately as your parents have loved you, I will say, there is a way that seemeth right to many of us, but the end thereof is death."

The family was to a considerable extent deprived of educational advantages. On account of its religion, the doors of the national schools were closed against the children ; and there was no remedy, except in the somewhat indifferent arrangements provided, at times, in the parishes, by the priesthood. In these, the authority of the school-master was often

unrestrained, which means that the method and extent of the instruction depended largely on his taste, temperament and caprice. And to these the Murphys had recourse.

On one occasion, young Francis greatly offended, in some way, the austere man of the birch, and was made to feel the extent of his anger. In violent tone he was ordered from his seat, and astraddle the back of one of the larger boys in the school. In this, what is known among most American children as "piggy-back" position, having his legs held firmly about the body on which he was mounted, he was most mercilessly wallopped and welted. The quick and willowy rod cut through the air, until it seemed well-filled with low, crisp whistles; and it fell with visible effect upon the tightly covered rump of Francis, who struggled and fretted terribly under the infliction.

This was an event and scene that could not fail of a lasting impression upon the youth. Aside from his corporeal suffering, his mind was filled with thoughts of the great public disgrace that had befallen him. The words of Addison were true to the letter, and commended themselves most perfectly to the situation:

> "When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
> The post of honor is a private station."

He was not accustomed to severity of this kind in the little cottage at the hill. There, he was also a subject of discipline, at times, but had not to contend with the two-fold punishment of physical pain and public exposure. There, he knew that, whatever of castigation was administered, and however severe in its character, behind it were only purposes of kindness and love.

While he continued at school he carried with him constantly the conviction that he had been outrageously dealt with, and often appeared to worry under an uncontrollable longing to resent, at some time or other, the gross inhumanity.

Not long since, in a speech, in which Mr. Murphy took oc-

casion to refer to the power of kindness, he not only recited this incident, but made the declaration that, of all the wrong he had ever endured at the hands of any one, this seemed the greatest, and hardest to forget, and that, notwithstanding the flight of time, and change in his experience, he found it "an act most difficult to forgive."

And the illustration he thus employed, we may well heartily commend to the attention of our readers. It merits something of serious thought. There is often much of injury done the dependent creatures of households through want of careful judgment in the exercise of authority. When children have advanced to years not only of considerable discretion, but have also become imbued with a sense of honor and manhood —the very qualities that should be most sacredly guarded and trained—the first show of injustice and attempt at degradation should be abhorred. To maltreat and deal with youth as if they were little in advance of the brute, is to dwarf their natures, and disqualify them more for an honorable place in life. Unkindness and injustice, steadily practiced upon tender people, soon fasten themselves upon the whole being as a disease—one of an aggravated and despicable kind. In the words of Milton :

> "The soul grows clotted by contagion,
> Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
> The divine property of her first being."

There is another phase of this subject. The unkindnesses of youthhood are not apt to be forgotten. They may never find expression in the after life, but far back in the secret and sacred vaults of the memory they are kept. Often in the hour of solitude—and after the perpetrators are buried forever from human sight, however near to us by consanguinity—we thumb over, in our thoughts, the various circumstances, until we shrink at the sudden truth that our love for their memories is becoming chilled ; then, hurriedly, we put back the little biographical scraps, and sigh and grow sad.

How worthy the attention, also, the thoughts furnished us in the statement of Mr. Murphy that, *even now*, he found it "an act most difficult to forgive." After all these years—at least twenty-five—and all his chequered experience; after the change of heart, by which the things that he once loved he now hates, and *vice versa;* after the full development of the faculties of his soul into an exhibition of kindness and humanitarianism that invites universal applause, after all this, in the fullness of his soul, he is forced to the confession that the prominent atrocity we have referred to, as part of his school-boy experience, is "an act most difficult to forgive."

Everything in young Murphy's experience influenced him toward a broader and different life. He was now rapidly on his way to maturity. His mind was taking a new shape. A particular wish had been forming, and was pressing quite heavily upon him. Often, standing in the door of the cottage at eventide, and drinking in the fragrance of the flowers his own hands had planted, did he contemplate the grandeur of the world before him; and often, too, yearn for a larger experience in the battle of life than his home could possibly afford him. As the great vessels, with their valuable freights, both of life and property, passed and repassed, he longed for a freer air than that about him. He had heard of the wonderful country more than three thousand miles away, in which vast numbers of the sons and daughters of Ireland had found a prosperous and happy home, and fancied that every ship passing out toward the channel carried men and women from a land of oppression to one of almost unlimited freedom.

When once the chains of slavery, however neatly and humanely fashioned, enwrap a people, the very children contract an inordinate desire to escape in some way their condition. And the more they are denied, through poverty, or any other cause, their ardent wishes, the more will they aspire to the very highest and most unrestrained kind of personal liberty.

Far out upon the water the silken sails were frequently seen, and never failed to secure the attention of our embryo lecturer.

The well-known destination of many of them excited anxious thoughts within him, and their easeful and graceful motion lulled his whole nature into an immovable purpose. His home had great attractions to one so tender in his attachments ; his mother had a deep and firm hold upon his affections ; and the remnant of the family were dear to him. Yet, his soul was, as a caged bird, looking away from its confinement into an atmosphere better suited to its requirements and nature.

After a little time, a position was obtained by our subject, with his mother's landlord, in a neighboring castle, in which he was able to earn something for himself. His compensation was small, and his place one that did not satisfy either his own ambition, or the judgment of his mother. Nevertheless, upon the very sensible and popular axiom that "half a loaf is better than no bread," he was induced to engage in the service of others.

In his position he was subjected to duties and treatment not in harmony by any means with his views. He was but a servant, and as such felt it his lot to endure patiently something of indignity. When his master was upon his best behavior, and free from the effects of his favorite stimulant, the lad knew well the importance of remaining within the narrow limits of his position and round of duties ; and was ever conscious of the necessity for a regard for the manners peculiar to the air of landed property in his country. But, when his master had imbibed pretty freely, and entered upon what he considered a canty time, then the bright eyed young servant became the companion and equal, and shared in the heating potions of his liege, until both were beyond their boundaries, considerably.

Thus, being near his home, and enabled to put in an appearance occasionally at the little cottage, where alone he met with a hearty reception, and substantial feelings of interest, his family learned of the temptations and trials by which he was surrounded, and felt keenly his danger.

Nor were they unnecessarily suspicious, as the result fully proves. For, since the advent of Mr. Murphy in America, the

landed owner alluded to has become dispossessed of all his valuable estates, and been reduced to absolute penury and wandering, all through persistent inebriety. While the lord of the castle has fallen from a high place, on account of yielding to a debased appetite, his servant has risen to even a loftier and infinitely more honorable one, by breaking away from the same slavery, and fighting to enfranchise others.

This is but the old story. It has ever been so. When will men learn wisdom? When will the lives that have been wrecked all along the by-ways of time, and dotting the most dangerous paths, as the suspended icicles do the eaves of our roofs, serve as sufficient warnings to others? Why will men knowingly press on to destruction, sure, and speedy? There is no exception to the rule, that they who adhere to the cup must be bitten, be poisioned, and eventually destroyed.

While holding his position at the castle, young Murphy continued, as occasion offered, and often at twilight, his meditations in front of the cottage. He gazed long and fondly upon the far-stretching billows, until there would rise within him the irrepressible desires that seemed to be feeding upon his very vitals. Surely his drudgery must soon end.

Early had he learned to confide his plans and purposes to his mother. He knew full well of her trust in God, and her love for her children. Therefore his very thoughts were ever impulsively, and without temerity, poured into the maternal ear, and thus his secrets confided to his best of earthly friends. And she, on the other hand, had ever encouraged this. Being full of concern for the welfare of her boy, she gladly reasoned and counselled with him in all things, striving to point out for him the most dangerous thickets and by-ways in the path of life, as she, in her circumscribed way, was best able to discern them.

But now, all this was somewhat changed. He had less disposition to unbosom himself to his mother than ever before. Never, within the range of his experience, had he felt so much of misgiving. He had already conversed with her, in a general

way, upon the subject of emigrating to the New World; but now there was something decisive near at hand, the great, and particular event, he believed, of his whole life.

He was scarcely equal to his task. Could he, even by an act of justice and seeming necessity, bring tears to the eyes, and aches to the heart, and shadows to the life of that mother, who had been to him the dearest of all human substance and blessing? Could he stretch the greatest and holiest of all human ties to their fullest capacity of endurance? We shall see!

CHAPTER VI.

COMING TO AMERICA.—THE DECISION.—A SELF-SACRIFICING WOMAN.—CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE EVENT.—LAST WEEK IN IRELAND.—THE LAST NIGHT.—THE MOTHER'S BLESSING.—THE SEPARATION.—THE VOYAGE.

YOUNG MURPHY had already crossed the threshold of his sixteenth year. His ambitious resolves had expanded to their utmost tension. The golden dreams of many months, if not of some years, he felt would, at least, ere long be realized. He was now only awaiting a suitable time when, with the consent of his mother, he could plant his feet upon one of the many vessels steering out toward the setting sun.

The days were growing more and more wearisome, as he failed to solve the wish and will of her whom he loved. He could endure the suspense no further. More than this, an excellent opportunity presented itself, one that to him seemed especially desirable. Permission must be sought at once, and obtained, if possible. Nerving himself to the task, he stepped before his mother, and looking up into her face, with an anxiety she could not but readily discern, said, "I should like to be permitted to go to America."

It was the work of a moment. But, then, it was also the work of a life. To the son, that moment was freighted with the highest of worldly interests. To the mother, it was a struggle scarcely second to any other in her history. Yet, it was but the work of a moment on the part of both. The boy saw only the fair shores, beauteous homes, and free hills and vales of the far-off land to which his soul was leaping as a

hart. The mother saw her boy—his somewhat gloomy prospects at home—her increasing years and cares—the heel of what seemed to her to be the oppressor ;—and then, her great heart widening to the occasion, ready to endure every sacrifice for his good ; then, though it crushed her, she decided for him. It was done.

Noble mother ! Our heart goes out to her even now. It matters not what her disadvantages or difficulties in life, we have both admiration and love for such matrons, wherever found.

Men have appended the words, "a demi-god" to the names of many who were good and great in the annals of both public and private history. But such women are above our demi-gods. They near absolute divinity. They will allow the chords about their hearts to snap one after another rather than sacrifice a morsel of the real interest of those who have drunk the life-blood from their own veins.

Noble mother ! They who have not had such, are miserably poor, in comparison, however fortune has otherwise smiled upon them. The memory of such a mother is dearer and sweeter far, though she has passed into the heavens, than all the most mellowing effects of the subsequent years, filled with kindness and attention.

We may speak of the sublime natures of wives and daughters, whose lives have been prolific in sacrifices and exalted devotion ; but, it is not until they rise to the high and holy place of faithful Christian mothers, that they attain to their highest distinction. "There's no love like a mother's love," greets us often in the household ; and while, from the love we bear the companions of our bosoms, we cannot, perhaps, at the moment, repeat the words ; yet, we bow humbly our heads, and wipe away the tear of memory. Nor can our dear companions but honor our emotion, as they behold their children around their forms lovingly calling them "mother !"

Noble mother, we must exclaim, yet again ! Would that we could place on record a more fitting tribute to the divine

action. Surely, just where men are too feeble to give proper expression to the overflowing impulses of their souls, when kindled into activity by such beings, there does the recording angel take up his pen, open the great book of eternity, and begin to indite the record of their worth.

How could men other than of great hearts—of almost boundless sympathies—but descend from such a woman? How could the offspring of such, ever under the guiding eye of God, be allowed to fall into the pit of destruction?

But it may be well here to employ the words of Mr. Murphy in relation to the event referred to:—"I shall never forget," said he, "my mother's countenance, when I looked into her face, and presented my request. Dear soul, she could hardly speak to me. Her eyes quickly filled up, and her lips parted so strangely. She said, 'Yes, I think it will be best for you to go, my boy.'"

As has already been shown, there was little or no hope for the Murphy children. The position of the family, and the condition of the country, almost totally shut them from anything like a fair prospect in life. The merest servitude was before them, and that was even not to be depended upon at all times.

The mother, in her great disquietude of mind, shortly after the foregoing interview, called at the castle about which her son was employed, and earnestly conversed with him. She appeared greatly moved, and her conversation betrayed the depth of the current of feeling that was stirred. After a slight pause, she said, in a somewhat subdued, but firm tone, "I would like to have you come home, and spend the last week with me."

Of course, to this request Francis yielded. He could not do otherwise. And, when the last hour of his toil closed, he eagerly set his face toward the old home. It was evident, however, that the real nature of the step he was taking now began to appear to him—doubtless, for the first time. He thought of his mother—of her faithfulness to all that con-

cerned him, of her many exhibitions of deep love, of the possibility that he should never see her again, and many similar things, until his heart grew heavy, and the well-known voice greeted him at the cottage door.

We will not, of ourselves, attempt to invade the privacy of the following week. That is a task that belongs alone to the only remaining witness, and he has freely and eloquently opened his heart to the public, in the premises. We will now advert to his own story :—

"I never shall forget that week. I can see my mother going backward and forward through the house. Her time was chiefly spent in making the needful preparations, and packing up for me. And when she would lift up the clothes and look at them, I could see the tears running down her cheeks. She would look at me awhile, as if in deep thought and solicitude, and then silently walk away. I thank God for the memory of that week at home. It has been a great blessing to me. I was only sixteen years of age ; yet, blessed be God, the memory of that home, that face and that voice, is still fresh and sweet in my heart.

"And then, the last night came, before I was to leave. It was the custom in old Ireland, when a man was passing his last night at home, to send for his friends. But mother said, 'My son, I should like to be alone with you this last night.' There was no person invited. My trunk was partly packed and there were some clothes placed upon the bureau alongside of my trunk. My mother said to me, 'get your chair and sit with me here to-night.' And she took her seat by the table with her head resting upon her hand. Sometimes she would lift up her head and look into my face, and then drop it down upon her bosom and place her hands across her breast. I could see her struggle to control her grief. We sat there until it was one o'clock at night, and I don't think there were twenty words spoken between us. Mother finally arose from her chair and said to me, 'My son, I think I will try and finish packing your trunk.' Never

shall I forget that voice as she arose from the chair. She spoke so strangely. She walked over to where the trunk was, looked into it, and then reached over to the clothes on the bureau, and placed them in it. She smoothed them down with great care. When the last garment was placed in it, it was all the dear soul could do to stand up again. Afterward, she raised up from her stooping position over the trunk, and walking to the window watched for the carriage that was to come for her boy. When I was ready to start, mother stood with her back to me, and I could see her trembling.

"I had not yet received her blessing. It was really about all she could give me, dear soul. You can hardly find a countryman of mine in America who would not prize his mother's blessing. I think sometimes Americans do not value the parental blessing enough. For my mother to put her hand on my head, and say, 'God bless you' was a great deal to me. I arose from my seat and walked up to where mother was, and putting my arms about her neck, said, 'mother, now give me your blessing before I part from you.' I then knelt at her feet, and she, placing her loving hand upon my head, said, 'May the blessing of God go with you; and may you remember, my dear boy, that the same sun that shines on me shines on you; that the same God that is watching over us in our humble home, will care for you in a strange country; and oh, may you not forget your mother.'"

How touching this narrative. And so full of interest does it seem in its brief recital, that it savors more of romance than of real life among the humble poor in Ireland. Yet it has the stamp of strange truth upon it. No fiction could be more so. It commends itself to the kindly sympathy and admiration of every Christian reader. Yea, more, it teaches us something of real and permanent value. It brings to our minds that honored custom of the patriarchal times, the bestowal of parental blessing—the importance of which is lost sight of in these days of extended commerce, hurried speculation, constant immersion in business and consequent neglect of

spiritual training in families—and shows how that, where religion has not been smothered out, there is a natural disposition of soul to adhere to it; proving also to our judgment that, under God's providence, there is enough merit in, to make a necessity for, it.

The effect of this last occurrence upon Francis Murphy was none other than would be upon most young persons under similar circumstances. In reference to it he has said, "I can say without hesitation, if ever a young man left his home with a fixed determination to prove a blessing to his mother in her declining years, that young man was myself. I expected to make her life radiant with sunshine."

The moments of deep suspense were now about to close. The time for the arrival of the conveyance, which was to bear the son away to a landing at some distance from the cottage, had arrived. A few moments later and its rumbling was becoming more and more distinct in the descending road-way. Soon it reached the cottage. The well-filled trunk was speedily placed in position, and Francis and his mother bade adieu to each other for a time—yea, as the sequel shows, forever upon earth.

Had the mother known the bitter experience of many years which awaited her beloved boy in this far-off favored land; had she seen how that the slavery of alcohol in our free government can be even more terrible in its effects than that of a tyrant in any European monarchy; and how that her son was only hastening to deeper bondage,—her soul would have sunk within her, and her arms would have refused to separate from the last embrace.

But it is well that foresight is the prerogative of Divinity, and separate from our finite minds; that we are not unfitted for our present enjoyments by our knowledge of the future, so often pregnant with calamity and direst experiences; and that we can not only be shut out from all imaginary trials, but also rise above all real bitterness, and look above the coming years into the beyond, through the eye of faith.

Speedily the carriage rolled away with—to that trembling, solicituous soul bowed beneath its weight of sorrow, and weeping in the doorstead of the little thatched cottage—its world of precious freight. Sad, truly, are such separations. They cannot but beget in every devout Christian heart, as they are doubtless intended to, a desire for the time when there shall be no more going in and out forever. We can bow reverently before the feelings of that woman; and can also realize a sense of anguish, in view of the years before that youth emigrant. Poor mother! Poor boy!

In a little while young Murphy reached the place where the vessel, along with many others, lay, in which he was soon to set sail. A boatman was hard by whose duty it was to place him on board. This was done with due speed, as all hands appeared eager for the voyage. After the further lapse, however, of about two hours, occasioned, perhaps, by the delay of freights, the orders were rapidly issued to the hands on deck, and the ship was loosed from her moorings.

At this point was the subject of our biography first favored with the sight of a tug-boat, a pretentious looking little thing which steamed up and hitched fast to the vessel. The purpose, evidently, was to pilot it into the channel, and thence into the sea.

The voyage was soon fully entered upon, and out on the bosom of the pathless ocean, now riding majestically against the waves that beat upon her bows, and then ascending the mountainous billows, and plunging downward again into the watery trough, rode the ship, with its numerous emigrants, bearing to our shores, and his destiny, the humble Irish lad, who, in the coming time, should marshal the most gigantic and successful of all temperance reforms known to history.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE SEA AND IN THE NEW WORLD.—DRINKING AND TREATING.—TURNED OUT UPON THE WORLD.—EVERYTHING GONE.—A SITUATION SECURED.—OFF TO CANADA.—AT FARM WORK.—GETS MARRIED.—A CHRISTIAN WIFE.—ARRIVAL OF A BROTHER.

Those who are accustomed to the conveniences and comparative comforts of a voyage from New York, or Philadelphia, to Liverpool, or elsewhere, as afforded by our modern and elegantly furnished steamers, occupying usually not more than two weeks, from port to port, can have no conception of the annoyances and tediousness peculiar to emigrant life at sea. Nothing could be more repugnant to a naturally good taste, than the manners, habits and associations uniformly encountered; and these, too, for the protracted period, usual to packet ships and barks, in coming from the ports of the Irish sea to this country.

Young Murphy's spirit of adventure was most probably not increased or intensified by the *entourage*. On the contrary, many circumstances must have contributed their quota toward creating in him a spirit of depression and great weariness. His thoughts were as apt to fly backward to the Wexford home, as forward to the one his imagination had reared. His experience was far from what he had expected; as far, it may be, as was that of his later years, up to the time of his escape from the slavery of intemperance.

After a sail of seven weeks and three days, the much-longed-for shores lay before the vessel. It had at least reached its destination. The great city of New York loomed up; and

nearly all on board seemed to regard the objects of prominence as they stretched away toward the sky, with strained eyes and bated breaths. No one on board felt more exultant than Francis Murphy. His somewhat secluded and narrowed life at home made the countless things before him doubly interesting. His heart beat quickly, and his joy, at being able to step upon the land of his choice, could scarcely be restrained.

The passengers and their baggage were transferred by boat to the land. Upon the counsel and invitation of a man, whose acquaintance young Murphy had made, he directed his steps toward a hotel. He had given himself and his checks into the charge of the person in question, and with him soon reached his first stopping-place—a tavern. Here suitable rooms were found, and, unfortunately, something of genial companionship.

One of the first of the youth's acts was to yield to the temptation to take a drink. Stepping into the bar-room, with his newly made friend, he called for "something to take." This appeared, at the time, to be about the most convenient term for any kind of liquor. In the old country they drank by the "noggin," or, in the old Irish, "noigin," which was a mug, or wooden cup, and about equal in measure to a gill. Our youth was ready to adapt himself freely to his new surroundings.

A hearty indulgence now commended itself to young Murphy, in view of his safe deliverance from the perils of the deep; and, like thousands of others, instead of lifting his heart in thankfulness, he robbed Jehovah of the glory due, and bestowed it freely upon the devil.

Drink after drink and treat after treat followed, and Frank, and Tim, and Jim, and the bar-keeper kept on successively at "setting them up," until things became so mixed that the track of the whole business was eventually lost. The fact was that, at his home in Ireland, our lad knew little or nothing of the queer effects of American "tangle-foot," even at that day, and he somewhat innocently, rather, ignorantly, drank to his confusion.

The liberality manifested by our Irish lad, and his fondness for tippling had won the kindly attention—for either the word respect, or esteem, would be a misnomer—of the landlord. Through the space of just about one week his drinking had continued, when suddenly he was brought to a round turn by the fact that his money was all gone. Of course, this soon became known to his host. But, encouraged by the cordial interest shown him, young Murphy believed that all would go well with him.

It was not so. The friendship of the man, whose coffers took in, bit by bit, all the lad's change, was exhausted with the last piece spent at his bar. After but a brief parley the youth was turned out upon the world.

Reason, and a decent regard for human nature, would have suggested that a smooth-faced stranger, without family or kin, should have had something of sympathy, attention and instruction—or rather, of protection and help. But he had fallen among evil friends—into hands unused to acts of kindness and charity. The business, which so largely preys upon our vitals as a nation, often influences its representatives to acts of rapacity, even upon the innocent and unwary.

Without a suitable home or friends, for three weeks our lad persisted in a course of inebriety. Not only was his money gone, but, at the end of this time, everything he had brought with him from across the ocean, was also beyond his reach. His situation was a most wretched one, and, as he began to realize the fact, and recover his wonted judgment, he saw the urgent necessity for some way of escape. But the prospect was very slender, and he was exceedingly depressed.

Becoming, of necessity, quite sobered, he sought the interest and influence of several persons, through whose kindness he happily secured a situation.

It was his purpose, now, to repair the mischief he had wrought, by replacing his most needful articles of dress. His face was in the right direction, and his intentions were apparently firm and good. Faithfully he entered upon his labor.

But, ah, how vainly man proposes! The youth knew not his true condition. His blood was poisoned, his taste perverted, and his whole being enslaved. The appetite for strong drink remained. He could not, and did not, continue to abstain from it for any length of time.

Under such circumstances his life would, of course, be subjected to many changes, and they would quickly begin their round. Thus, he found it necessary, in a little time, to seek employment elsewhere.

In obedience to the advice of a friend, he concluded to go to Quebec, Canada, in the hope of filling an engagement of a certain kind. But Fortune did not seem to smile upon him, and he was obliged to turn his attention to some other point. His scanty funds were now nearly exhausted, and he could not very well return to the States; therefore he concluded to go to Montreal and seek employment. Soon after his arrival he obtained a position at a hotel, such an one as would, at least for a time, satisfy his necessities, if not indeed his tastes.

After retaining his place, for the space of between one and two years, he was finally obliged to relinquish it, on account of his drinking habits. In this strait, he could not very well expect favor in the land of St. George's Cross, therefore he determined to re-enter the country of his choice.

Removing to the State of New York, he found himself compelled to engage at farm work. His duties were arduous, and his remuneration very light. Nevertheless, through industry, both at his labor, and in subduing somewhat his appetite for strong drink, he began to realize something of success.

In reference to this period of his life he has said, "I was compelled to learn the profession of driving oxen on a farm; and as a green Irish boy, with a goad in hand, I learned to talk to Buck and Bright." And in further allusion to this part of his experience he has remarked, "I have seen a man laugh at me, while I was chopping a maple log. I was cutting away, at a great rate, and thought I was doing splendidly, but every time I struck the log he would shout and laugh at me."

Evidently, the youth had not entirely gotten away from his former habits, and was struggling between two loads—one in his head, and the other at his feet.

Finding his way, soon after, further into the country, he was enabled to overcome his appetite more perfectly, and took to a sober and circumspect life. Here, having a magnetism that few persons could excel him in, and manifesting the gallant tendencies of his countrymen, he became enamored of an intelligent and attractive young lady. In a short time his influence commanded the desired respect and affection, and he obtained the hand of the fair one.

Young Murphy was now eighteen years of age, and married. His relations to the world were greatly changed, and his thoughts and purposes also had become more matured. He saw the necessity for a life of steadiness and industry, and applied himself with energy to his daily labor. Thus, through a period of some years—perhaps five or six—he continued in New York State, toiling and accumulating, little by little.

The young lady he had married proved to him a most valuable and tender companion, and had much to do with the success and continued sobriety of his life. She was a Christian in every sense of the word. She had been taught the ways of true wisdom, having enjoyed the influences of religion, and was evidently possessed of faculties largely *spirituel*—such as we, at times, meet with, and recognize as much above the ordinary grade of character.

To her he confided all his wishes and intentions, and from her received no little of counsel and direction, knowing well the value of her judgment, her most amiable nature, and her rigid regard for all his interests.

The influence of so estimable a companion upon Mr. Murphy could not but be marked and unbounded. This has appeared on various occasions, in his public addresses. Recently he remarked to a large audience, "If you have a good Christian wife, consult her in all your business. Give her to feel that she is a partner in life with you; that you are to work

together; and believe in each other, come what will. Hearts, thus joined together by God's Holy Spirit, nothing should separate. There is no difficulty they cannot surmount; no obstacle they cannot overcome. With faith in each other, and faith in God, they will come through all right."

During these years of Mr. Murphy's experience, an older brother came to America, and settled with him for the time. This was quite a pleasing circumstance to Francis, and gave him no little of encouragement and ambition in his fixedness of living. He began to feel that he had an interesting and important part in the great battle of life, and that he must act well now, if ever enduring success should crown his efforts.

CHAPTER VIII.

REMOVED TO PORTLAND.—A NEW BUSINESS.—HIS WIFE OPPOSED TO IT.—ACTING ALONE.—BRADLEY HOUSE RENTED.—WILL SELL LIQUOR "RESPECTABLY."—PROMISED HER NOT TO DRINK.—AT HOME IN THE HOTEL.—A GENUINE CONVERT.—BUSINESS SUCCESSFUL.—A WRECK AT LAST.—MANNER OF HIS RUIN.—A MAN'S NECK BROKEN.—CONTINUOUS DISSIPATION.

In due course of time, Mr. Murphy determined, in connection with his brother, to select some other place of residence; and, led by friendly considerations, fixed upon the city of Portland, Maine.

Here the brothers, filled with the idea of their peculiar adaptation to hotel-keeping, and the remarkably profitable nature of such business, began to make especial drafts upon their enterprise. Francis had his purposes well set upon a public life of that description, as the only and sure road to his ultimate success; but his heart, somehow, almost failed him, when he considered that his wife's consent might only be obtained with difficulty. He would not engage in it, however, until he had consulted the partner of his bosom.

When he presented her his project, she saw the consequences that would likely ensue, and opposed it. Her womanly instincts were averse to a business, from which she had everything to fear, and nothing of either comfort or pleasure to gain. Her soul revolted at the thought of her husband having his old appetite aroused, for she had heard of his trials while

in bondage to drink, and she looked with something of anxiety toward the little ones gathering about her. She would not yield her indorsement. But looking up into his face she said:

"Frank, I would sooner beg for a living, in the streets of Portland, than to have you sell intoxicating liquor."

The manner, the countenance, the words, the rare judgment, and the moral character of the woman, all spoke volumes to her husband, as she uttered these words. They were pronounced in firmness, and yet a cloud of sadness seemed to play about her clear white brow.

Here was a troublous thing. Mr. Murphy had tried to live in entire harmony and sympathy with his companion, and was accustomed to an exhibition of respect for her opinions, although he did not always heed them. How could he, however, oppose her in this? Certainly, he concluded, in so important a matter as his business, he should act alone, and assert his dignity as a man.

There are plenty of such men. In matters that are all-important, and concern the general welfare of the family, they will be governed freely by the views of the loved ones, so long as a depraved taste is out of the question. But, let once this latter feature present itself, they will meanly retreat behind what they call "manhood," a miserable condition of slavery to the carnal nature, that is wanting in everything either dignified or respectable.

A short time since, Mr. Murphy declared, in reference to the event mentioned, "I consulted her out of courtesy, and if she did not indorse my way, I pursued it all the same. I never saw a man have occasion, in the end, to regret having consulted his wife. Men engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquor do not, in general, consult their wives. They think they are capable of managing their own business; but their wives are worried to death by it. After all, there's nothing like a man taking his wife into his confidence, just as he has taken her into his heart. He should make her to feel that she

is loved, and should consult, and be advised by, her in his business. Thus God's Spirit will both lead and help.

The Murphy brothers persisted in their purpose and rented the Bradley House, on the corner of Commercial and India streets, with the purpose of having the family of Francis use it as a residence. It was at once furnished in a comfortable way, and everything, looking to its speedy occupancy, accomplished.

Now, however, came the more unpleasant part of their arrangements. Mrs. Murphy was to be informed, her objections overcome, and herself and family to be brought to their new home. Francis at once advised her of his course, expressed the hope that she would give her consent to the removal, and by way of encouragement, said, "I am not going to make any effort to sell liquor, but I will only keep it for my customers and sell it respectably."

This is a landlord's idea, the world over, when he has to confront his objecting friends, or answer a chiding conscience. He will sell liquor "respectably." We have heard of men swearing "respectably;" of others robbing "respectably;" and of still others gambling "respectably." But we have not seen any of it—nor have we been able to understand how it is done *in that way.*

But hear how Mr. Murphy, the reformer, replies to the declaration of Mr. Murphy, the landlord: "It is an utter impossibility to sell liquor respectably. It is the worst business under the sun. The finest of men, apparently, will come to you and say, 'Give me another drink.' You reply, 'You have enough!' They then urge, 'Don't I know my business?' And thus you cannot refuse them without the dreaded quarrel."

To still further induce his wife to acquiesce in his plans, Mr. Murphy promised her that he would not drink himself.

This, of course, was a matter of importance to the faithful Christian wife and mother, in the event of her yielding to her husband, under protest. But the nature made noble by the

grace of God considered not her immediate interests alone. It had also a proper esteem for those of others, for she bravely replied, "If you don't drink yourself, some other people will take it!"

How thoughtful and true! She knew that, if her own heart did not mourn and break, because of cruelty and desolation in the home, from the use of villainous liquids, the hearts of other wives and mothers were endangered. And thus she fulfilled the law of Christ.

After a brief temporary delay, during which the needful disposition of furniture was made, Mr. Murphy called with a carriage for his wife and children, and took them to their new abode. While going through the rooms, he inquired:

"How do you like it, wife?"

"I suppose I shall have to like it!" was the reply, as a singular expression of intense sadness crossed her face. She knew that her husband had spent his money in fitting up the place, and that there was no help for her.

"Don't be concerned, I am not going to take intoxicating liquors," argued her husband.

"Somebody else will drink," was the quick response, as on the previous occasion.

Mr. Murphy need have furnished no other incident, nor have added one word more, to prove the Christian character and womanly worth of his companion. She was evidently a genuine convert to our holy religion.

And, as has been said, there are hundreds of just such women to-day, who, through tears and sighs and prayers, are struggling at the throne of the heavenly grace in behalf of their husbands and sons, that they may be led from the debasing traffic in rum to an honorable and righteous life.

Thus began the career of Francis Murphy, at Portland, as a hotel-keeper. In a little time quite a lively business was transacted. The enterprise was a decided success, and the brothers were elated with their prospects.

In the progress of time the elder brother, becoming wearied

of the business, declined in favor of Francis, who was now left in possession. His success was assured, and he became financially prosperous.

For a period of about ten years Mr. Murphy continued in the proprietorship of the hotel. But during this time he fell under the assaults of the demon of strong drink. Toward the close of it he became so fond of his "grog," that he grew careless of his customers, neglected his business, and gradually lost the accumulated savings of years. Finally, his hotel was closed upon upon him, and he was turned out, with his family, a wretched drunkard.

When he began his business, he did not expect to fall; but was of the conviction that he had the most complete control of himself. Diligently for a time did he observe the promise given his wife. But eventually the temptation of his business proved too much for him. Friends, comprising a circle to which he became greatly attached, would call at his place and urge him to indulge with them.

"Don't ask me to drink, it is impossible," was the invariable response.

"Come on, let us have a drink," plead they.

"Remember my wife and children," was offered as the last and most potent excuse.

"Take a little ale, then," was urged.

Finally, the glass of ale was taken, and, according to his own declaration, "It was that glass of ale that sealed Frank Murphy's fate." In regard to it he has also added, "If I had not tasted it, I would be willing to part with my strong right arm."

This step taken, Mr. Murphy's fall began. He soon took another, and another, and so on, until his old habits and appetite were in full sway upon him. His wife speedily detected the misfortune, and felt its heavy weight, but did not utter words of unkindness. She was not given to scolding, or censure, and preferred to bear, meekly and patiently, her trials, rather than wound, even when merited.

Following the loss of his hotel, Mr. Murphy entered the saloon or boarding-house business in a limited way. But the blighting effects of liquor prevented him from meeting with anything of prosperity.

On one occasion, an intoxicated man entered his house, and insisted upon going up stairs. The bar-keeper refused to allow this. After a momentary effort, the man broke away, and hurrying up the steps, met Mr. Murphy at the top. A few hasty words followed, whereupon the two engaged in a scuffle, during which both fell and rolled to the floor below. Mr. Murphy was not hurt, but the assailant was picked up dead—his neck having been broken in the fall.

Mr. Murphy was arrested immediately after the occurrence, and was subsequently tried and acquitted. The occurrence proved quite a misfortune to the family pecuniarily, as also a source of deep sorrow.

From the time of the liberation of Mr. Murphy he continued his acts of dissipation. His family were now reduced to a condition of constant anguish and suffering. In the midst of his carousals, his little boy would come to him at times, near the hour of midnight, and plead with him to return to his mamma. Then, perhaps, accompanying the child, he would seek and enter his wretched home, and find the pallid face of his wife resting upon her hand, while her eyes seemed to be pouring intently over the Word of God. The words, it might be, would quietly drop from her lips, "I wish you would stop drinking." To this the answer was promptly given, and perhaps a trifle curtly, "I wish I could," followed with a long and burdensome silence.

The picture seems a dark one. Surely it will awaken sympathy wherever pondered. But the reader cannot form a reasonable conception of its real nature, any more than he can look into the hearts and lives of that family and see the various lights and shades, in all their intensity of character, through which they have successively come.

Here Francis Murphy, the husband and father, is a common

drunkard, a burden to his family and society, and without a friend outside his poor family. There is not one to be found, in the city of Portland, who will say a word in extenuation of his course. He is even notably degraded in the eyes of those who hold loosely every principle of sobriety. Surely the community can abide such a man no longer.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ARM OF THE LAW TO BE INVOKED.—EVERYTHING LOST, AND WITHOUT A FRIEND.—ARRESTED.—A CONFIDING MAN.—THRUST INTO JAIL.—DESERTED.—AN ERRONEOUS OPINION.—A FAULTY SYSTEM.—WRONG IN PRACTICE.—MUST GO TO THE FOUNTAIN HEAD.—AUXILIARIES.—A SUFFERING FAMILY.

We are now called upon to record an event in the life of Mr. Murphy of more than ordinary importance. Strong drink had done its worst. Its power was to be stayed by the strong arm of the law. In a crushed and neglected home were a wife and children whose claims upon public sympathy could not be totally ignored. They were at least approaching deep trial—having endured much of mental anguish already—through the persistent drunkenness of the husband and father. An effort must be made to check the mischief already done, and prevent further misfortune among the innocent.

It will interest the general reader to have placed before him the statements of Mr. Murphy in reference to what followed. After detailing his experience as an inebriate, he said :

"I lost everything I owned in this world in the city of Portland. On the night of September 25, 1869, I was a bankrupt, without a dollar, and, I think I can say, without a friend. This is a good deal for a man to say. It is easy enough for a man to simply say that he has no friends ; but it is quite another thing for a man to feel it down deep in his heart.

"When misfortune came my friends passed away. I then kept on drinking, trying thereby to forget the sorrows that had come upon me. I did not care much whether I lived or

died. Even the men who were engaged in the same business I had followed gave me the cold shoulder. Generally speaking, if you have been respected in the liquor business, and become unfortunate, you will find a great gulf to come between those similarly engaged and yourself.

"Some persons thought that the best thing they could do for me and my family would be to have me arrested and sent to the county jail for reformation. Nevertheless, it has been to me one of the greatest crosses of my life.

"A countryman of mine, a wholesale liquor dealer, and Mr. Perry, the sheriff, came to my place, one day, and asked me to take a walk down the street with them. I did so, not knowing what their business with me was. The sheriff had been talking about things of recent occurrence, when, suddenly he said :

"'I have been requested to have you arrested.'

"'By whom,' I asked.

"Thereupon he pulled a writ from his pocket, having the signatures of four men upon it. One of these was in the same business I followed, and, of course, had not the least sympathy with me. They did not come and talk with me in a manly way, but determined upon arresting me, like a dog, and thrusting me into a dark dungeon. I asked :

"'Will you let me go and see my friend Patrick McClidgy.'

"'Yes ; we will go with you to him,' was the reply.

"McClidgy was a man I loved as truly as I did my own children. We had been drunk and sober together. We had, so-called, good times in associating together ; and I loved him. When we went and saw him, he said :

"'Take him away and lock him up, it's the best thing you can do for him.'

"At this, it seemed to me my heart would break. It was about the hardest blow of my life."

We may here indulge profitably, perhaps, in a few reflections. Mr. Murphy is the very embodiment of genuine kindness and affection to his friends. He evidently is not the kind of nature that will desert a friend in the hour of his extremity,

but, on the contrary, is rather eager to prove his faithfulness at every opportunity. Such being the case, his soul revolts at the very thought of anything perfidious. To find faithlessness in a friend, would always be to him a matter of surprise, and intense sorrow. Having a make-up that admits of the fullest exercise of confidence, and also spiritual faith, he cannot brook the want of these in any one whom his affections cherish.

Such a man is qualified for a grand Christian experience and work. He is designed for a higher and better place than that of a saloon-keeper; yea, more than that of a successful business man. When the truth fully dawns upon him, and his heart is fixed on God, he will rapidly advance from grace to grace, and gift to gift, until his spiritual boundaries are widened to a capacity far above the average believer.

The trial Mr. Murphy endured in this species of contact with a man, who was esteemed a dear friend, was but a link in the chain of events that was now being forged in the great foundry of the Almighty, for the purpose of separating forever the kingdom of the Prince of Darkness from the spiritual domain soon to be added to the government of the Son of God. He was thus to lose his trust in man, and, in the greatness of his soul, to seek a holier and more enduring repose for it. Experiences so deep and afflicting are uniformly pregnant with the most invaluable blessings, and productive of the highest good, to every one who is not beyond the reach of hope.

But we will return to the statement furnished. Mr. Murphy continued:

"My wife knew nothing of my arrest. My children were ignorant of it. The sudden misfortune to me had not yet reached their ears or hearts.

"Soon we came to the dark door of the jail. It stood open and I stepped into it. Never shall I forget the first moment in which I entered the building.

"I was thrust into the little dungeon of about six feet by three in size. It contained a little iron bed-stead, having upon

it a pillow of straw and an army blanket stretched over it. Here thoughts of the past crowded upon me. The voice that came to me first was that of my sainted mother. I could see her sweet face and hear her once more. I thank God that it is utterly impossible to tear from the heart the memory of a good mother. Then, I could understand what the poet meant, in his beautiful language :

"'I hear a voice thou canst not hear,
Which says "thou shalt not stay;".
I see a hand thou canst not see,
Which beckons me away !'

"Yes, in the silence of that lone place, I could hear the old familiar voice. And there I remained, suffering all the terrible delirium that it is possible for a poor victim of intemperance to endure. Of course, I was shut away from the world. I was altogether deserted by everybody except my faithful wife and children. And may God bless these ; they never deserted me ; they never said an unkind word to me. Constantly, almost, they passed and repassed in review before me.

"In this place I remained for a considerable time. It was evidently designed that I should have somewhat of leisure with my thoughts. My condition was one of extreme sadness. But, eventually, I realized the truth of the lines :

"'God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm !'"

Thus we have touchingly presented us the account by Mr. Murphy of his incarceration for habitual drunkenness. It is not only full of interest and instruction, but thoroughly confirms all we have said of the remarkable character of the man. It shows how deep was the fountain of feeling within him for others, notwithstanding his wretched course as an inebriate.

There are great numbers of people around us who believe

that a man, full of the milk of human kindness, and having proper respect and love for his family, cannot possibly pursue such a course of dissipation as did Mr. Murphy; that any one, of the nature and disposition we have accorded him, could not but revolt at such conduct, even in the very midst of the indulgence of his appetite.

We differ from all such. In times of innocence and thoughtlessness the system becomes poisoned. A depraved taste is formed. This grows as fully into power over the man as do the most relentless and fatal fevers. And the men of kindness are among those most easily overcome by the malady. They may resist and struggle, but they are as unable to rise above their condition, as the fever patient is to overcome his, by physical effort. The natural tenderness and affection of the man is of little avail.

In this view of the subject we are asked, "Why, if men are thus overcome, and irresponsible, do our statutes condemn and punish?" We answer, for the reason that, in the present system of faulty government upon the liquor question, there seems to be no other remedy. The laws generally allow the liquors to be made and sold—therefore the distiller and dealer are under their protection. But the poor victims of these soul and body destroyers, are without the least protection. He can go into the tavern, or saloon, and be legally poisoned and crazed, so that he morally ceases to be responsible, and yet be made to suffer the consequences of his irrational, criminal acts. When it can be shown, as has been, that out of one hundred per cent. of the murders in New York city, at least ninety-five per cent. are the result of drunkenness, it becomes thinking men to inquire whether it was really the man or the whiskey, the consumers, or the vendors and producers, who perpetrated the crimes. Surely, where the result is so overwhelmingly against liquor, the conclusion is unavoidable, that the wrong men were made to snffer. But then, as matters stand, the creature of his appetite alone can be held to account. We compassionate every culprit, however heinous his crime, who

can truly plead drunkenness in palliation of his acts. To our mind, it is something of a valid plea, the press and people generally to the contrary, notwithstanding.

We are asked again, "Is not this an argument in favor of the Prohibitionists?" No, certainly not! They are right in principle, but unwise and indiscreet in practice. The few cannot control the many. Public sentiment cannot be outraged by the only representatives of its voice and will with impunity. It would be as easy to overcome the use and abuse of liquor, in the present condition of the popular mind, by legislative enactments, as to pull down the skies. It is an impossible thing, and the labors and arguments of the prohibitionists are not only ridiculous, but they greatly hinder, at a time like this, the devoutly-to-be-wished-for result. The masses must first be educated up to that point at which the influence of the manufacturer, vendor and consumer is at a discount.

In reference to this subject, and at the risk of the charge of a partial digression, we will insert here the following extract from an able paper prepared by the venerable and estimable editor of the *Reformed Church Messenger*, Rev. Samuel R. Fisher, D. D.,—a man who has throughout his life battled nobly against rum—and read before the temperance convention at Sea Grove, N. J., some time since:

"To get public sentiment right on this subject, we must, however humiliating the very thought, go back to first principles, as they prevailed in the earlier part of the campaign against intemperance. We must commence at the very fountain head of all public morals. The church, God's great institution and agency for moral reform, must be brought into its proper relation to the mighty evil, and induced to use its influences and power for its suppression. Not only its ministry, the organs of its divine functions, but its membership, also, should be prevailed upon to adopt the principle of abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and to enforce its observance by example as well as by precept.

"The youth and children of the church should likewise

have the principle instilled into their minds by the training they receive in the family, and in the Sunday-school, as well as though the direct teaching of the church.

"I have no confidence in the success of any means employed for the promotion of public morals, though it may assume a Christian name, which professes to prosecute its work independent of the agency of the church, or even by methods antagonistic to it. If the church, the greatest fountain head of morals, be once fully brought into right relations to the evils of intemperance, the furtherance of the work of reform will be greatly facilitated. And, until this be done, little of a substantial nature can be accomplished.

"Other proper appliances, outside of the church, must be brought to co-operate with it, and diligently employed to promote the same great end. These are the press, the public lecture, and the various temperance associations of a proper character. They cannot be too diligently or too faithfully applied. They must not, however, be used in a way that would antagonize them to the Church, or place them in an attitude that would indicate that they are intended to supersede or even supplement its functions. They are to be employed only as auxiliary to it, in its efforts to accomplish its objects, as the great conservator of public morals.

"Much harm has been done to the cause, in the past, by failing to observe this principle, in the use of some of the appliances brought forward by the friends of temperance for the suppression of the evils flowing from the use of intoxicating liquors."

To all the sentiments, expressed in these paragraphs, we heartily subscribe. They conform precisely to the opinions generally held by the friends of Gospel reform.

But we will return to Portland. The weary and anxious mind of Mr. Murphy was almost constantly upon his household. He realized their dependent condition, and the fact of their constant suffering. His soul agonized greatly in their behalf. His wife had borne him seven children, six of whom

were about her and helpless. She was a patient, sincere, Christian, but the ordeal through which she was passing, she felt, was too severe.

And so it was. Mrs. Murphy saw constant darkness. Her faith in God had alone kept her thus far. But her care and trials were great, and beyond endurance. Physically she was breaking. The race of life could not long continue under such strain. Would there be no dawn this side of the grave?

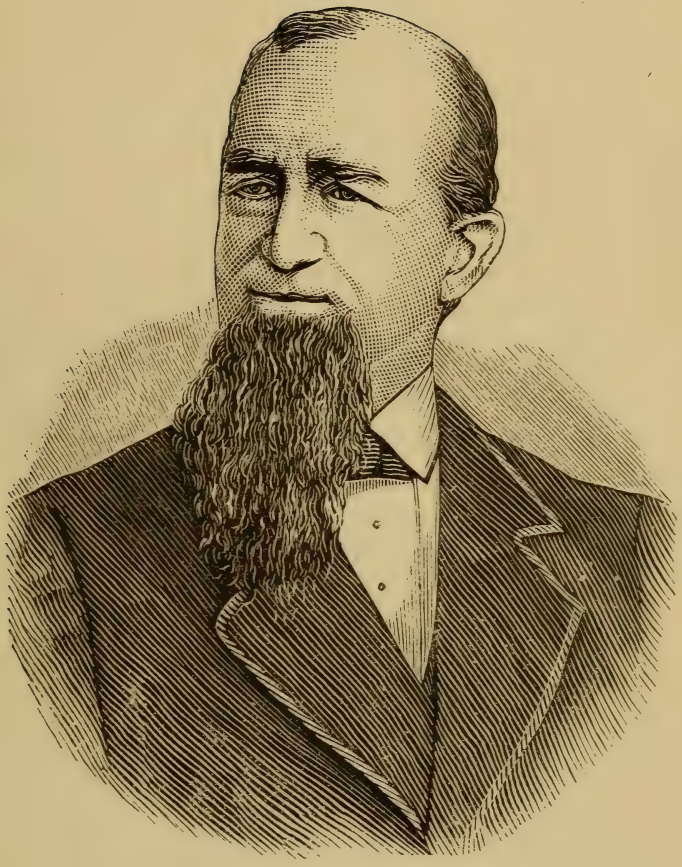
CHAPTER X.

CAPTAIN CYRUS STURDIVANT.—RELIGIOUS SERVICES IN THE JAIL.—MR. MURPHY ATTENDS THE MEETING.—A TRUE FRIEND.—VALUABLE MEN.—THERE IS HOPE FOR YOU.—POWER OF KINDNESS.—LITTLE THINGS.—NOBLE FEELINGS.—"GOD BLESS YOU!"

In preparing men for, and leading them into, great events, God employs instruments. It matters not how manifest may be his purposes, or how circuitous and mysterious the paths of the ones selected, down somewhere in it all is an Israelitish maid to direct, or an Ananias to put his hands upon them.

The case of Mr. Murphy was to be no exception to this. There was an important life before him, and an efficient person was now commissioned to direct him to it. That person was Captain Cyrus Sturdivant. He knew of the unlimited power of the gospel to save from the meshes of sin. And he understood its ability to destroy the last remains of the carnal nature. Prompted one day by the Divine Spirit to exert his influence, if possible, among the poor victims imprisoned in the jail, he applied to the sheriff for permission to come and talk with them. This was granted. And, as to the consequences of this man's visit and labor, we prefer here to repeat the somewhat thrilling story of Mr. Murphy:

"To Captain Sturdivant," said he, "If I have been of any use in the world, under God, I owe all of it. He commenced his work on the Sabbath day. The great, dark entrance door was opened to the Christian people. Quite a number had collected together, and they came in singing:



Cyrus Studdard

"'All hail the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all,' &c.

"I was sitting on the little iron bedstead in my cell, when the keeper came to the door, and looking at me, said:

"'Mr. Murphy, we would like to have you come out and attend religious service.'

"'Please excuse me, I will remain here and not disturb your people,' was my prompt reply.

"'Come out; these people are your friends, they will not injure you,' persisted the keeper.

"There was something so kind and agreeable in the face of the man, that it produced a disposition of assent within me, and touched my heart. Yet my answer was,—

"'I would sooner stay here.'

"'Come on, Mr. Murphy,' he continued.

"At this, I concluded I would go. Oh, how my heart had ached for a kind word; for some one to say, 'Can I do anything for you?' I then responded:

"'I *will* go out with you, I believe.'

"I arose from my seat, stepped out the little open door, walked along about ten paces, and sat down with the rest of the prisoners. There was Captain Cyrus Sturdivant. His back was turned toward me as I walked along the corridor. He appeared to me then as a larger man than he is just now. When he turned about he was weeping as a mother sometimes weeps for her child. As I looked at his face, I asked myself, 'Who is he weeping for; has he lost a son?' No, it was evident that he had a heart for others. He was telling of God's goodness. His words were very sweet to me. He spoke to us of hungry wives and children. And, at that moment, it seemed I could see my poor wife and children before me. As he continued to talk, it seemed to me that my imagination never realized so powerfully, as it did at that time, the presence of the objects of my affections. My

children seemed to be about me; and my dear wife to stand in my presence, as calm and patient as ever, saying not one word. I queried, 'Does anyone care for me?' 'I wonder if there is a friendly hand here to be extended to me?' And I said to myself, 'Oh what, would I not give to sit down with that man and tell him the sorrow of my heart!' Nobody said anything to me, and I spoke to no one. In spite of myself the tears would course down my cheeks.

"After the meeting I desired to hurriedly get away. I wanted to get into the little dark room, out of sight, so that I could, in some way, give expression to the grief that was almost consuming me. I was walking along the corridor, when a step came after me, followed quickly with a tap on my shoulder. My hand was instantly seized and Captain Sturdivant stood before me."

It is but proper, we think, that this interesting narrative should be interrupted here with a view to the offering of a few sentences of comment. In just such a way does every true friend of our Lord Jesus work. Not for self; not for appearance or reputation. But, tearing away from his surroundings, leaving his friends and helpers to care for themselves, he springs in the direction of the perishing.

The recital of the good man's course reminds us, greatly, of the bravery and sacrifice that attaches to the noble creature who leaps into the sea to save a human life. True, there is not the same risk; but there is the same impulse, and a Christian courage—that highest development of all that is good in man—that always endures the test more than anything of the natural mind. Such men deserve the love and esteem of all Christians, and will assuredly receive even a more glorious recompense at the hands of the righteous judge, when he shall come.

Nowhere can better, firmer friends of all mankind be found, than among those who labor down in the ranks of the poor and fallen; who go out into the alleys, lanes and by-ways, and down into the huts, sheds and cellars, or out into the

market-places and prisons, after souls. We honor them, in our hearts, whatever their creed, or position, or education, or previous life. We look up to the pulpit, and say from force of circumstances—sometimes quite charitably—they are men, and friends of God. But we look out upon the humble evangelists and missionaries of the Cross and say, from impulse, they are friends of God and man.

Such persons should never be allowed to hide themselves away from us. The world is in want of all their friendship, actively exercised. To undervalue them appears to be tantamount to wickedness. To disregard their worth is to refuse to gather the gold that lies about our pathways. A single one of such men is more than all earthly treasures, from the cattle upon a thousand hills to the great metallic veins that course the geological eras of the globe. Is there cause for dislike, or envy among such as hold higher places? Speedily remove it. Rather, pray God to heal your heart, than that you should use indifference or coldness toward them. Good men, those who are deeply such, in the work of their lives, are always scarce. They merit recognition, encouragement and universal respect. There is much of kindness among men, and no bounds to the vast amount of individual friendships. But the genuine friends of our common humanity are like finest-carat diamonds, very rare and worthful.

We will now return to Mr. Murphy's story :

"The first words of Captain Sturdivant to me were,—

"'I am sorry to see you here. Would you not like to be sober, as you once were, and stop the business of selling liquor, and be at home with your wife and children?'

"'Yes, I would like to be respected. I do not want to be in the business of selling liquor. But,' after a slight pause, I continued, 'hardly a hope remains for me.'

"Upon this reply, the good-hearted man immediately pulled me close to his side, and said :

"'There is hope for you ; and, if you will only make an effort to help yourself, we will help you ; and God will help you.'

"Oh, how sweetly these words came to my heart. I shall never forget them. And as I looked up, and into his face, I saw the tears coursing thick and fast down his cheeks. Then I said to myself, 'God helping me, I will make an effort to become a sober man.' And I can say I secured the victory over the terrible evil of intemperance through the kindly touch and words of this Christian."

It may be well here to indulge in a passing reflection upon the power of kindness. A single word, and even look, rightly and timely given, has not only brought light and salvation to a soul, but been the means, in the end, of lifting hundreds and thousands from the sloughs of sin to the Rock of righteousness—from deep depravity to true manhood.

The brief work of Captain Sturdivant, and its results, calls to mind another instance of the glorious consequences of a few kind words:

On a certain Sabbath evening, many years ago,—perhaps twenty-five or thirty—a reckless young man was idly lounging under the elm trees in the public square of Worcester, Massachusetts. He had become a wretched waif on the current of sin. His days were spent in the waking remorse of the drunkard; his nights were passed in the buffooneries of an ale-house. As he sauntered along, out of humor with himself and with all mankind, a kind voice saluted him. A stranger laid his hand on his shoulder, and said in cordial tones, "Mr. Gough, go down to our meeting at the town-hall to-night." A brief conversation followed, so winning in its character, that the reckless youth consented to go. He went; he heard the appeals there made. With trembling hand he signed the pledge of total abstinence. By God's help he kept it, and keeps it yet.

The poor boot-crimper who tapped him on the shoulder, good Joel Stratton, has gone to heaven. But the youth he saved is to-day the foremost of reformers on the face of the globe.

Methinks, when we listen to the thunders of applause that greet John B. Gough on the platform, we are hearing the

echoes of that tap on the shoulder, and of that kind invitation under the ancient elms of Worcester.

Thus, also, when we see the crowds of drinking men walk from their slavery, with even the chains clanking about their feet, into the moral air and freedom of Gospel temperance, we seem to hear from the corridor of the Portland jail the kindly fall of Capt. Sturdivant's hand upon the shoulder of the coming reformer. And the conclusion imposed upon us is, that we would rather have the reward, that comes of that little act, that enjoy the highest place, with all its best honors and emoluments, in the gift of any nation or age.

Little things! How the thoughts of them crowd our mind. They, the means usually employed by Jehovah in the production of the most wonderful events. They rise up alongside the honored and well-heralded things of life, and throw their mightier shadows across them. They have often their origin in the brain of childhood, and eventually wind their slender threads about households, social systems and nations, until the whole world of hearts are all haunted by their memories. In truth, we are prone to believe that all things truly great are but grown up little things.

Shall we not regard them, then? Shall we not tap a poor fallen man on the shoulder in behalf of a great suffering humanity? Shall we not offer a tear on the side of devoted mothers and loved ones in heaven? Is it, finally, not better that we should engage at every possible opportunity in doing some little thing for Christ, and for souls, than that we should idle away our lives in failures at so-called big things?

Again taking up our narrative, do we not see how noble feelings are aroused under heavenly influences—how graces, which do not thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of the world, can be brought into full play, down about the grates and bars of even prison life. For, as Capt. Sturdivant was about to leave Mr. Murphy, after the very limited interview described, the latter imploringly asked:

"Will you please go and see my wife and tell her to keep up courage?"

"I will," was the quick and earnest response.

"And will you come and see me again?" rejoined Mr. Murphy, as his visitor was passing out, his countenance and his whole demeanor betokening the deep interest felt in the request.

"O, yes! I will come and see you again. And may God bless you!" were the hurried words of the great and good man as he passed out of the door.

Capt. Sturdivant was gone. Not so his last words. They rang in the ears of the prisoner, until their vibrations spread through every avenue and recess of the soul. They recalled the mother's blessing, in the cottage by the sea, and the well-formed but long-neglected purposes of the ambitious Irish boy. "God bless you!" seemed to fill his cell. The words lingered with him during the remainder of that solemn holy day. And at evening, when alone, in the deepness of his sorrow, and when the Spirit of Evil came to him, as frequently before, and said, "You have no friends; there are none you can trust," a beautiful form immediately came and ministered unto him, and said, "God bless you!"

CHAPTER XI.

A WEEK OF SUFFERING.—THE WORDS PUT INTO HIS MOUTH.—INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT ESSENTIAL.—PLAN TO BE ADHERED TO.—A NOTABLE DAY.—GREAT RELIGIOUS MEETING IN JAIL.—ESPIED HIS WIFE.—A BOUQUET AND A FOND MEETING.—SOUGHT OUT BY A LOVING COMPANY.

A LONG week had now begun its round in the prison. Mr. Murphy hourly, as time heavily dragged along, had his mind upon his family. While the woe of his own heart began to oppress him, he more keenly felt for that of those dear to him. and upon whom he had placed the most grievous and grinding of burdens. His sins appeared more fearful than ever. A mountain of evil, sufficient to overwhelm him at every turn, met his thoughts. How could he flee his degradation? Was there no place of comfort? Would his punishment never end?

These and similar thoughts, troubled him each day; and thus, so fevered and perturbed had his mind become, before the hours of rest arrived, that he paced the little cell, throughout whole nights, suffering most exquisite anguish. He fancied he heard the pleading voices of the little home circle; that he saw the pale visage of her whom he had sworn to love, comfort, honor, and keep, in sickness and health; and, that he especially heard the call of the little boy, whom his heart most dearly loved, close by him in his room.

He has assured us that, after, at several times, lying down awhile, he has gotten up and walked about his cell as if in search of his child, and felt impressed that the little fellow

must be at hand, and could almost be seen. At such times, there were two sentences to recall him to his lonely situation, and soften its severity,—the one, the kind remark, "There is hope for you;" the other, the solacing words, "God bless you!"

Here we catch unmistakable glimpses of the facts that Captain Sturdivant was first led by the Spirit to this apostle, for his awakening; and that the words were put into his mouth, by which the great soul should be fitly leavened for the approaching Sabbath. Of all other things, which might have been uttered, we incline to the belief that nothing else than was uttered could have been equally effective. In Mr. Murphy's case they were all potent, and the words of Infinite Wisdom.

The instruction of Christ, "Take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak," were to the disciples at first. But, as the whole range of God's teachings and promises, they were as well to their followers and the Church forever. When men, with great confidence in human knowledge, exhaust their best efforts of mind in a thorough preparation for Christian work, they of necessity antagonize the injunction.

We feel led here to step out further, into a somewhat side issue, and ask, Why was it said, "Take no thought *how* or *what* ye shall say?" Why, also, "In that same hour?" Why should the Master have enjoined these things except for high, important, and most sacred reasons? And, if so essential in the proclamation of Divine Truth, then, it is not equally so now?

Do men say, however, that the demands of education, of circumspection in theological and philosophical discussion, in these times, are such as to require great precision and preparation? We reply that the very claim is profane in character. It assumes that the wisdom and preparation of man, under an educated system, is above that of the Holy Ghost.

No, in these days, when sophistry and skepticism are highly

skilled, more than in those of man's comparative ignorance, do we need the enlightening influences of God. And at no time do we require to lean more heavily and perfectly upon the guidance of the Spirit in all our thoughts, than when the Church is well burdened with commentaries and criticisms, and when these stand in about as close proximity, oftentimes, as the North and South Pole. We greatly prefer the Bible with prayer to the Bible and all other human means, especially to the taking of thought *how* or *what*, and then doing it for a whole week or month beforehand.

Another fact, is evidence, *per se*, of the correctness of these views. It is, that when devout believers have tested for any reasonable time, and under reasonable circumstances, the two methods, they have promptly and freely decided in favor of the Spirit doing the work, in His own way, and in the self-same hour.

Before leaving these thoughts, we will remark, that we admit the necessity of a certain method of preparation of Gospel labor, we understand the "how," or "what" to refer to the language and subject-matter. We require arrangement of subject. It were foolish to question it. But there is a preparation that is as high as the Holy Spirit; a preparation as frequently slighted by preachers, as regular means of grace are by laymen. We may learn the wisdom of men as thoroughly as Moses did that of the Egyptians. It will only place us at advantage. But we must, withal, have the wisdom of God.

In the work of the Church, and particularly in the sacred desk, all idea of appearing to advantage, of saying fine things, beautiful things, sensational things, and hitting things, is preposterously absurd and should be abandoned. The man should be hidden, and Christ held up. The advice of Jesus, in brief, should be obeyed to the full extent of its import, that we should "take no thought as to *how* or *what*." And if this were adhered to, the remainder of the sentence, "For it shall be given you in that same hour, *what*," &c., would harmonize

with pulpit experiences. One result, at least, inevitably, would be, a mighty tearing down of the strongholds of sin. And still another, and important one, that unconverted and ungodly men would flee the sacred calling as speedily as certain little rodents are said to flee a burning store-house, or sinking ship.

As we have said, at the beginning of this chapter, time hung heavily upon our subject in the Portland prison. He anxiously awaited the developments of another holy day, and looked with a peculiar eagerness toward it. At last, after a partial rest the previous night, it opened beautifully and brightly. And now, that we may omit nothing from the most important feature in this biography, we will give the revelations of Mr. Murphy, as he has one by one unfolded them in their proper order, doubtless furnishing everything of any especial value in connection with that most notable event:

"The Sabbath day came and great interest was shown throughout the city. It was generally known that the Christian people had commenced to worship in the jail. A large number of people early gathered about the building. They principally came to join in the worship of God, and you may rest assured there was quite a crowd.

"I did not suppose that my wife would come to see me. At least I hoped she would not. But it was ordered otherwise. Of course I knew that, out of the gladness of her heart, she would come, if it did not occur to her how painful it would be to me to see her at such a place and under such surroundings. But it seems that where hearts are true they cannot easily be separated. Prison doors cannot long keep them apart. You may even put a man on the gallows, the redeeming power of love will claim its own.

"The doors of the prison were soon opened wide, and a continuous line of people entered. How different my feelings now, from those I had, at the same hour, one week previous. I actually longed to see the face of that Christian man, Cap-

tain Sturdivant. Through the previous week I prayed from my heart, while alone in my cell, that God would send him to me. I longed for some friendly hand, and for deliverance, so that I might, liberated from all bonds, go to my innocent children and queenly wife.

"As the crowds came in they sang, as before. It was truly a beautiful and inspiring sight. When the place was well filled, hundreds of people had to be turned away.

"When I lifted up my head and looked over among the throng, my eyes fell upon my dear wife. She had stepped just inside the door, so as to be out of sight as much as possible, dear child. I see her sweet face now. The moment I looked upon her, she stepped aside, to be away from my gaze as soon as possible. The little children were with her. They had hold of their mother's dress and I could see them looking through the audience to see where their father was.

"As I was seated there on that occasion, I felt in my heart that I would have thanked God, had he taken me to himself in an instant of time. My experience was of such a terribly painful nature, that my poverty of language forbids me to attempt a description of it.

"When I saw my wife, her lips parted, and her eyes filled with tears. I had just taken my seat, and kept looking at my children. Truly, I realized that my life was far from desirable.

"At this point, my oldest daughter, Mary, who was then ten years of age, parted from her mother and pressed along through the audience. She had a beautiful bouquet in her hand. Evidently she had brought it to her father. I saw that the face of the dear child had become as white as linen. Soon she was at my side. She tried to shake hands with me, but standing as she was, she could not very well, and, passing her arms around my neck, she said :

"'Father, oh, father, we have been lonesome for you !'

"'Daughter, I have been lonesome for you,' I replied, and,

at once, added, 'and God helping, I shall make an effort to be a sober man.' "

Following this scene, we are drawn toward the assemblage of people on every hand. A lively interest was apparent upon their countenance. Here and there a few quietly engaged in an occasional interchange of remarks. But the most attractive circumstances of the hour were those which concerned the numerous prisoners present. As the daughter of the ex-landlord and saloon-keeper pushed along through the gathering toward her father, having her bouquet in hand, not a few eyes followed her and scanned closely the meeting of the two, together with its little phases and effects. Not a few persons were moved to tears, and perceptibly agitated.

The worship of God had begun. It was impressive, and of quite a spiritual character. The singing, prayers, and remarks were highly interesting and important, and contributed greatly toward the softening of hearts that heretofore were stoical in such things. The visitors knew full well that their labors were not in vain, and would surely be attended with good consequences in the end.

We cannot here notice the various incidents of the services, as it is our business to record only those things which concern the subject of our biography. Capt. Sturdivant, with others, had become deeply interested in the case of Mr. Murphy. His case was an important one. He was well known, and, doubtless, many prayers had ascended within a short time in his behalf. As soon, therefore, as the services had concluded, he was sought out by the good man, as well as by his devoted wife and children. And these, in the anxiousness of their souls, accompanied him to his little cell, there to sympathize with and cheer him in his desires to attain to firm and deep resolves against his former mode of life.

Can any one, this side actual experience, form an intelligent opinion of the thoughts and emotions which crowded the breasts of that living company, as one by one, they stepped into the cold and gloomy cell? It appears to us that under

few other influences could there be a more active appeal to general Christian sympathy ; and that if ever the great Divine Heart especially throbbed and was disturbed in behalf of poor, unfortunate creatures, it was on this solemn Sabbath occasion.

CHAPTER XII.

PRAYER-MEETING IN THE DARK DUNGEON. — MR. MURPHY'S CONVERSION. — THE NEW BIRTH. — A SUBJECT WORTHY ATTENTION. — LOOSE RELIGION. — DAYS OF MIRACLES. — A TRANSFORMATION. — LIGHT HEARTS. — KEPT IN PRISON. — ASKS TO CONDUCT A PRAYER-MEETING. — SEVENTY-FIVE PRISONERS CONVERTED. — DIVINE NATURE OF THE WORK.

A FEELING of sacredness, bordering upon awe, belongs to this portion of our narrative. When people, singly, go into their closets to commune with God, they cannot but realize that, being alone with their Almighty Helper, a deep solemnity attaches to the service. A species of peculiar sanctity is in the air they breathe. But, when we go down to the dungeon, in the prison, and there behold the most loving and faithful of burdened souls, gathered about their fallen husband, father and friend, for the purpose of unitedly appearing before the King of Kings, in petition, we feel a sense of oppression and profound reverence.

A distinguished man once, upon a corner of a street, in a European city, heard the nervous and peculiarly sweet voice of a child engaged at singing to God's praise. His eyes, instantly turned in the direction of the sound, fell upon a little blind boy, whose face seemed radiant with the rapture of a devout heart. At once the hat was removed from his head, and his chin fell upon his broad chest. A passing friend said to the man, "Why stand here in the broiling sun with bared head? Is anything wrong?" Then looking up, for a moment, he replied, "Do you hear that voice, and see that face? The

little fellow is blind to the wonderful beauties of this inspiring morning. And I said to myself, 'If he can so offer praise, while denied the sight of all that is lovely in nature, surely God must be very near.' Therefore, I took off my hat."

Here, too, we feel like bowing the head, and falling down before the Majesty on High.

The worship of God now commenced in the cell. We will give the occurrences of the brief little service, in the words of Mr. Murphy:

"Capt. Sturdivant was close by my side. He placed his arm about my neck, and said, 'Mr. Murphy, give your heart to Christ and all will be well with you!'

"In a little while, my wife was by my side, with the children.

"I hardly dared to look to heaven, I had been so unfortunate. But a ray of hope came to my poor, aching heart, and then, with my poor suffering wife and children, we all knelt down together upon the cold, dark prison floor, and supplicated God's Throne for Divine mercy and grace.

"The work was then and there done. I arose from my knees with an evidence of God's acceptance of me. Blessed be His name. I knew, for myself, that:

"'He breaks the power of cancell'd sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me!"

In this, we place before the reader the declarations of Mr. Murphy. We have no right to question them for a moment. And, while we deplore the indulgences of violent physical effort, in the work of the soul, as uncalled for and unreasonable, we have the most unbounded confidence in such a service and meeting as occurred in the Portland prison, and do not, for a moment, doubt the result claimed.

We believe there is an urgent necessity, on the part of every human being, for a "new birth;" that it merits the most

prompt and careful attention; and that Christians should continually carry within them the evidence and knowledge of Divine favor, however much we may differ as to the proper or best means of its obtainment.

Our observation tempts us to the conclusion that, between the denominations resorting to special efforts and intense feeling, and those continuing in the beaten track, without manifesting any improvement, or real change of life, both have good cause for fault-finding and remonstrance. No one can fail to see a high middle-ground between the two. But, evidently, neither are able just now to occupy. The one is held back by the weight of its success, and the crowds about the wheels of its machinery; the other, by the fear that it be charged with sympathy with, and an approach to, the former. This is an unfortunate state of affairs. It shows plainly that the day of indifference to the carnal mind, and a rigid adherence to the Divine behests, has not yet dawned upon the Church.

We think, however, that the time is not remote in which all systems of religion will exhibit a high esteem for true piety, and make it the great condition to responsible posts. And we believe, too, that the extraordinary disregard of the plain requirements of Christ, in his conversation with Nicodemus, must yield, in the not distant future, to their full consideration and practice.

In these remarks we do not harbor what some might designate as objectionable tendencies. On the contrary, we look with much of misgiving and apprehension upon the unrestricted latitude that has allowed thousands of unthinking persons to even widen the breach created between the reformation and dissenting churches in the seventeenth century. But we are clear that the change demanded by our Lord merits more than a passing nod; that it requires that our tastes, habits, appetites, thoughts, feelings and proclivities, in a word, our natures, shall experience a radical change, however that may be brought about; whether by a careful and

systematic training, that makes men intelligent Christians, void of all doubt and delusion; or, by the sudden method, by which a large proportion break through the net before they can be hauled to the limitless shores.

Our purpose, in these remarks, is to do good; to honor Christ. We dislike a loose religion; a religion that is just none at all; a religion that don't look beyond the church, or above the ordinance; a religion that has as much of faith and works in it as the clouds have of marble or brass. There is everywhere, a need for a consciousness, a *certainty*, on the part of church members, that they "are not their own, but belong unto their faithful Saviour, Jesus Christ, who with his precious blood hath fully satisfied for all their sins, and delivered them from all the power of the devil."

These thoughts bring us again to the statement of Mr. Murphy, that he, in the solemn meeting had in his cell, arose from his knees, with an evidence of God's acceptance of him. We receive it, just as all other wonderful things, and can only here say, in regard to it, that God's miraculous power did not cease with Paul's conversion, neither are the days of miracles as much gone by as many would make believe.

When Mr. Murphy's family surrounded him, they had been poorly provided for, and he admits that they were in a starving or semi-starving condition. Yet all sight of the fact was lost. There was a beloved husband and father, just saved from the jaws of destruction. He had just consecrated his heart to God, and his life to total abstinence. The interests of the soul sat as cap-sheaves over those of the body, and all were in rapture. Here we will put on record the words of the saved man:

"Then everything became transformed. The very granite of the prison seemed to me to be cut and carved so as to exhibit the forms of angels."

Immediately upon the close of this service in Mr. Murphy's cell, his wife and children, with Captain Sturdivant, left the jail. Their steps, like their hearts, were light. The skies

were more attractive, and all nature more fascinating to the care-worn wife and successful evangelist than before. Their very countenances seemed to say to the critical observer, "News! News!!" How the miseries of a faithful wife seemed freely compensated!

After the reformation of Mr. Murphy he was not promptly liberated. This was evidently the purpose of the great Ruler of Earth. Man cannot defeat His plans. He had been remarkably good and condescending in visiting one cell and one soul. There were seventy-five more souls within that place of incarceration, all of which were as precious to Him. The first fruits were for Him—for His great work of reform throughout the land. But there were the later fruits for the comforting and healing of the various anxious households.

For a considerable time afterwards, Mr. Murphy remained a prisoner. He meditated long and well upon the step he had taken, and the experience he had attained to, and gradually entered upon his plans for the future. It was thus, in the jail, that originated the great reformatory wave now deluging our goodly land.

One day he conceived the project of carrying the work, begun in his own soul, among the unconverted men around him. He sent a petition to Sheriff Perry asking his permission to hold a prayer meeting. This, as in the case of the request made by Captain Sturdivant of the same official, was granted. The meeting was held, and was one of powerful influence for good. An impression was made such as could not have been readily accomplished under less interesting circumstances.

Mr. Murphy had grounds for hopefulness. He arose from his bed, often at night, and prayed long and earnestly that the poor prisoners might all be saved by grace divine.

"And in the silence of the night," he has said, "on such occasions, the word came to my soul, that God had a work for me to do."

"I then said to the Lord," he continued, "If Thou wilt

give me to see much fruit from this work, it shall be the evidence to me that I am called to preach the gospel."

Mr. Murphy did not have a great while to wait. In the course of a little time, he says, he saw the seventy-five men brought securely from the evil of their lives. God gave him every man in the jail.

This was an unexampled success ; enough to encourage any believer to feel that he was a chosen vessel. The effect of his work became apparent in the course pursued toward the men. The sheriff discontinued the practice of locking them up. They were put upon their honor. Contrary to the previous custom of the place, they were permitted to go out into the yard, and not one of them ever violated his word with the keeper.

Thus, it is evident, in the work of this man, that Jesus continues to confound the wise and great of this world by using the despised among men ; that the same Wisdom which passed by the schools of the prophets, and the candidates for the priesthood, and selected humble fishermen, is yet exercised in behalf of sinners ; and that the same Power which disregarded Gamaliel and the Sanhedrim, and selected one who was a favored pupil and follower, and smote him down, that he might be fully qualified for His service, is still controlling the destinies of our race.

No man was ever more certainly led into the cause of righteousness, for an active and prominent part, than Mr. Murphy. He is a singular adaptation of the human to the work of the Divine. His character is one that it would be useless to attempt to lay bare. So far as it concerns his work, this cannot be done. The blade in his hand forbids any such design. The Sword of the Spirit scarcely admits of a proximity for so weak and foolish a purpose. The power is of God. The man would be as a child in the gigantic conflict without that power. Yet such power is only given where souls are great, and broad, and deep and all-capacious.

CHAPTER XIII.

HIS IMPRISONMENT A SCHOOL.—NO HELP FOR HIS WIFE.—DENIED HERSELF BREAD.—NO MEALS THAT DAY.—MRS. MURPHY'S SAD LETTER.—A BITTER NIGHT.—RELEASED.—A COMPLETE WRECK.—THE MEETING.—AN EARNEST PRAYER.—ERECTS A FAMILY ALTAR.—FRUIT AND GARMENTS BROUGHT.—NEW DUTIES AND TRIALS.—MRS. MURPHY'S DEATH.—A SAD FAMILY.—THE MOST IMPORTANT OF EVENTS.—CANNOT BUT WORK.—A COMPLETE PREPARATION FOR IT.

As time went on, and the strange events at the Portland jail had been well noised about, a deep sympathy was created for the poor men denied their liberty. The popular heart became largely centered upon the prisoners, and was ready to demand the release of such, at least, as had not committed some felony of a grievous nature.

And no one stood higher in public esteem than the once wretched inebriate and saloon-keeper who had been the means of so much good. His labors among, and in behalf of the salvation of, his fellows around him, were the subject of daily comment. He had already, before leaving the great dark walls as a freeman, made an impression that could not but put him in the fore front in any attempt as a leader, teacher or lecturer. His imprisonment proved the entrance-way to a great and valuable life. He had only been to school.

But while these things were so, few persons, as is usually the case, knew of the misery that existed in Mr. Murphy's household. This is best furnished in the following words of the lecturer:

"They were in straitened circumstances. The landlord had notified my wife and her six little ones to get out of his building. There was no one to help her.

"What I suffered during that time God himself only knows. My wife denied herself bread to feed the children, as a good mother always will, and even to send me a bite by the children when they came to see me. Finally, the children could not come; they had no money to pay the car fare.

"It was on October 30, 1870, that I received a letter from my dear wife. It was the last one I ever received from her. It appears that she had had no meals that day, as she had nothing to cook. Johnny, the littlest of the six, while walking up and down the floor, had turned round at last and pleaded to her: 'Mother, haven't you got a piece of bread for me?' She opened the cupboard, but searched in vain. For the first time there was actually not even a crust or crumb for the 'pet,' for whom she had always been able to save at least something.

"The mother's heart failed her, and then she sat down and wrote me this letter:

"'DEAR HUSBAND:—I have had a week of bitter trial. My strength is failing me. I cannot live long. But do not be discouraged. My trust is in God.'

"This letter I received at night. I could not read it in my dark cell, but I managed to decipher the words by the gas in the corridor.

"I walked my cell all that night. I cannot speak my experience on that the most bitter night I ever spent in all my life. But it is past now, thanks be to God! never to be lived over. I determined to put my trust in God. If I lived until morning I would show that letter to the keeper, and tell him the circumstances, and ask him to go to Captain Sturdivant, the only earthly friend I knew. And when daylight came, God's goodness came unto me.

"I was released from prison through the efforts of my friend, Captain Sturdivant. On my road home I heard a

familiar step behind me, approaching rapidly, and the next moment the arms of my son Willie were around my neck.

"He whispered in my ear, 'We live down there, father; come quick this way, and follow me. No one is looking.' The poor boy thought it was necessary to hide me. 'I am released, my boy!' I cried to him.

"'Blessed be to God,' he answered, as he fled to break the news to mother; and in nearing the house the children came and flocked around me, and I felt like old times again."

In the door-way, while yet at a little distance, Mr. Murphy saw his wife standing. Oh, how changed her figure and face! A shudder crept over him as he beheld one, who had been so beautiful and true, now faded, trembling and almost crushed. She looked to him like a vessel, which had started upon the great bosom of life, with pure sails, majestic form and bright promises, but which, after struggling gallantly and faithfully through the most fearful of storms, was left at mid-ocean, a complete wreck. Now, the storm had been spent; the clouds were broken; the silver linings were far out where the wavelets, in rhythmic succession, leaped upon and kissed the passing clouds; and the whole firmament was decorated with sheets of gold; but the best and dearest of all objects was broken—yea, sinking, and would soon forever disappear from the surface.

No wonder that Mr. Murphy felt a chill come upon him. No wonder that his previous hopes and buoyant emotions were cast aside. And even now, we think, that he would be one of the last men, to touch the intoxicating glass, in this world; that, at the very thought of the act, the white face of the sainted wife and mother would rise up before him and dash it to the ground. One such experience as his should be enough to keep a world of men from the dread destroyer.

We will return to the very touching account, given by Mr. Murphy, of his release and return to his home:

"When I reached the door I met my wife, who folded me in her arms to her bosom. I can see her now as in a picture,

with her large wealth of golden hair hung carelessly over her shoulders. 'God helping me, wife,' I said, 'I will never touch another drop of liquor, and never sell another drop!'"

Quickly the home was entered. The soul of the Christian companion and mother, heretofore conscious of uninterrupted suffering, was now running over with a sense of gratitude. She could not longer withhold the meed due Him who had so fully answered her many pleadings by day and by night. She sunk down upon her knees, and, holding up her hands, tightly clasping those of her husband, offered thanks for Divine favor, and besought God, for Christ's sake, to give her husband strength to keep his resolution.

Thus came on the new life of Francis Murphy in his family. Such occurrences could not but largely help to rivet the man and his purposes together. The beginning of any Christian life is attended with something of embarrassment. And when there is a total want of sympathy, among those allied to us in daily struggles, our perplexities are manifold and serious. But in the case in point it was otherwise. The wife was a sterling believer, and held in high esteem the privilege of prayer. Surely, here was much of aid and comfort, at this all-important period of Mr. Murphy's life.

The effect of the scene furnished is thus told, in a few sentences, by Mr. Murphy:

"And then, all at once, things brightened, and I determined to erect a family altar. I said, 'I will go to Captain Sturdivant, who had rescued me, and tell him.'

"And that night he brought a lot of friends with him to erect it, and they brought fruit and garments for the little children. Oh! you don't know how they needed them. My eyes cannot help filling with tears when I remember that crisis of my life."

The duties and struggles of our convert now began. His family was large, and to him all eyes were naturally turned. He engaged at such employment as presented itself for the time, but felt far from contented in his narrow sphere. He

was, after a while, to enter upon a wider field of activity, but there was deep water between it and him.

Three weeks had passed away, when Mrs. Murphy was seized with an attack of typhoid fever. The scorching embrace of the disease soon produced the dreaded delirium. For fourteen days her husband and children watched and waited and toiled at her bedside. No attention was neglected. Every heart was bowed down and anxious. But the worst of all calamities was approaching. The physician soon found his skill exhausted in the vain hope to bring about a change. She never revived. Death entered the home, and put his hand upon the chief object of all its affections.

It was in the month of December, 1870, when this terrible visitation came upon the Murphy family. The husband was filled with mourning, and would not be comforted. The little faces around him were tear-marked, and the eyes red with weeping. The world had often appeared dark and chilly to some of them—but, now, it was enveloped in gloom, and desolation stared at them from every side.

After a few days, the loved form was removed. The undertaker, and his assistant, soon put away all traces of the funeral. The little dining-room was in its usual order. A few well-worn ornaments and bijouterie were here and there seen ; but all interest in them was gone. In the mother's room a coldness and heaviness rested everywhere. The bright December sunlight gleamed through the half-shaded windows, but it furnished nothing of warmth or cheer. There was some one absent. Something was wanting. Soon a little one began its woe. Mother was needed. The father might call to him the sad child, and speak of the bright, far-away land to which God had called their best and truer earthly friend ; but the sadness remained. None seemed to know why the kind Father should take her away, when she was wanted so much.

We will now unwind the cords that have thus far allowed an undisturbed gaze at the home-scenes of a much stricken

family, and let down the curtain that divides the life of Francis Murphy, the inebriate, and Francis Murphy, the temperance Apostle. We could not possibly omit in the former, this most important of all events, since it looms up before us as the deepest and direst of all the mischief consequent upon the acts of a dissipated husband. It naturally belongs to the time when, little by little, the earth was rudely and ruthlessly shoveled from beneath the weary feet of the tender pilgrim, until at last, though the Sun of Righteousness, and the zephyrs from the Eternal City fell refreshingly upon her, the grave swallowed its own victor.

The closing scenes in the life presented, have kept with Mr. Murphy. They seem to have had their influence upon his labors until this hour. Now and then, they almost overcome him, as his heart grows warm and his words tremulous. Often, they hover about his thoughts, without direct reference to them. His whole being often seems to leap backward and forward between the little grave mound in Wexford and that in Portland city. They surmount the ashes which he delights to honor. He would, from the love he bore them, and the hallowed veneration in which their memories are held, yet do much for the good mothers and suffering wives of others. Notice his words, delivered on a recent occasion :

"I am doing this work because I cannot help it. I can avoid doing it no more than I can avoid breathing. There is no portion of life I do not seem to have tasted. There is not a man, who has passed through affliction, except that I have been called upon to do as much. I have been in the furnace when the form of the fourth was in it. I knew God was with me.

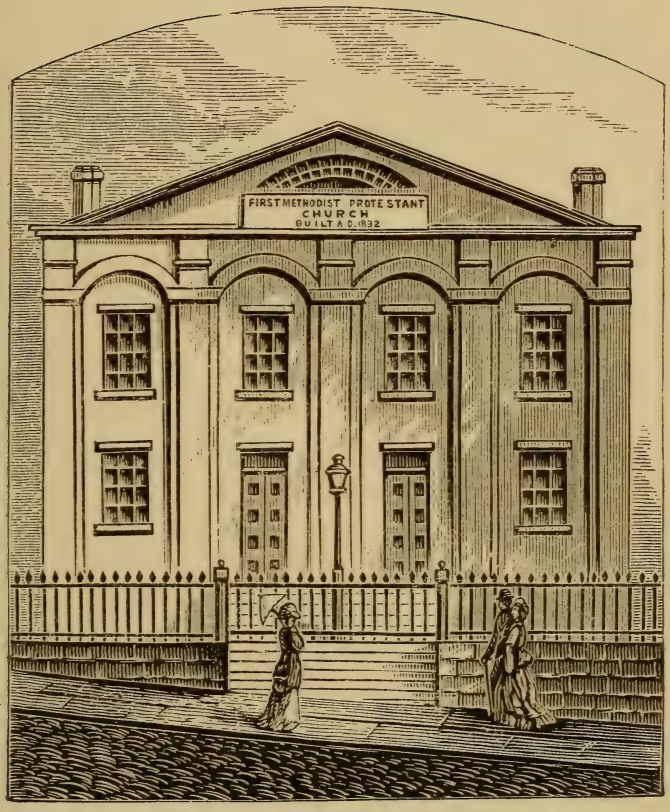
"Could I but give others to see what I have seen, to feel what I have felt, and to pass through what I have done, none would be surprised at my eagerness. I found, beyond all questioning, that God saves to the uttermost. No matter, if you have been a prisoner, and base rebel, He comes to you with more than a mother's love.

"How quickly would the mother come to her boy, if she could, and put her hand fondly upon his head, and draw him lovingly to her breast! A boy, even in rags, will try to make himself appear well before her who bore him. But she will not stop to see his rags; she will see her face in his, and take him to her heart. She will not be content to take his hand, but will fall upon his neck.

"So Christ sees His face in yours, if you will but believe in Him; and wherever you may be, or however degraded, He, the once crucified, oppressed and bleeding, stands ready to fold you in His arms. Yea, He stands and knocks at the door of your heart, until His locks are wet with the dew of the evening. God always does His part."

The temperance of Mr. Murphy began in religion, under soul convictions. Had he become a temperance man, without embracing Christ, he never could have entered upon this gigantic and holy warfare. Men can be temperance men without being Christians; but no man can be a Christian without being a temperance man, however much debauchery and drunkenness may have blighted his faculties. Out of darkness and into light means a reformation in all things which have to do with the soul.

The jail has been well called "his trysting-place with the Spirit of the new life that had been bequeathed him." When his time of confinement ended he walked forth a herald and leader and unfurled his ensign boldly to the breeze. For a brief season he was cast down beyond all taste for labor of almost any kind. He was tried by affliction. But he stood the ordeal manfully. And hereby he was made stronger for the sublime conflict awaiting him.



THE "OLD HOME," PITTSBURGH.

PART III.

A COMPLETE HISTORY

OF THE

MURPHY MOVEMENT,

EMBRACING

ANECDOTES, INCIDENTS AND SPEECHES.

PART III.

A HISTORY OF THE MURPHY MOVEMENT.

CHAPTER XIV.

MURPHY'S CAREER AS A TEMPERANCE ORATOR OPENS.—HIS STRUGGLES AND PROGRESS IN THE CAUSE OF REFORM.—THE PUBLIC RECOGNIZES HIM AND HIS MISSION.—THE GREAT PITTSBURGH REVIVAL.—FRANCIS MURPHY BECOMES A HOUSEHOLD NAME THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

FRANCIS MURPHY delivered his first lecture in the City Hall, Portland, on the 3rd day of April, 1873. A number of gentlemen who were highly interested in the noble cause of temperance, and interested in him, induced him to do this.

The success of the event was very marked. The hall was crowded by a curious and eager crowd. Our subject was somewhat embarrassed as he stepped forward on the platform, and stood before all those eyes; but this feeling was transitory. He forgot self and his surroundings, as he spoke of his life, and argued for his cause, rising often to sonorous eloquence. The audience was moved to tears, and then to laughter, when his well known, genial humor would burst out in quaint bits of rhetoric.

That evening he received over sixty applications to lecture in other cities. He was amazed and delighted.

He had felt that he failed in favorably impressing his audience at first; but here was substantial proof of his success. This result prompted him to continue the work he had commenced. He began a series of meetings in Portland, and delivered about forty lectures with most gratifying effect. A club was organized by those who reformed, and devoted Christians who longed to save the fallen, and did much to break down the barriers of King Alcohol. Mr. Murphy's success

was noised abroad; and people in other parts of Maine cried out for him to come to them. He could not be deaf to their demands. He complied, and went from place to place telling of his reformation, and urging all to relinquish the use of intoxicating liquor. Two years were nobly spent in the State of Maine, and were productive of great good; and one passed in the State of New Hampshire with like result. Out west, where a large band of people had gathered together to fight rum, his name went with words of praise and joy. He was heralded as the savior of the fallen; he was the appointed apostle of temperance. The aforesaid band of noble fighters in a most noble cause begged him to come West, and address the thousands of unfortunate beings in that section of the country. He went to Iowa and Illinois. In these States, his advent was hailed with exclamations of delight. Wherever he went, he did wonderful good; and the people loved him. In Iowa and Illinois, no one is so well known, so respected, and so admired as Francis Murphy. His name is a household word. And hundreds upon hundreds fall down on bended knees, and pray to God to shower blessings on the head of him, who brought them out of the thick shadows of the valley of sin and death.

He went to Freeport, by special request. In that town temperance was only made known by a small band of brave women, who went from saloon to saloon praying. They could not boast of any signal success. Francis Murphy came, and things assumed another aspect. He roused the town, and numbers of people hitherto indifferent to the cause rushed forward and swelled the lists, under his magic spell moved to lead pure lives and eager to do good. His way was vigorous, manly and inspired. Every one felt he had been sent, and that he was there to save. His manner won all hearts. It was modest but manly, and his pathos was genuine. His appeals went forth, and were obeyed. He was accepted as the apostle of temperance.

A very successful camp-meeting was conducted at Old Or-

chard Beach, in New York State, in the autumn of 1874. It was here that Mr. Murphy made one of his most famous speeches on temperance, carrying the immense concourse with him from the beginning to the end of it. Dio Lewis, that world-famed doctor and lecturer, was present, and, after our hero had taken his seat, was asked to address the people. He rose, and said, with great effect: "I cannot make a speech after Mr. Murphy. I have heard speeches for forty years; have been on the rostrum myself for over twenty-five years; but I have never heard such a speech as his to-day. In God's name, keep that man telling his story all over the land, every night, as long as his breath and strength are spared."

These earlier years, though remarkable for the success of Murphy's temperance efforts—for he carried the hearts of thousands wherever he went, and gained innumerable signers to the pledge—were principally notable for their educational influence on the man himself as a lecturer. Uneducated, with a mind untrained by early study and reading, though his imagination was burdened with rich stores of humor and pathos, and his heart burned with devotion to the cause of temperance reform, he yet needed the severe discipline of habit, the practical training in the art of public speaking, which were afterwards to make his name blaze like a meteor through the land. Murphy possessed that peculiar power of strong natures, the power of receptivity. His intellectual resources during these important years were fed by a thousand influences. He was absorbing the reserve forces so necessary to sustain a man on his level through long years of arduous toil. He was becoming the accomplished master of the instruments that God put in his hand to use to such purposes in the forging of great results.

The temperance orator used his spare time in reading and furbishing the weapons in his intellectual armory to a high degree of polish and sharpness. His style commenced to rise to a higher dignity than of old, though he has always kept that conversational ease and directness, which on important

themes are so much more efficient in grappling the hearts of men than labored diction and well rounded rhetorical periods. Above all, the well-spring of his power, his tremendous earnestness and conviction that he was called to his mission by the voice of God himself, got deepened and settled by his experiences. Truly a Pentecostal harvest in the salvation of men had been vouchsafed him, and what might not be expected of him by those who had early welcomed him, and foreseen the results that were to follow !

Francis Murphy was too humble, too sincere a Christian not to feel that the main fountain, which fed his wonderful power, and dispensed its healing waters in a thousand limpid and healing rills and rivulets, came by the power of God. It was in recognition of this fact that the orator kept himself close to his Heavenly Father in prayer. His public addresses are full of devout acknowledgments of this source of strength, and a lesson might be read to the world through this striking illustration of the dependence of human effort on the inexhaustible source of all spiritual strength.

It is in virtue of this fact, that Mr. Murphy has always linked religion with the temperance reform in every possible way. He had known from terrible experience how difficult it is for man to stand alone, to battle against temptation and the hydra evil of a giant appetite, without calling in every possible aid and resource. He himself had realized the potent reenforcement found in the warm Christian sympathy of individuals and communities. So the Murphy work from the very outset placed itself side by side with the religious element in society, and enlisted not merely the aid of the individual Christian, but of church societies as organized institutions for work. This probably has been one of the powerful influences in the movement throughout, in utilizing and consolidating results, as well as joining the emotional nature in the ardent enthusiasm required to commence the work. Murphy acted on this principle from the outset with great earnestness. But in appealing to church influence and

assistance, our orator was careful to avoid any appeal to sectarian bitterness and prejudice. In many cases attempts were made by powerful denominational influences to get such an influence on the Murphy movement in certain places, as to control it and make its results redound to the glory and gain of particular societies.

All such attempts the subject of our sketch assiduously discountenanced, for he knew what seeds of rankling discord and discontent could thus be sown. All his tact and good management were sometimes necessary to prevent evil consequences from ensuing, and he won, thus early in his career, the admiration and love of those who watched him, as much by his skill in riding over these obstacles, as by his fervid eloquence and force as a platform orator. Mr. Murphy's views on this subject are very well expressed in an extemporaneous speech he made some time after from the balcony of a hotel at Atlantic City. Though in chronological order this address anticipates time, it is so pat to the matter under discussion that we are impelled to give it. It is such a good specimen of his average style of effort too, that it is presented in full. On this occasion the great apostle of temperance reform said:

"My Friends:—I thank you for this generous reception in this beautiful city by the sea. I have a heart that feels and a memory that never forgets. A good deed brings its timely reward, and there is a satisfaction in performing good deeds to those who most need them. There are thousands throughout the land who need good deeds—who need to be lifted up from where they have fallen through their liking for strong drink. Let us throw our temperance banner to the breeze. Let temperance and charity be our watchwords. I am glad that I am here to-night to speak to you on this important subject, for I feel that each and all of you can do something toward reclaiming those who need wise counsel and genuine love to dissuade them from their folly. Let us seek the truth. It is precious—more precious than the wealth of the world. When we find it, let us disseminate it. Let us show

the poor, unfortunate man who is being dragged down into the sloughs of poverty and disgrace, through a diseased appetite, what will be the result of his folly. Speak kindly to him and try hard to save him.

"We, in our humble places, can make the world better for having lived in it. The beautiful ocean which looms up before us thrills us with its beauty and grandeur. It touches the divinity within us—that divinity which teaches us to be purer, better, and more truthful. In all nature we find lessons of portentous import. In all things God's handiwork and His loving kindness are to be seen. This world is not so bad as we would make it, for it is a good world, and I would like to stay in it a great while.

"We are here to talk about a subject old and threadbare—at least, some people say so; but there is still something to say against rum-drinking. I am glad to say that the man who resolves to break away from the terrible curse of drinking has made great progress. This is a world that is a schoolhouse. Temptation is on the right hand and on the left hand. The man is not to be thanked for not falling when there is no temptation; but the man who resists temptation is entitled to commendation.

"The principle for us to teach is that men shall consecrate themselves to an honorable life. Legislation can never make people temperate or bring them into the kingdom of God. It is only the grace of God which can divert men from their evil course.

"It is not necessary for men to become sectarian in their views to be God-like men—temperate men; but it is necessary that men should seek God's mercy to strengthen them in their righteous resolutions. How are we to be saved, is the great question of to-day.

"Men want to be cured and saved. When men have become reckless and dissipated, how are they to be saved? By kindness, and kindness only. The kind touch of the Christian hand is sweet with the fragrance of heaven. I know what

kindness is, for I've tasted of the bitter dregs in the cup of dire poverty.

"Kindness is never forgotten by the true heart. I know what it is. I have had it extended to me. The principles of Christ as preached on the Mount should be carried out by every one.

"The reclaiming power of love is great; aye, it is powerful; yes, it is most potent. I know this, for I have seen the most degraded taken from the very gutter. It pays to be kind; it pays to be merciful. Speak the kind word; perform the kind act. It may be your passport to eternal bliss. Away out in the far-away State of Iowa, I met a man who had fallen low, yea, to the very depths of dire degradation, through drinking from the accursed cup. He came to one of my meetings. He signed the pledge, and abandoned the fiend that dragged him down. The family that he had disgraced was made happy, and, what is more, he kept the pledge, and obtained fifty thousand signatures to it.

"The Church of God is like the hospital for those who are sick. The ministers are the physicians. We must feed the starving. We can't stop to ask what has made them hungry. God's love is great. He does not forsake the lowly. Why should we? God is in the man, and God is in the woman.

"Don't become discouraged in working among the lowly. They are a part of God's people. They shall be washed purer than snow, and be brought back unto the fold of Christ.

"Beware of the wine-cup. It is a snare and it is a delusion, Six years ago I was not known, except for my dissipation. Then I could not control myself; but now I know that I am redeemed from the accursed cup. Drinking men should make an effort to help themselves, and others will aid them in their noble effort.

"Let us be the master and not the servant of King Alcohol. A glorious victory awaits us, and God shall give us a blessed deliverance."

Prior to his great revival season at Pittsburgh, which lifted

his name from merely local celebrity to a fame as wide as the continent, Mr. Murphy had already carefully organized his plan of work and studied the various agencies necessary to carry on the arduous campaign against a foe so powerfully intrenched and fortified in the habits and passions of men. His experience had revealed to him all the insidious appeals which the love of alcohol makes to the frailty of humanity. To win back the lost, besotted in their own evil appetites, with their consciences glozed over by all the specious arguments prompted by perverse desires and wishes, and bodily functions diseased by the terrible love for the most dangerous of poisons, it was necessary to use every resource known to the wisdom of the student of human nature, as well as the magnetic eloquence of the temperance orator. First, the religious element must be utilized, teaching men that they must trust to a higher power than their own hasty repentance, and calling in the sympathy and encouragement of the Christian brethren. Secondly, the powerful influence of woman, so effective for good and evil, which has played so important a part in all the social and moral revolutions of the world.

Thirdly, Murphy early saw that to reform the drunkard permanently, he must arouse his sense of self-respect, so long drugged and deadened. The converted sot must be made to feel that he is a man among men once more, with the ability to be useful to others, and to be recognized as one of the world's workers.

To accomplish this as far as possible, Mr. Murphy borrowed a feature from the Methodist discipline, the class meeting; or to speak more accurately, he engrafted on the conduct of the temperance movement the systematic narration of experiences on the part of those who had signed the pledge of total abstinence. Aside from the versatility of interest given by this peculiar method of conducting his public meetings, the contagion of example proved to be catching and inspiring in an astonishing degree. The friends of the reformed watched these exhibitions of the birth of a new spirit with breathless inter-

est; and immense throngs were drawn who might not have been alone attracted by the eloquent appeals of the leader of the movement himself. The enthusiasm poured into the veins of society by this novel agency may be easily imagined, and the acute observer may very well attribute to this course a large share of the extraordinary success of the Murphy meetings from the very commencement of his phenomenal career as an agitator of temperance reform.

The influence exerted over men themselves by this interesting and striking method, is described by eye-witnesses as something thrilling and marvellous. Some poor wretch, just awakened perhaps to a full sense of his miserable condition, the light dimly struggling through his clouded brain and conscience, would hear a familiar voice on the platform. Raising his eyes he would see the well-known face of the companion of many a foul debauch standing before the vast audience, telling with broken voice and simple but touching words the story of his fall, his degradation, and of his new birth; the audience trembling with sympathetic attention; the speaker himself lifted into manhood and self-respect in the thought that he had come back like the prodigal son, and was welcome into the fold of manly usefulness, dignity, and equality.

Fancy the thrill that would tingle through every nerve and vein of the listener! He himself, too, might set the seal of public confession on the sincerity of his repentance and thereby induce others to reform! His tremors, his hopes, his aspirations for a new life soon seen by some one of the many watchful and attentive laborers in the cause, anxiously watching for the blessed signs. In a moment all the sluggish instincts of good, which had become almost dead, would leap into full-born activity, and another convert to manhood and respectability have taken his first step in a new life. Many of the scenes enacted at the Murphy meetings throughout the land have been startlingly dramatic and striking, and we cannot wonder that the great wave of reform should have rolled

with such tremendous sweep throughout different parts of the nation.

Before entering on any detailed account of the leading revivals which have marked the Murphy movement, let us get at some clear conception of the man and his methods as actually at work. The personal appearance and oratorical manner of the temperance reformer have already been sketched. A man of massive frame and will, his whole soul is in the great work. He evidently feels himself a king annointed directly by the Divine purpose, and he impresses this on the people who hear him. Let us sketch such a scene as has occurred, with trifling modifications, a thousand times.

A great audience is assembled waiting for the arrival of the man who is the centre figure of all the great interest, which lies pent up in the throng. Eyes are frequently turned to the door, that they may catch the first glimpse of him. Vagrants and tatterdemalions, the offscourings of the gutter and the rum-shop make up a large part of the waiting people. Their imbruted hearts have been pierced with a ray of keen and poignant emotion; for they have, somehow, an idea that this night may be the turning point of a wretched existence. Suddenly a thrill runs through them. A little stir at the door, and somehow the knowledge passes from heart to heart that Murphy has come. The audience arise to their feet as a single man. As the broad form of the orator buffets his way through the eager crowds, it is like a swimmer cleaving the waves, for they press eagerly around him, closing up in front and rear, every hand extended to clasp his.

Women with streaming eyes bless him, for their hearts are full of gratitude to the man who they believe likely to be the savior of their husbands, their fathers, their sons. Stalwart and bearded men shake with emotion, for they have found in him a strong pillar of hope and encouragement, an influence mighty to save from the fiendish curse of rum. Murphy's strong, massive features, wavering between a smile and a tear, for he has the strong Irish sense of humor, and he is both

touched and amused by the feeling he excites, respond to all the emotions. At last he pushes his way through the human billows, that choke his way to the platform.

A short, pungent, telling speech follows. Every word pregnant with meaning, and hitting the bull's eye like a rifle bullet. His language has no graces of rhetoric, no ornaments of fine phrase; but it is terribly earnest and direct, the burning utterance of a heart which looks on its burden as of paramount importance to humanity. There is no thought to tickle the fancy or please a fine esthetic taste, but the picture on the platform is that of a great strong soul wrestling with some enemy. The impassioned orator quivers with the intensity of his feeling, great beads of sweat roll from his face, as he stalks up and down the platform, which seems to be too narrow for his standing room, and he strikes the table with resounding blows from time to time, as if he were smiting some invisible but yet terrible foe. An experienced and clever critic in speaking of the Irish temperance orator, says of him :

"His remarks make it apparent that his forte lies rather in addressing drunkards, and holding meetings for their conversion, than in lecturing to large audiences of temperance people. The story of his life as related, to be sure, is of interest, but his pleadings and exhortations are of little force in such instances. He is, indeed, a man like Moody, and other lay preachers, big with the sense of his mission, possessing a powerful constitution, much magnetism, great hopefulness, and an indomitable will. These, combined with his Irish versatility and ready wit, make up the man. Beside he is a fervent Methodist and an incessant hand-shaker."

As Murphy goes on in his address, signs of irrepressible fervor and sympathy break out in the audience. Exclamations break out similar to those heard at revival and camp-meetings, and the people sway at every turn to each thought and feeling of the speaker. When he closes his short and telling speech (for all his speeches are short), some singer, appointed for the purpose, leads the audience in a hymn or temperance song,

which pours forth with passionate melody as if a necessary relief for the emotions evoked by Murphy's address. The exercises which follow are best described in Murphy's own language, as, for example, in his conversation with a newspaper reporter at a camp-meeting at Chataqua, N. Y.

REPORTER.—"Do you propose to continue your work on the same plan as it has begun?"

MR. MURPHY.—"Exactly so. It has, under God, been a great success, and I am confident that it may yet be made more so."

REPORTER.—"But you can't go everywhere and preach this gospel of reform. How do you expect to have it spread?"

MR. MURPHY.—"I am enlisting young men everywhere I can find them of the right kind. When a man signs the pledge and makes up his mind to try, under God, to keep it, I immediately make him talk about it, and about the second or third time he speaks I announce him for the principal man at a meeting. I tell him to tell the people how his wife and his children and himself suffered, and how he spent all his money on Saturday night before he came home, and then told his poor discouraged wife, when he arrived home late at night, that he had been delayed and the firm for which he worked could not pay him, and thus he got in debt and his wife got worse and more discouraged and everything was wrong. When it is announced that this man will speak, his old associates, with a peculiar turn of the large tobacco quid in their mouths and a wink of the besotted eye, say to each other, 'Bill is going to make a temperance lecture to-night; let's go.' And they do go, and they arrange themselves right in front of the stand to scare him, you see."

REPORTER.—"Don't these men thus put forward break down in their speeches?"

MR. MURPHY.—"Not often. A man can tell the simple story of his follies, as I have told you; and when he rises to do so, and is introduced by some kind words, he makes a great effort, and as he goes on with the relation of one foolish and

simple act after another, his friends hunch each other and say, 'That's so, Tom; that's just the way we all on us do. Bill knows just how it is. He is happy now. Did you hear 'im say as how happy his wife is, and he says his children run to meet him, now he's sober, when he comes home. Let's us try it, and see if our wives and children will do as his do.' In this way, don't you see, the work of these men is very effective."

REPORTER.—"You intend that these men shall do the work, then?"

MR. MURPHY.—"A large part of it. I shall do all I can so long as God lets me live. But the great work I expect to have done by an army of workers, who shall go over the country from Maine to California (I started in Maine), and preach the gospel to the lost. I have had invitations to go to New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Boston, and many other large cities of the country. I have not decided where I shall go yet, and don't want to decide. I am not at all desirous of making announcements beforehand. The preparations then are too elaborate, and I don't like to work by other men's plans. They are too grand, and consist in too much announcing."

REPORTER.—"How long have you been speaking upon the subject of temperance?"

MR. MURPHY.—"In my weak way ever since I was made a free man in 1870. I then began in a very feeble, stammering way to pray and to speak. At first I would get way up in the corner, where I thought as few as possible would see me, and I talked as low as possible; but I grew in grace, God helping me."

As we have before stated, though Murphy's labors were highly successful during the earlier part of his career, it was not till he came to Pittsburgh in the fall and winter of 1876–77, that he became a mighty name and recognized power throughout America. The movement there inaugurated was so grand as to trumpet forth the man's fame from sea to sea.

Pittsburgh, the Birmingham or Sheffield of America, the great city of the workers of steel and iron, was a peculiarly available city for his efforts. Nowhere in the country was drunkenness more rife, and the devil of drink so potent a monarch over the hearts of men. The large number of artisans and mechanics collected, embracing many foreigners of different nationalities, gave a peculiar social element to the city dangerous in the extreme, as the material for that conflagration of the passions and appetites involved in rum-drinking. Above the city floats an eternal gray pall, the smoke of innumerable furnaces and factories, and the clang of steam and trip hammers reverberates incessantly on the air like a mighty roll of drums. The dominion of the rum-seller was like an iron chain, and perhaps Pittsburgh, and its neighbor, Alleghany, might be selected as in many respects typical cities for the Murphy work. The time came and the work commenced. The business of the manufacturers was very much depressed on account of the hard times, and thousands and thousands of hands had been thrown out of work or were laboring on half-time. The large amount of leisure, and the discouragement consequent on lack of employment, operated with unusual force to fill the shops of the dealers in liquid death, with customers anxious to drown their troubles, or to while away the long dreary hours. The opportunity for a grand work was there. So the hour and the man also came, and a whole continent clashed with the echoes of the tremendous results, that were forged out by the magnetic ardor and powerful will of a strong leader, aided, to be sure, by eager assistants, but still wrought in the main by the indomitable force and novel methods, acting on raw material, eminently fit and ready for the experiment.

The father of this great Pittsburgh reform movement is George Woods, LL. D., the Chancellor of the Western University. This gentleman is studious and scholarly. His life path runs in an entirely different direction from that of vice and wickedness, and yet, he has stepped aside, and strives to

save those unfortunate beings lost to honor and purity. He was born in Yarmouth, Maine; comes from a noble State that has done more than any of the States in the cause of intemperance. It may be here remarked, that the foundations of the great and noble principles that have captured Pittsburgh, and have caused nearly all public emotions to beat in unison with them, were first laid in that dear old New England State; and that to her we are indebted for untold good and blessings. George Woods is the possessor of a great heart —a heart that goes out to the sufferers unrestrainedly. He is very sympathetic, and his love for humanity of no slight magnitude—a love that lives, and grows, despite non-success and disheartening results. He worked for years to establish some institution in Pittsburgh of the nature of a reform. He was greeted with very little sympathy; he had scarcely any success. Few persons seemed to care whether the drunkards were rescued or not. It was a vast deal of trouble, mentally and physically, to go forward, and try to reclaim these wretches that were black blots on the community. Even the laity had the appearance of indifference, and no one seemed disposed to exert himself practically in the cause. Intemperance was so black and low, that many, being happily situated where it only come occasionally, like an ungentle wind, were not ready, or willing, to meet it face to face, with the purpose of killing it. It was a kind of contamination to approach it thus closely. These people were not hard, and cold, and unsympathetic; once aroused, they would not hold aloof from the drunkard. They were simply indifferent. This was the Chancellor's estimation of the Pittsburgh people. Future developments have proven him correct in his conclusion. He, having failed to awaken the interest and sympathy of one class, addressed himself to another. Here he met encouragement, and the initial of the movement that is now known throughout this country, and recognized by the fair lands across the foaming deep. It will be interesting to give

the first minutes of the proceedings of the society. They are as follows:

"On the evening of Friday, March 2, 1876, a number of persons assembled by arrangement in the Chancellor's room, at the Western University, to consider the advisability of establishing a temperance organization. After some informal remarks, the meeting was called to order. Addresses of some length were made by Chancellor Woods and the Rev. Joseph Travelli, who detailed their experiences in this direction in other parts of the country. At nine o'clock the meeting adjourned, to assemble in the same place on Tuesday, March 7, 1876." This was the first step taken towards the movement from which such infinite good has sprung, and which is now so well known. At the second meeting, they came to this agreement: "We form ourselves into an association, with the purpose of abstaining entirely from the use of all intoxicating liquors, including beer and ale; and of inducing, by kindness, sympathy and love, all others, wholly to abstain from their use."

At the third meeting the following constitution and by-laws were adopted:

PREAMBLE.

In view of the great evils in every form of intemperance, to individuals, families, communities, and our nation, especially of the exposure of our young men to shame, suffering and ruin, we hereby form ourselves into an association, to be governed by the following constitution:

Article 1. This association shall be called "The Young Men's Temperance Union."

Article 2. The object shall be by its members abstaining entirely from the use of all alcholic liquors, including beer and ale, and by their kind and sympathizing influence over each other, and by their efforts for others to bring them into the association; to save the young from the dangers to which they are exposed, and to rescue those who have already become victims to this prolific source of vice and crime.

Article 3. It proposes to accomplish this object by frequent meetings for discussion, by addresses and social intercourse, and when its members and means will allow, by securing pleasant rooms, where its members can meet at any hour of the day or evening, and where newspapers, books, and light refreshments of the best quality, at the bare cost, can be had, to which others can be invited.

Article 4. Its officers shall be a president, five vice-presidents, secretary, treasurer, and executive committee, consisting of five, whose duties shall be such as usually belongs to such officers.

Article 5. Any person may become a member of this association by signing this constitution and expressing his purpose to conform to article 2.

Article 6. Alterations and amendments may be made to this constitution by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at a regular meeting, notice having been given of the proposed alterations and amendments at a regular preceding meeting.

AMENDMENTS.

1. The president, vice-presidents, secretary, treasurer, and executive committee, shall be elected on the first Tuesday evening of April, 1877, and annually thereafter. The executive committee shall have power to fill any vacancy occasioned by death or other cause, among the officers or executive committee.

BY-LAWS.

1. It shall be the duty of each member to attend all meetings, so far as his time and circumstances will permit, and to exert his influences for the good of the members and others, who may be addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors.

2. Wherever any member shall fail to keep his purpose, it shall be the duty of the other members to use all kind and persuasive influences to restore and save him, in conformity to the scriptural injunction to be "compassionate to those who are out of the way."

3. Alterations and amendments may be made to the by-laws, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at a regular meeting, notice having been given of the proposed alterations or amendments at a regular preceding meeting.

From this time the beloved project that had been in the Chancellor's head for so long a time assumed the aspect of a certainty.

From this movement sprang our present great temperance cause. This association confined itself to one principle and one purpose. The people in it were Christians ; but Chancellor Woods' plain and practical sense managed to keep them clear of all elements outside of the aforesaid principle and purpose. It has been well said by a noted authority that "the key-note to the grand success of the Young Men's Temperance Union is 'Good will toward all, but devotion to no particular one.'"

"In reference," says an early minute of the society, "to the subject of opening and closing the meetings with prayer, which was then brought up, it was decided that it should be left to the discretion of the presiding officer."

Dr. Woods made a motion, "that any one who may have violated his pledge, or knew of another having done so, should make it known, if so disposed." This was adopted ; and there was no such thing in the organization as a black sheep, or an excommunication. Those that signed the pledge, and fell, were not expelled from the association, but helped to regain his footing in the path of right. They were taken in again, and allowed all the privileges of full membership.

On the 24th day of October, at the meeting, a letter was read "from Mr. Murphy, a celebrated temperance lecturer." The president, Mr. W. C. Moreland, was requested to secure the valuable services of Marshal Swartzwalder, but failed in doing so. Here we have the first glimpse at Francis Murphy and Marshal Swartzwalder, giants in the fight against intemperance. The last minute of the society was the record of the meeting of November 21st, and was as follows : "It was voted

that the thanks of the association be tendered to Dr. Woods for his promptness in writing to Mr. Murphy, and also that the association fully endorses the action taken by the Chancellor for securing Mr. Murphy's services." It was also voted that "a committee, consisting of Dr. Woods, and Messrs. McMasters and Arnold, be appointed to arrange with Mr. Murphy, and settle all the business necessary for holding the lectures, including the securing of a room or church."

These are the last words recorded; for the work that crowded the following week left no time in which to note the manifold events of one of the grandest movements known to man; for this temperance wave deserves the highest praise, it being the blessed means of bringing back fallen man to his pristine glory. Mr. Murphy's engagement was originally for eight lectures, at twenty-five dollars a lecture. When, however, the interest and attention of the whole community was directed to this cause, he was retained for an indefinite period, the price of his services and expenses being put at a salary of $125 a week. When the movement was started, about eighty dollars lay in the treasury of the union; and the lecturer was engaged while it was in that low state.

The receipts of the Sunday evening lectures in Library Hall amounted to about $3,000; and this defrayed the expenses of the crusade. The expenses were the salaries to Mr. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, as organist and vocal soloists; rent of halls, services of janitors, etc., etc., besides the money loaned the poor men, who had reformed, and were destitute. Mr. Murphy's first lecture was delivered in the Opera House, and the others delivered in different churches.

He was not successful at the outset. Some men, known in the smoky city as "rough and tough" specimens of manhood, found their way up to the famous lecturer's feet and signed his proffered pledge. This pledge, which is known from one point to another of this vast country, is as follows:

YOUNG MEN'S TEMPERANCE UNION.

WITH MALICE TOWARDS NONE AND CHARITY FOR ALL.

I, the undersigned, do pledge my word and honor, God helping me, to abstain from *all Intoxicating Liquors* as a beverage, and that I will, by all honorable means, encourage others to abstain.

FRANCIS MURPHY.....

Among the first signers were Edward Timmony, George Hall, David Hall, John Irving, Colonel Hetherington, S. T. Paisley, Frank X. Burns and Captain Barbour.

The first signers were chiefly young men, known as "hard drinkers." The reader can imagine the ridicule flung at them by the community. They were the target for all the ill-humored things one man can say of another. But they were brave and unflinching. They held their post nobly. And after awhile hundreds, nay thousands rallied around them, and hoisted the banner of temperance gladly, eagerly. Mr. Murphy made a novel, and most interesting departure in the lecture field—he made his converts address the crowds that rushed to his meetings. The moment a man was enrolled in the lists of temperance he was put into active service. And they did great good, working in the cause like Trojans, and making often brilliant and telling speeches in their warm enthusiasm.

Curiosity drew a vast number of people to Mr. Murphy's meetings; and, after hearing him, these people returned to their homes filled with hope and faith, and praise of God. This movement was to reform inebriates, hardly to entertain those sure of their position, and not given to the indulgence of intoxicants. To all in need of sympathy, encouragement and hope, this movement opened wide its arms, and especially

solicitous was it to those poor, unfortunate beings down in the low, degrading depths of sin and dishonor.

It was open, frank, and conscientious in every particular; and not the lightest shadow of sectarianism fell upon it. No attempts were made to bully those engaged in the sale of the poison; no mask hid the face of this angel of mercy. The movement stood out from the beginning in its true color, fair and truthful from first to last. It was indeed the perfect embodiment of those noble words: "With Malice toward none, and Charity for all!" It is no wonder that the whole populace were attracted, captured, and carried away with delight at this beacon-light of so much hope and promise, both of joy and peace of to-day, and of the vague, uncertain to-morrow, that stretches before men's dim sight like some vast, unknown land enveloped in dark and grim shadows.

The Rev. Mr. Murray's Fifth Avenve M. E. Church was secured, and from this edifice thundered forth the glowing words of salvation, through temperance, to hundreds upon hundreds of eager listeners, sitting under the spell of that powerful and beloved voice.

This old edifice has become dearer than mere words can express, to the community of the smoky city. It has been christened the "Old Home;" and it well deserves that loving appellation. Many a weary soul has found comfort within those walls; and there many a lonely and suffering soul has been brought from out of the shade into the sunlight. The basement of the church was used for charitable purposes; and was the scene of many goodly sights. Mr. Murray, the pastor, worked zealously in the cause, giving his valuable services whenever there was any need of them, and going about doing all he could to forward temperance. The esteem in which he is wrapped, and the love the people have for him is indeed great; and the Fifth Avenue M. E. Church is regarded affectionately by thousands.

Five thousand persons signed the pledge in the fourth week of the movement; and ten weeks afterwards, it reached the

high figure of forty thousand. These figures show how the community of Pittsburgh felt, and in what light it regarded the cause.

The maner in which the meetings were conducted is peculiarly original and interesting. Some reverend gentleman present would generally open with prayer. At the outset it was somewhat difficult for Mr. Murphy to find a divine in the audience. Looking around the audience, he would say: "If there's any minister of the gospel present, I wish he'd come up here, and pray for us." This earnest appeal often went by unheeded; and he, himself, would be obliged to kneel down, and conduct the prayer instead. This state of affairs did not last a very long while, for soon the ministers gathered about him, and worked nobly and well with him in the great temperance wave.

The regular business commences after the prayer. The singing of a volunteer choir, which is always on hand, is one of the most attractive of the meetings, and is heartily enjoyed, and participated in by the immense congregations that assemble to hear Francis Murphy speak. The vocal exercises consist of the dear old Bliss and Sankey tunes that we love so much—"Hold the Fort," "What Shall the Harvest Be?" "Let the Lower Lights be Burning," "The Sweet By-and-By," and "I Hear Thy Welcome Voice." The last mentioned song is Mr. Murphy's favorite; and he always asks for it. There are some expressions of the temperance apostle which will live lovingly in all those who attended the meetings, and worked with him in the movement. Who can forget, who has once heard his wind up of "If you please," or "Won't somebody please say 'Amen?'" And how can one lose sight of his "Presbyterian," "Just a word, brothers," and his introductory of "Clothed in his right mind?"

We have already remarked that Mr. Murphy requests his converts to work. He brings them forward without any thought whatsoever of their ability to tell their story of reformation from drunkenness. His introductions always put the speaker

at ease and in excellent humor, and as a matter of course he speaks well.

For instance, Mr. Murphy will generally say: "Brother George Magoffin will now tell us how good he feels. Brother George, tell the people how happy your wife and little ones are since you signed the pledge." And forthwith, a man of the people will tell the secret affairs of his family to an immense throng of listeners with an ease and power little short of the marvellous. Indeed the attention and sympathy of the vast audiences are with men of humble circumstances, and these men make often the most telling speeches at the Murphy meetings.

We find such names prominent in the movement, gentlemen of social and commercial standing in Pittsburgh who signed the pledge, and delivered speeches at the various meetings, as the following: Hon. J. K. Moorhead, James Parks, Jr., Joseph Dilworth, Josiah Copely, Chancellor Woods, Rev. Travelli, Dr. Scovel, Marshal Swartzwalder, Colonel Richard Realf, William C. Moreland, S. T. Paisley, Gilbert McMasters, George Garber, George and David Hall, F. Johns, George Potter, John Patterson, William Hill, George Woods, Jr., William Weyman, Captain Shannon, Joseph Hunter, Colonel Hetherington, Edward Timmony, Chief of Police Ross, Frank Burns, Robert Pollock, Dr. Mundorff, Joseph Woodson, Dr. McClarren, Joe Cupples, Daniel Burk, Harry McGregor, Felix R. Brunot, Captain Barbour, Thomas McClellan, and many others.

"The speeches," says a good authority, "are of every kind, from grave to humorous. Some touching pathetic recital of past struggles and sorrows, with the name of loved ones, of wife, mother or children, connected with it, elicits tears; while following this may come some quaint reminiscences of services in the tanglefoot battalion, which causes a broad smile, which frequently deepens into a ripple of laughter, among the audience. Applause is also frequent and unstinted. There is a sociability about the whole affair that is singular and attract-

ive. Chatting, so long as it does not interfere with the proceedings, is by no means considered indecorous, and rarely is there seen a sea of happier faces than fills the "Old Home."

Incidents of interest occur almost every evening. "At the Smithfield Street M. E. Church," to quote again from the aforesaid authority, "worthy 'old brimstone corner,' one evening, a young man stepped up and signed the pledge. Scarcely had he done so, when a young woman, with a babe in her arms, came forward, and falling upon his neck, kissed him and wept. Drink had separated the young couple, and as with pledge in pocket, and the baby on one arm, and his wife on the other, the husband walked through the crowd, and received the congratulations of every body, it is safe to say that Pittsburgh held not a happier man."

At one of the meetings the following scene excited considerable sympathy :

A lonely, ragged wretch drew nigh. His very air seemed to say : See, no one cares for me. I am left to myself ! Why do I wish to be pure and good ? His conscience was awake, and would not slumber. He takes the pen, and frees himself, by one stroke of it, from Satan. He turns to quit the place. He meets smiling faces, and eager extended hands. He is no longer alone, but with kind friends who will help to lead him along the only true way.

On one occasion a gentleman of most pleasing aspect walked up to the table to redeem his honor and himself from the low depths into which he had fallen by a long course of intemperance. As he did so, a bright little youngster, in charge of a lady, clapped his hands gleefully together, and cried out, in ringing tones : "Oh, auntie, there's papa ! Look, he's going to put his name to the good paper. Let's hurry home, and tell dear mamma. She will be so glad !"

Sometimes a son, whose feet have rambled from the path of rectitude, will, after signing, return to the author of his existence, and then, way off in some sheltered corner, mother and son, pressed to each other's breasts, will mingle their tears

of love, hope, and happiness together, while the audience draws around them the respect of privacy. To see a person sign the pledge scatters away all doubts as to his sincerity, and earnestness of purpose. He does so with solemnity, and with an air that forbids the questioning of his motive, or doubting it. Strong, brawny men go forward, and annex their names to the pledge, and return to their companions with moistened eyes, and seem to be changed. They have overcome their base appetite, have regained the pristine nobility God endowed them with; they are men again. There is a tear in the eye unused to tears, and a quiver of lips that were set and stern. They have cut loose from sin; they have saved themselves. "Many instances of what Mr. Murphy has been pleased to term weddings," says the authority from whom we have before quoted, "have taken place. Family ties that have been broken by the rude hand of dissipation have been mended, and estrangements between husbands and wives brought to a happy conclusion."

An incident occurred along in the fifth week of the movement, that, though not widely known, is full of interest. A young man of good social position in Alleghany had long been paying his attentions to a very pretty and accomplished girl in Pittsburgh. They were engaged to be married, and undoubtedly loved as only lovers know how.

But he took to drink. She stood by him through thick and thin, and it was not until, while he was under the influence of liquor, he had offered her an insult beyond the power of her sex to condone, that she finally, at the importunate solicitations of friends, gave him up. She nearly died, but a sound constitution prevailed and placed her again in the possession of health, but loverless. He went to the dogs. Loss of position followed loss of love. For three years he squandered his patrimony, sacrificed his social position, and ultimately ended his race in the gutter; a parody on what he had been, a caricature on what he should be. In tatterdemalion attire he one evening drifted into the Murphy meeting at the "Old Home,"

and signed the pledge. Mr. Murphy seized on him as a subject for testimony, but all that could be gotten out of him were a few, fierce, bitter words of hatred for the author of his ruin, and a few of earnest but cold determination. Then, with eyes on the floor and tightened lips, he turned, and in his rags and loneliness, wended his way from the crowd. During this scene there had sat in the gallery, near a gas jet, a young lady, in a seal-skin sacque. She expressed no visible emotion, or indeed recognition, when the ragged man first made an appearance. But as he spoke his few brief remarks, in a low tone, the face of the fair one in the gallery became pallid, and her agitation was noticed by a number who little dreamed of its cause. As the new convert, after squeezing his way out of the church, was passing along Fifth street, a seal-skin sacque brushed against him, a soft little hand was laid on his arm, and a voice he knew but too well, spoke an endearing name of the "long ago." That evening was the beginning of a new life, fraught with much promise and much happiness.

But few weeks had elapsed before the interest of the Pittsburgh public became intense, though the meetings had commenced coldly. The fact, that some very prominent and noted men in local circles, men whose intemperate habits had seemed to be past reclamation, men whose social importance had been completely sunk and betrayed by the terrible appetites which had enslaved them, had, under the new wave of power which was sweeping over the city, risen again to the might of manhood and broken their fetters—this fact, we say, startled society to the core, and aroused even the indifferent into warmth.

Among the distinguished lawyers of Western Pennsylvania, for many years has stood *primus inter pares*, a giant among his fellows, Marshal Swartzwalder, Esq. Superb in gifts, a powerful orator, a profoundly read and recondite student in all the learning of his profession, a thinker of extensive and rounded culture, this man had become a household name from the number of celebrated cases in which he had

taken a part. One colossal vice, however, blasted his otherwise prosperous life. He was what is known as a periodical drunkard, a victim of dipsomania. These frequently recurring spasms transferred the elegant gentleman and honored citizen into a dirty vagabond, oscillating between the side-walk and the gutter, a ragged, mud-bespattered, senseless idiot, the pity and wonder of the city of which in his sober moments he was the pride and ornament. All efforts to reform him had proven futile, and those that loved him best, even, had given him up as a lost man. Family separation and estrangement had taken place, and all that was strong and noble in the man seemed debased by the fearful blight of alcohol. This noble and gifted man had sunk from one depth to another till there seemed no hope of rising. Imagine the shock of joy and amazement that thrilled his friends, when it was announced that he had yielded to the magnetic influence of Francis Murphy, and planted his feet firmly on the rock of total abstinence. As a gentleman of prominence told the writer, the Murphy movement in Pittsburgh would have been a notable success, if the sole fruit of it had been the permanent reformation of Swartzwalder alone. The Irish reformer in a speech afterwards made at Columbus, Ohio, gave a graphic account of his attack on Mr. Swartzwalder, and the means he used to raise him from his wretchedness. Let him speak for himself:

"Allow me to use an illustration that I may enforce this truth, and may God help me. I will speak of a man you have had in your midst, speaking for you—Marshal Swartzwalder. He was a victim of this habit for a number of years. He was a companion of my dear brother here on the platform, and who drank with my Brother Hall from week to week, and month to month, and year to year. He was a perfect gentleman when he was sober; a kingly man, and has justly been called the patriarch of the Pittsburgh bar, and the Demosthenes of the profession. Perhaps no man who has been upon the platform, in the cause of human reform, has been equal to him. When I first came to the city of Pitts-

burgh, I was told about Marshal Swartzwalder, that he had been a drunkard a great many years—for thirty years at least—and they said there was no hope for him. I said I would like to see him. 'Well,' said they, 'you can see him,' but said he had been on a tremendous spree. I took particular pains to find out how I might be received ; they said I would be received kindly. I got the number of his office—for at this time he stayed in his office, and ate his meals there, and had a nice back room handsomely furnished where he slept—I came to his office and rapped at his door ; there was a young boy, a son of his, a beardless boy, about sixteen years of age, I should judge, that always staid with his father, and never left him ; he called him Dick. Dick came to the door—I wish you could have seen the poor boy ; he looked so depressed and sad. Said I, 'Is Mr. Swartzwalder in ?' He replied, 'Yes ; do you wish to see him ?' I told him 'Yes, sir,' and sent in my card. He had asked what my name was, and I told him, and he stepped in and told him that Mr. Murphy was in the office and would like to see him. Said he, 'Send him in ; I would like to see him.' So I went to his room, and he rose from his large chair which he had for his own comfort. He was partially stripped, having his pantaloons tied around him with his suspenders. Being a chunky and quite heavy man, as he came towards me I was a little scared at the man, to tell the truth, as he walked up to me, looking so earnest, with a keen expression that seemed to look me through and through. As he approached he extended his hand and said, 'You are the man that has been talking temperance here ?' 'Yes,' said I. 'Well,' said he, 'we never had much good from you temperance people ; you come here and sing your songs, and present your bills and go away. That is the way they do, and I suppose you are like all the rest of them.' I said, 'I don't know how that is.' He said, 'Mr. Murphy, I want to talk to you.' 'I have been a victim of intemperance for more than thirty years,' said he. 'I have no power to control myself.' He asked me to be seated ir a chair, and I sat down by his side.

Said he, looking strangely in my face, 'Is there any hope for me?' Said I, 'There is hope for you.' 'There is?' he exclaimed. 'Yes.' He asked, 'How so?' Said I, 'With God's help you can be saved.' With a shake of his head he said, 'Why, for more than twenty years I have been seeking for the truth, and have read the Bible through and through.' And he told me about the writings of several men he had read, seeking for the truth. 'And,' said he, 'Mr. Murphy, there is no help for me.' I commenced talking to him in my humble way, the best I could. He turned around to Colonel Hetherington, and said: 'Go and tell Dick to come in.' The dear boy, when he came in, stepped up to his father's left side, and the father put his arms around the boy. The poor boy was so much overcome that he sat down and put his arms around his father's neck. The child could not control his feelings, and commenced to weep. The father said, 'Dear Dick, you never left me.' Turning to me, he said: 'Mr. Murphy, here is a boy that stays with his father; here is a boy that has walked the streets night after night for his father, and stays with him; I wish I could tell you how good he has been, how much I love him.' Before we got through talking to each other, and reasoning with each other, Mr. Swartzwalder said: 'Mr. Murphy, I feel a very strange impression on my heart; I feel as though God had touched me, so to speak.' I said to him, with all the power of encouragement that God had possessed me with, 'Mr. Swartzwalder, by the grace of God you shall conquer this evil; I know it in my heart.' I left him; I knew the work was done; I knew it was a question of time when that man should come out redeemed. Brother David Hall, who is on the platform, carried him provision, and nursed him, and there is not a better hearted man walks on this green earth of God's, than this same Brother Hall. He stayed with him and helped him for several days; after six days the Christian people began to pray for him; the people would come to me and ask, 'Mr. Murphy, do you believe Mr. Swartzwalder will be saved?'

'Do I believe it ? Why,' said I, 'God saves to the uttermost, and he knows no hard cases.' I gave them all the encouragement I could. The Christian men and women prayed for that man, for the people of Pittsburgh loved him ; they are proud of him as a grand pleader at the bar ; the grand counsellor of the State, with whom the judges of the supreme bench consult. In about six days—we had heard from him from day to day—and after some six days this man, majestic in his appearance, with his white flowing locks, well dressed, and with a nice silk hat shining like a piece of polished gold, and his cane in his hand, came to the meeting ; there was a grandeur and majesty about the man ; he seemed to have come to himself again, with all the grandeur and kingly nobility he formerly possessed. As he came in, he stood and looked over the multitude of people in the room. When the man came in, and stood there, a whisper passed throughout the congregation, and I noticed that men that hadn't been seen to drop tears since the meeting commenced were now moved. I could see their lips begin to tremble, and after a while, I could see them get out their handkerchiefs. I wondered what was the cause of all this, but it was the hold the man had upon the people. By-and-by he walked up the aisle, pressing his way among the multitude of people, and as they parted to let him in, and he passed along, you could hear the people say, 'God bless the man.' And when he came toward the table where the pledges were, the interest was intense. In the back part of the room they commenced standing up, to see if he would sign the pledge, and in a little while, as he stood there silently meditating, he turned, and seizing a pen, wrote his name upon the pledge of total abstinence. Then, turning to the congregation again, he said—what he had never before said in all his life—'I want you to pray for me. This is for my life ; this is the last effort ; if I fail now, I shall never try it again.' That man went to his office, and asked God to help him.

"I met him when I came to Pittsburgh, and had the pleasure of putting my arms around him. Said I, 'How are you get-

ting along, Brother Swartzwalder?" and he said, 'Brother Murphy, every morning I pray; every day at noon I pray; and every night I pray; and every day when I go past a saloon I begin to pray for God's power to keep me and sustain me.'

"This man has been kept by the grace of God, and has been the means in the hands of God of securing—I don't know but twenty thousand signers to the pledge of total abstinence, and is standing up to-day in all the dignity and freedom of this new-born life, saved from the power and dominion of rum. It pays to be kind, it pays to be merciful and to work in this blessed cause."

In the same speech, from which we quote, Mr. Murphy gave a brief sketch of the conversion of the Hall brothers, who afterwards became such powerful co-laborers in the good work, that is worthy of citation:

"Now, my dear friends, I see that the time is advancing when I must close my discourse. If I had time I would like to bring before you another illustration of this truth. Just a word about my brothers David Hall and George, and while they are on the platform they will excuse me for speaking about them. When I first came to Pittsburgh and spoke in the Opera House, brother David was there, George was not present. The next day, passing down the street, I met brother David near the Seventh Avenue Hotel, on the sidewalk. He stepped up, and taking me by the hand, said, 'How are you?' And I said, 'Very well; how are you?' and he said, 'You don't know me?' I said 'No.' Said he, 'I heard you talk last night; I want you to understand that.' Said I, 'Did you?' and he replied, 'I was right there.' 'Were you?' 'Yes,' said he; 'and you told my story exactly.' Well, I was wonderfully pleased with the expression of his face. 'And now,' remarked he, 'there was something left out of the story; you didn't tell all.' Said I to David: 'I want you to tell me what it is.' Said he, 'I want you to tell me whether your wife is living?' I told him she was not living. Do you know that

this man bowed his head on the street there and cried. 'I want to say to you now,' said brother David, 'I will sign this pledge with you, and if you let me go down to the hotel with you I will sign it right there.' And he took another man with him, John Irving. He said he would go along and sign it too. We went to my room and he said: 'I have a saloon; I want you to understand that.' Said I, 'Have you?' 'Yes,' replied he. I inquired, 'What are you going to with it?' 'I am going to shut it up,' he replied. 'Will you?' said I. 'If you will shut it up, brother David, it will be a blessed thing.' I asked him where his place was, and said I would go down and see it. 'You have got to come down quick if you get into it,' said he, 'for I am going to close it up, and I will never sell another drink of liquor.' When we came in the room he asked for the pledge and sat down and signed it—he and his companion, John Irving—as noble a man as ever God made, but who had fallen through the power of this evil. When they signed it they stepped up to each other and took each other's hand, but didn't speak a word. They turned their heads away from each other for a little while, then let go, and David went to one side of the room and John to the other. I knew that God had touched their hearts, and I want to say to you that it is these men that have made this movement and not Frank Murphy. These are the men who have done the work, and called it the Murphy movement. It ought to be called the Hall movement."

Nobly indeed did these men work, and the appeals of Swartzwalder, and the two Halls, night after night, were features of hardly less importance in the success of the Murphy meetings than those of the temperance reformer himself. The sincerity and enthusiasm which lay at the bottom of it all is best indicated in the fact that such men as these we have mentioned, and many others, did not lose their grip after the subsidence of the first great excitement. They have been laboring assiduously ever since in the good work, not only in Pittsburgh, but in all the neighboring towns and counties, organizing

Murphy associat ons and meetings, and bringing vast numbers into the fold of temperance again. This peculiar significance, found in the steady continuance of the Murphy work, after the departure of the man himself, shows what a vital tap-root it has, and how false the sneering charges sometimes made that these revivals are mere passionate spasms of popular feeling, without any hold on the more solid foundations of will and belief.

In describing the growth of the movement in Pittsburgh, we can best describe the work in a graphic way by referring to individual cases. So far as the general outlines of the reform are concerned, they continued the same. Like an avalanche it was a swift, steady, monotonous movement, magnificent in its sweep, grand in results, but guided by a few simple laws and conditions. Once started, it became cumulative with such rapidity, that in a few weeks nothing else was talked of in the iron city. Thoughts of business, of social recreation, of the miscellaneous themes that ordinarily occupy the minds of men, were all swallowed up in the one absorbing topic. Petroleum oil, iron and steel, manufacturing, stocks and bonds lost their hold on the minds of men. The grand query was, "How shall I myself be saved," or "how shall I save my drunken, lost brother?"

The church organizations threw their powerful might into the struggle, without any thought of denominational success, and were very important factors in solidifying the results of the movement. The women of Pittsburgh, from the first, had prayed, and struggled, and labored with the most fervid zeal, for they saw how deeply involved was the salvation of numberless family circles, the rehabilitation of shattered household gods. Let us now relate to the reader several graphic examples and incidents, which will illustrate more vividly than any general description the success and strength of the wave of temperance reform, once it commenced to roll its pure and cleansing waters onward in a great wall.

The following incidents are the recitals of prominent men

at the Murphy meetings, and will be read with great interest :

David B. Hall was saved through the prayers of his wife. For years he had been a slave to intoxicating drink, and was known as such in all Pittsburgh. Now he had embraced religion ; and he felt he had escaped danger forever. No one has been a more earnest, sincere co-worker than Mr. Hall in the Murphy movement. He has succeeded in reclaiming a vast number of drunkards ; and is still conducting the good work with zeal.

Mr. Best, of Pittsburgh, had caused his family a great deal of sorrow by his intemperate habits. He signed the pledge in the Iron City, and found it the very hardest thing in his whole life to keep it. However, he conquered ; and he was now a happy man. He was a devoted "Murphy man."

Mr. Charles Wenzell used to keep a drinking saloon in Pittsburgh ; but sold out, on account of the business not paying well. He concluded that he would go to South America ; and went to New York to make preparations for the journey.

When there he gave the idea up, and spent all the money he had with him. Then a great longing came over him for the old Iron City, and he returned. Murphy meetings were then being conducted, and to pass the time he dropped in to hear what these temperance people had to say for their cause. The next day he attended a church, the first he had been in for twenty years. The service had a wonderful effect on him—he desired to become a Christian. He also desired to sign the Murphy pledge. He sought out Francis Murphy, and asked his advice. If he gave up his old ways, his sporting habits, how could he make a living? "God provides a way," said Murphy ; "He feeds the sparrows and clothes the lilies of the field." "But I am no sparrow !" Wenzell cried. "Try it," Murphy rejoined ; "and you will be provided for."

The upshot of this interview was Mr. Wenzell's dedicating himself to the cause of total abstinence, becoming a member of the church, entirely leaving off his former habits. He has

often remarked in his stirring addresses that he would not return to his old business if he knew it would bring him in hundreds of dollars a day. Mr. Wenzell has proved himself to be one of the strongest advocates of temperance, and a brave worker in the Murphy movement.

Mr. John M. Nesbitt said at a meeting held in Pittsburgh: "I have studied law, gone into politics, become a candidate for Senatorial renown, and one glass of whiskey gained the victory over me and all my ambition. The morning of the election I was seen turning down a glass of whiskey by a gentleman who afterwards voted against me. That one vote defeated me. I possess considerable stock in my native town. I have no money; but I have stock to the value of ten cents in every brick of every saloon in the place."

Harry Rawle had formerly been a liquor dealer in Pittsburgh, but he signed the pledge and left the trade. He gave the following quaint testimony at one of the largest meetings held in the city: "This is the first time I have been before an audience. I am asked by Brother Murphy to say a few words. I will say them in my own way. I kept a saloon about four years; I drank a great deal. I took a quiet little drink every morning till Murphy came. One day I thought I would go and see who and what this gentleman was. I dropped in. A man who knew me came up to me, and said: 'You had better sign your name to the pledge.' I said: 'I don't drink much—I don't think it necessary.' 'I have seen you when you had too much,' he said. I said: 'I'm in the business, and I cannot sign it now, as I have nothing else to do.' A lady said: 'We will pray for you.' I said: 'I would be glad of that.' I went home and told my friends I had seen Murphy. They asked me what I thought of him. I said: 'He is nice enough, and that is all there is of him.' I did not take much stock in him then. After awhile, however, I was caught in the Murphy net. I have signed the pledge, and I mean to keep it."

The movement was not confined alone to reform, but also extended to charity. The afflicted were succored, and those

who had signed the pledge, and had nothing to do, were cared for until they could help themselves. Dinners were given on Christmas and New Year's day, in the basement of the "Old Home," to all who were homeless and hungry. A most interesting description of Christmas that memorable year, in Pittsburgh, appeared in one of the newspapers, which we take great pleasure in presenting to the reader. It is as follows:

"Pittsburgh's Christmas is probably unparalleled in the annals of American history. It is safe to make the assertion that never before of a Christmas day, in any city of the western hemisphere, has an edifice the size of the Fifth Avenue Methodist Church been so crammed with humanity, from early dawn till dewy eve, and from dewy eve until late in the night, with a crowd of people bent on temperance reform. Of all queer recreations for a Christmas day, temperance crusading appears to be the queerest. 'A Christmas drunk' has heretofore been a licensed irregularity, and people who have kept level-headed the remaining three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, have felt a moral obligation, arising out of respect for the hilarity of the season and heirloom festivities of the 'Merrie Christmas tide,' to indulge in the wassail bowl and render homage to Bacchus. But Monday a multitude of people gave Bacchus the cold shoulder, and ignored the traditions of the past. Tom and Jerry sat lonesomely blinking at one another over these degenerate days, the proudest plume was pulled out of the chanticleer's caudal appendage, brandy smashes thought the times had gone to smash, socially-inclined slings discovered themselves being slung aside; and even Holland Tom jammed his cork down in his throat and gurgled forth his lamentations, while Colonel Rye Tanglefoot wildly called for his troopers, and wept rivers of bug-juice when he fairly comprehended that the troopers, from the lamp-post picket to the vidette in the gutter, had deserted their posts and 'gone up to Murphy's.'

"This temperance movement has thoroughly interested our citizens, and Christmas day they expressed it. The expression was not one of froth and foam either, but had the solid body

of a practical and substantial effort attending it, for in the church, while the crowd up stairs was shouting 'Hallelujah!' the crowd down stairs was sending delegations of turkey, ham, cold beef, cake, pies and coffee, into the interior departments to announce the glad tidings that the pledge had been taken, and the department should no longer be outraged by the presence of plenipotentiaries from the court of King Alcohol. One of the earliest principles introduced in this movement was the concession that it was but little use trying to convert a man with an empty stomach. So long as a glass of beer and a hearty lunch can be obtained for five cents, all the temperance orations ever delivered cannot convince a hungry man that the glass of beer is not a road to happiness. The good people of Pittsburgh recognize this fact, and knowing that the dull times have created a class of very hungry people in this city, when it was proposed at one of the temperance meetings to give everybody who wanted it a Christmas dinner, hosts of kind-hearted matrons resolved themselves into committees of one and proceeded to furnish the material.

"The Sunday-school room of the Fifth Avenue Methodist Church was converted into a dining-room, and the room immediately in its rear transmogrified into a refectory. Early Monday morning the provisions commenced to arrive. They came in boxes and baskets and bundles and barrels; the widow's mite jostled the contribution of wealth, the plebeian ham leaned familiarly against the patrician turkey, and the humble doughnuts nestled under the shadow of the majestic pound cake. Stout matrons brought in plethoric baskets, little girls tugged along with big bundles, and little and big boys—after the manner of their sex—'rolled them up and tumbled them up, any way to get them there,' while the sexton's wife and a lady who deserves great praise for her exertions in behalf of the hungry ones, had commenced to boil the coffee, of which beverage enough was drank to nearly float the Ajax off a sand bar.

"During the preparations down stairs, the main body of the

church above was crowded with all classes of people, and prayer and temperance testimony were the order of the day. A short time before twelve o'clock it was announced that tickets would now be distributed (fifty at a time) to the hungry ones, good for an admittance to the dinner below. And then the fun commenced. The hungry ones had long been on hand chanting—

"'We come ! We come !
The voracious bum !
Fee ! Fie ! Foe ! Fum !
Give us grub and we'll give up rum !'

"The tramp brigade had heard of the 'blow-out,' and were on hand in force. There were full delegations from all the different lodges of the fraternity ; the 'Texas Rangers of '76,' 'Centennial Cadgers,' 'Hand-out Repudiators' and 'Free and Independent Order of United Sit-down Solicitors,' and others too numerous to mention. All were anxious to secure a ticket, and it was comical, yet a trifle pathetic, to witness the fears that some seemed to entertain lest they and the dinner might fail to connect. Many of them had an idea that it was necessary to sign the pledge before they could get their dinner (which was not the case, as no distinctions were made), but under the impression that dinner depended upon it, there took place a very sudden and laudable inclination to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil, as typified by whisky, and embark on the high-road to sobriety and something to eat, through the instrumentality of one of 'Murphy's life-boats.' Many fell into this mistake, and were highly indignant when the door-keeper below rejected their 'life-boats,' and told them to get one of the other kind. For over three hours there was a majesty of jaw-bone at work in the Sunday-school room. Tatterdemalion attire covering the gaunt and wasted forms, the pinched cheeks of hunger and want, the shabby and thread-bare attempt at respectability, the 'out-of-luck' air of hard times, the anxious, restless, trouble-haunted eye, and the patient, sad look of hearts bowed down by long suffering, and

lives ground out of shape beneath the heel of poverty, were all there, and all earnestly at work upon the viands. In a short time the dinner tickets became much soiled and torn, through constant and rough handling, so that a fragment of one was accepted as a passport. The great unwashed did not fail to avail themselves of this advantage. Some, for reasons of their own, were disinclined to either sign the pledge or go into the church after a ticket. These would await on the outside for some braver comrade to sally forth with his piece of pasteboard, and having equitably divided it up before them, three and sometimes four would go on the same ticket. But no objections were made and no refusals—all was good nature, affability, good will and fraternity.

"Many ladies were in attendance and assisted in serving out the good things. Prominent among these was Mrs. Lincoln, wife of Mr. Lincoln, the organist. This lady's efforts in behalf of the temperance revival have been earnest and never flagging. Her fascinating vocalism has been given freely and without affectation or reserve at nearly all of the meetings, and yesterday the little lady was busy as a bee the whole day attending to the wants of the hungry multitude.

"Mrs. Collins and Mrs. Long, of the Young Men's Home, were prominent in originating and carrying out the benevolent enterprise; together with the noble assistance of Mrs. Morris, Miss Hubley, Mrs. Childs, Mrs. Fulton, Miss Annie Baldwin, Mrs. Frew, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Duncan, Miss Scott, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. and Miss Moore, and others—ladies who literally obeyed the injunction "feed the hungry and clothe the naked," and who have the blessings of many a heart made happy on Christmas day through their instrumentality.

"During the day Mr. Murphy received as a Christmas gift a loaf of bread ten feet long from Mr. J. B. Youngson, the confectioner. This Staff of Life was on exhibition in the extemporized refectory, and many leaned upon it. About half-past three o'clock in the afternoon the last hungry man appeared to be satisfied, though the dining-room was kept open

until after six for all who wished to eat, the crowd died away, and only solitary and isolated empty stomachs dropped in to adipose their ribs. The number of those who had partaken of the good cheer was by actual count 1,205.

"During the gastronomic services below, spiritual services were in progress in the church above. As before mentioned, a crowd filled the edifice all day long, among which were many ladies. The singing was conducted by a volunteer choir, led by either Mr. or Mrs. Lincoln or Miss Smythe, and an organ accompaniment by either Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Dunbar. Messrs. Paisley, Jacobs, Woodson, Barbour, Burns, and a host of others, are in frequent attendance, while the audience and a crowd of silvery-voiced ladies scattered through the house are at all times ready to join in, and it would be difficult to find better congregational singing than that which takes place. The songs are the old familiar battle hymns of the revivalists, 'Hold the Fort,' 'What Shall the Harvest Be?' and others of that kind. Nothing of the 'Cold Water Regimental Chorus' sort has yet been attempted, and it is sincerely to be hoped it never will.

"Another peculiar feature of this revival is the amount of 'sticking' that is being done. Heretofore it has been too often the practice to reform one day and go around as an awful example the next. But in the present instance it is different. The pledge has now been opened for signatures over nine weeks, and out of the forty thousand who have signed it the 'back-sliders' would not make a corporal's guard. The men who sign seem to identify themselves with the movement, and are constantly on hand at all the meetings. They encourage one another, and it is a very rare thing to hear the revival spoken of disrespectfully by anyone. Another feature consists of the generosity of sentiment that has sprung up among the young men of Pittsburgh. Not that they did not possess these good qualities before, but they are now more pronounced and have taken a more active and practical shape. Let who will put in an appearance, if he is in trouble or desti-

tute he will find somebody to help him. In fact, Pittsburgh is experiencing an enlargement of the heart, as well as a temperance revival. Each young fellow constitutes himself a committee, and if he is applied to and has his hands full, he passes the applicant around among 'the gang' until some one is found who can carry a little more weight."

There had been established a sewing society, and extensive donations were received, and distributions of clothing made, under the charge of Captain Shannon, each day at the church. The dull times rendered it impossible to secure employment for all, but the worthy citizens of Pittsburgh had strenuously exerted themselves in the matter, and many idle men were provided for. The meetings, originally confined to the "Old Home," were widely extended, and now held each evening in fully thirty churches in the city and vicinity. Temperance clubs were organized on all sides, and, in the vernacular of the river men, the cause was booming.

The laity had been most active in the cause. Among those churches that threw their doors wide open to temperance reform, and gave it so cheering a welcome, were the Wesley M. E. Chapel, Smithfield Street M. E., Emery M. E., Arch Street M. E., Alleghany, North Avenue M. E., Alleghany, South Common M. E., Alleghany, Centennary M. E., Walton M. E., South Side Union M. E., First Methodist, Fifth Methodist, Soho, Second Methodist, South Side, Sharpsburg Methodist, Birmingham Methodist, Second Presbyterian, Temperanceville Presbyterian, Central Presbyterian, Cumberland Presbyterian, and a host of others. The pastors who were active in the movement are: Rev. Messrs. Clark, Templeton, Thomas, Frazier, Gill, Donohoo, Senons, Shields, Scovel, Murray, Cowl, Wallace, Sirites, Hamilton, Smith, Vernon, McGuire, Snyder, Cox, Baker, Ferguson, and a great many others.

One of Mr. Murphy's hopes is that some day there will be a home in Pittsburgh for reformed men—"a monument," as some one has aptly said, "to sobriety, and a light-house for those who had been shipwrecked on the reefs of intemperance."

This desire on the part of the hero of the cause has, as yet, not reached consummation; but there is a place in the "Smoky City" for the reclaimed. It consists of a pleasant reading-room, cheap eating-house, and a fine sanitarium. A meeting was held by those anxious for the erection of a building, or the renting of one for the aforesaid purpose. There were nearly all the prominent men of the city present.

Mr. Murphy made one of his effective speeches, in which he said: "that it was the duty of the citizens of Pittsburgh to establish a temperance light-house, a beacon for the mariner on life's stormy sea, and a harbor of refuge for those who sought to escape the dread maelstrom of drunkenness." He spoke at some length on the personal efficacy of reform, and argued that individual effort alone could accomplish what legislative and municipal authorities had failed to do. Before the meeting adjourned many came forward and subscribed liberally in aid of the worthy project.

Francis Murphy received a weekly salary of $125, for his labor in Pittsburgh, from the Young Men's Temperance Union. He deserved this ; and it was only right that he was paid it. Some officious parties, however, took it up, and rang such discordant chimes, making unkind and uncalled for remarks, both on the lecturer and the cause, that he was forced to notice it. If any man earned his pay, it was he ; and if other temperance lecturers are paid for their services in sums of $100 or $200 a night, surely he ought to receive as much, and even more ; for, looking at the subject in that light, no one has ever been as successful as he on the temperance platform.

At one of the noonday meetings, in the midst of this discussion, Mr. Murphy alluded to it, and said that he did not approve of a salary, and that hereafter his services would be gratuitously given. The vast concourse present was brought to tears, and many denounced, in bitter terms, the parties that interfered in the matter, and expressed great sympathy and love for their noble leader. Many came forward, and pledged themselves to defray all his expenses as long as Pittsburgh

had the honor of his presence. This turn of affairs was the comment of the whole town, during the day, and one could see, and judge by the remarks flying about, that Pittsburgh loved and revered Francis Murphy in no slight degree. No one could charge him with being grasping and mercenary. His large heart is in his work ; his purse is open to the appeals of the unfortunate, and he works to save the fallen, and to gain the glorious reward of a conscience that acquitted him of any selfish or interested motive. Mr. Murphy was vehemently assailed by certain newspapers with mere reform demagoguism, to use a phrase drawn from another field of effort. The mere fact that he received a salary seems to have been the sole foundation underlying the accusation. The combined malignity and childishness of such a charge make themselves patent to everyone who studies the conditions of the case. Mr. Murphy's celebrity had already made him an object of national curiosity. No other man had ever achieved such results in the history of temperance reform. For his success was not merely a personal one, *i. e.*, the ability to draw large and enthusiastic audiences, but extended beyond surface agitation, and struck deep and permanent roots in the hearts of men. It has never failed to be the case, that after the departure of Murphy from any place, meetings were continued under his name by able followers in the path he marked out, the fruits of which were as important almost as those wrought by the man's personal presence and effort. What better test than this of the profound significance of this reform movement!

It could not be expected that Francis Murphy, the possessor of an extraordinary, nay almost unexampled power, and a poor man at that, with a large family to support and educate, should live purely on voluntary contributions. The consecrated ministers of the gospel do not carry the habit of the primitive apostolic times into practical usage now-a-days. The social and religious economy of the nineteenth century do not permit the preacher and reformer to travel about with a staff, and sandal-shorn, proclaiming the word of truth as an itinerant

pilgrim. Mr. Murphy has shown a very moderate and modest estimate of his own pecuniary worth, specially as the lecture bureaus have offered him extraordinary terms for his regular services on the platform, in the same way as Gough, Beecher, and other celebrities sell their services.

A candid judgment, then, compels the conviction that Francis Murphy, whatever else may be his faults, can hardly be convicted of self-seeking and disinterested motives, so far as his career up to the present time would indicate.

CHAPTER XV.

CONTINUATION OF THE PITTSBURGH WORK.—MURPHY'S DEPARTURE FOLLOWED BY CONTINUED ACTIVITY.—FEATURES OF THE REFORM MOVEMENT.—A HOST OF FOLLOWERS AND CO-LABORERS.—THE INAUGURATION OF THE MOVEMENT AT PHILADELPHIA.

The Murphy movement was steadily conducted, and grew in favor more and more each day. The noon-tide meetings were quite popular, being very earnest and full of religion. The night meetings, however, were more largely attended. Here were found evidences of interest, enthusiasm, and good little short of marvellous. Daily scores of men, known throughout the entire community as hard drinkers, stepped up to the tables, and took the pledge. The "boys" used the room during the day as a reading, conversation and smoking room. It was a genuine treat to get with them, and hear them speak of Francis Murphy. How they loved and revered him! Verily he is a man among men!

Every one had come generously and heartily to the front to help on this great work. Ministers, journalists, men of wealth, and others, had nobly aided the movement, giving liberally of both their time and money to that purpose. The railroad companies had passed the Murphy speakers from point to point, sending also destitute pledge signers to their friends, all because they were a part, so to speak, of Murphy. And men and women had gone to the headquarters every day and night to keep up the spirit of good, and to push the cause onward as regularly as clock-work, not asking any remuneration

save that of cheering words and signs of encouragement and success.

To outsiders the enthusiasm and devotion exhibited by the Murphyites in their cause was a source of much surprise. That their love and earnestness should last caused people to think seriously; and this serious thinking generally resulted in their conversion, and enlisting them in the already mighty army.

The tiny spark lighted in their hearts by their noble leader burned and would continue to burn—was now a flaming light that shone out in full glory upon the whole civilized world.

The Murphyites loved their work. They attended their meetings regularly, and prayed, and sung the dear old Gospel songs with the same power as when Francis Murphy himself stood in the Smoky City among them like a king. They lived for their cause; they lived to save the lost and dying. Stirring speeches were delivered at the meetings by the brave "boys;" and now and then he whom they devoutly followed paid them a flying visit, and roused them to greater work. Every time he came there, there was a mighty crowd to hear his graphic and pleasing talk. One night he was announced to appear in the Central Presbyterian church, and long before the appointed time the building was packed.

On his appearance the dear "Old Home" choir burst out in that sweet, and to him, the finest of songs, "I Hear Thy Welcome Voice." He shook hands with every one he passed; his face beamed with his delight at being again with the "boys." He addressed them in the following earnest words:

Mr. President and Dear Friends:—

I am glad to come to you again. I am glad to see you again and hear your welcome voices. It is a great pleasure to know that we are welcome when returning home, and there is something pleasant about a hearty greeting. We all feel it, and it does me good to know that I have your esteem and confidence. I am glad to be with the "boys" again, who have stood nobly by this movement ever since its commencement. There are some who say we will not keep the pledge,

but time will tell. I had a most delightful trip. Have been talking and traveling over some of the ground which the boys from Pittsburgh have worked, and have found the people holding them in grateful remembrance for the good they accomplished. No matter what people say about us, we will say no unkind words against them. I am a lover of peace, and believe in the reclaiming power of the gospel of love and kindness. If we do good we must be merciful and kind. When we come to die it will be sweet to know that we have been unkind to no one. Let us keep on in this great reform, and with clean hands and pure hearts we will gain the victory, no matter who may oppose. I have just come from Lexington, Ky., where Charles Wenzel is doing a grand work. He has secured about three thousand signers, and Mr. Nesbitt has obtained about two thousand among the colored people. I once asked the merchants of Pittsburgh to put up a building, and I believe they will do so yet. Other cities have their own reading-rooms and tabernacles, and we must have them in this city. Pittsburgh has done a noble work, and the good cause will spread wider and deeper; not because I am in it, but because it is of God. In God is our trust, and with our motto we will go on saving men and making homes happy. I am glad you are in this church. Its pastor, Rev. Senour, is a noble man; God bless him! I expect to commence the work in Troy, New York, some time in November. We should have an anniversary in this city on the 26th of November. Now is the time to get ready for it, so that we may have a grand time. Do not be discouraged, boys. The country is waiting for the movement, and why should not Pittsburgh still be in the front? What a good thing it is to see and know of the happy wives and children and homes that this movement has brought to our land. Then why should we be discouraged because some oppose and throw obstacles in our way? Let us go on in the right, "With Malice to none and Charity for all," and God will give us the nation.

One of the notable events of the meetings held at the head-

quarters was the reformation of James Onslow, a politician and writer of some repute. He had been a hard drinker for a long time, and had been given up long since by his friends. The Murphyites, however, despaired not; and finally succeeded in converting him. Mr. Onslow delivered the following speech, after his reformation:

"*Ladies and Gentlemen:*—

"Those of you who have known me for the last ten, fifteen or twenty years (and that number is by no means small), will doubtless be surprised to see me here to-night, and many of you will say, 'Jim Onslow has drank whisky too long, and loves it too well, to ever be able to keep his pledge, or become a sober man.' For entertaining this opinion, my friends, you are not to blame. My past life justifies you, perhaps, in thinking and saying just what I have indicated (although I never signed the pledge and broke it), but believing in the idea 'that while the lamp of life holds out to burn, the vilest sinner (or drunkard) may return,' I resolved last night, in bed, all alone, with God's help, aided by your prayers, and sustained and encouraged by your friendship, to make a strong effort in that direction. Last night, about twelve o'clock, awakening from an uneasy slumber, a voice seemed to say, 'Oh, my son, remember no drunkard can enter the Kingdom of Heaven; if you persist in living as you have been doing, you can never see those who loved you well, and whom you loved so dearly, while we were all together on the earth below.' Without believing in dreams, ghosts or hobgoblins, I must admit that this semi-vision appeared like a call or warning from above, to halt in my career of dissipation, if I would avert the wrath to come. I have slept none since, and this morning my mind was fully made up that whisky and old 'Cussewago' would part company forever.

"And just here let me say, by way of parenthesis, that those who expect me to abuse and rail out against my old friends, the saloon keepers, will be mistaken; also to remark, for the benefit of several of those old friends, that while they will not

be called upon to score up any more drinks against a former good customer, they shall all of them be paid every cent now chalked down against him; but here, with the help of Him who rules and reigns above, whose attributes are mercy, peace and love, the accounts will close. Fully indorsing the idea of that great apostle of temperance, my eloquent and enthusiastic countryman, Francis Murphy, that abusing people is not the way to reform them, no harsh or unkind word shall ever escape my lips, either about he who sells, or he who drinks, the life-destroying liquid. If I can save myself from filling a drunkard's grave, as many of my former associates are now doing, and keep some other poor devil like myself from doing the same thing, it will, in my humble judgment, be far better than abusing anyone. And now, in conclusion, let me say a word to the ladies here present, noble representatives of those who are going about like angels of mercy, continually doing good; representatives of her who was last at the cross and first at the sepulchre. May God, in his infinite goodness and mercy, watch over, bless and protect you, now and forever. May your pathway through this life be strewn with flowers of the brightest hue, and finally when you have passed the dark valley and shadow of death, may He take you to Himself, where you will enjoy the society of those whom you most resemble, is the earnest prayer of your humble servant."

The good done by the "Union" cannot be estimated; it is impossible to do so. Hundreds upon hundreds were reclaimed by the brave "boys;" and now are leading prosperous, happy lives in all parts of the State. James Onslow, of whose reformation we have already spoken, has entered the lists, and works well and successfully. Dave Hall's work is too well known to be minutely described here; it is sufficient to say of him that he has done nobly for the good cause. Wm. Hill, Bob Love, Thomas Jones, and the other boys of the "Old Home" are actively engaged in the Murphy movement; and have done untold good. These "boys" have been called to all parts of the country to speak to eager, curious crowds of

their reformation, work and their leader. Their speeches have been earnest and convincing ; and their success has been great wherever they have spoken. They carry conviction with them because they are earnest in the extreme ; and because they have been all drinkers, and were saved. Noble "boys!" Your reward will surely be great in the glorious by-and-by ; and you will be crowned with the universal love of man, and the blessing of God. Your names will live ; hundreds will bless you, and murmur your names in their supplications at the seat of mercy. Verily those that live for the mere sake of doing good to man shall live, not for a little while, but forever !

A noble feature of the Murphy wave in Pittsburgh is the work done by those earnest, zealous ladies that have come forward so readily.

Several unions have sprung up ; and are now in a flourishing condition. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is known throughout this country for its success in the cause. The faithful women that compose this society have been fighting against intemperance for years. "At times," says a well-known authority, "the meetings were small, and things looked dark ; but still they held out, praying that God would give them success. When the Murphy movement was inaugurated in this city, many of these women assisted nobly, and have continued to aid the 'boys' in every way possible. This has greatly added to the numbers and interest of their Sunday meetings, until at the present time the room is crowded every Sunday afternoon. For a while the Woman's Christian Temperance Alliance met in the same room, but the two organizations were consolidated by the Alliance uniting with the Union, and the two were afterwards known as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union." On one occasion a very interesting address was delivered by Mrs. M. Cora Bland, of New York, and formerly editress of the *Ladies' Own Magazine.* We give it in this instance as it clearly defines woman's position in the world, and what great good she can do in the blessed cause of temperance.

Mrs. Bland said:

"'Woman is the power behind the throne,' 'She moulds men to do her will,' 'The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rocks the world,' are stereotyped compliments that have been given from almost every pulpit and rostrum in the land. To say that she possesses a tithe of the influence attributed to her, is to accuse her of holding a power for good which she criminally refuses to exercise, for it is patent to all that hitherto she has done very little toward staying this great evil of intemperance. Still she loves virtue and abhors vice. She would that all men were good and pure, that they were noble and true and God-like; and think you she possesses the power to make them so and refuses to exercise it? Ah! no. She righteously covets the power to say to this flood-tide of intemperance, with its attendant evils, 'thus far shalt thou go and no farther.' Had the power been hers she would have banished the liquor traffic from the land. Instead," said the speaker, "the most pious and respectable mothers are compelled to witness the descent of their loved ones, for whom they have hoped and prayed so much, go down, down to ruin, while they, with bleeding hearts, stood powerless to avert their doom. Tell me not that men do women's bidding when they license liquor saloons and other haunts of immorality. In view of the crime, the injustice, the drunkenness and debauchery of men, it is no compliment to women to say 'they rule the world.' It is time we were done with polished shams and glittering falsehoods, and as earnest men and women look at facts as they exist and take hold of the work understandingly. My religion teaches me that if the world is to be redeemed from the dominion of appetite and sensualism, it must be done by human endeavor, addressed to the work in accordance with God's method of regenerating mankind. Intemperance is a physical, social, mental, and moral evil, resulting from violations of the physical, social, mental, and moral laws."

She here dilated upon the effects of alcohol in past and present times; and closed with this touching appeal:

"O, women of America, responsibilities rest upon you greater than any that ever burdened the women of any clime or country, and this because your privileges are greater, higher, grander than ever crowned women before. To you as to none others is the sunlit summit of the mount of wisdom accessible. 'Tis your privilege to add to the potent yet fleeting charm of beauty those enduring and more potent graces of the heart and brain, that comes with the broader and higher culture so freely offered you. 'Tis yours to preside over homes made delightful by your natural grace and culture and safe through your virtue and intelligence. 'Tis yours to guide the footsteps and form the habits of the young as mother and teacher, and yours also to mould society by models of virtue."

These noblest of noble women have cheered the "boys" in their fight—have made the darkest days of trial and temptation light and bright by their ennobling presence, their influence and earnestness. Very many unfortuates, staggering down the easy road of sin, and tottering on the brink of the grave, have been guided gently away from it, out into the glad light of right and purity; desolate homes have been brightened, and made homes again by the blessed reformation, through the loving labor and prayers of these women, of the dear ones astray; and sad hearts cheered, and manhood restored to its native grandeur. Not once did these Christian women falter—not once did they lose courage and hope; but steadily went on, day in and day out, praying, helping and saving. And they have been crowned with success beyond their expectations. God has heard them; and through them hundreds have been plucked, "as a brand from the burning," to walk in sobriety, usefulness and happiness along the way of life to the gates of Heaven, which will be wide open when they journey thitherward.

The anniversary of Francis Murphy's advent in Pittsburg was observed at Library Hall, Sunday night, November 25, 1877. It was conducted under the auspices of the "Old Home" Union, and was a grand success in every particular.

It was long after twelve o'clock ere the vast assemblage dispersed. It was impossible for Francis Murphy to be present; but, despite this great drawback and disappointment, the exercises were of a most interesting character, and were received with much applause. That giant in the noble army of temperance, Dave Hall, led the meeting in a very felicitous manner; and short, entertaining remarks were made by a very large number of the most prominent "boys." The great work done during the year was reviewed, and congratulations extended to those who had worked so well. The future fields in different sections of the country were discussed, and the evil ahead of them scanned seriously. Hands were grasped in hearty friendliness, and the "boys" were drawn yet closer to one another, and strengthened for the long fight. Could Francis Murphy have seen them, how glad would have been his great heart! Could he have been in their midst, and heard them speak of him, how pleased he would have been! It was a night never to be forgotten. It will live in the minds of those that participated in it forever. It will be looked back upon with emotions that are utterly indescribable.

At a meeting held in Oakland, one of the suburbs of Pittsburgh, the Rev. Mr. Vannote introduced W. C. Moreland, Esq., before Mr. Murphy, then in Pittsburgh on a short visit, who delivered a speech as follows:

"There has grown up in this nation a custom of speech-making on occasions of this kind when distinguished men meet with their friends; and extremely is it my duty to-night to welcome a man whose reputation for deeds of charity and love are so well known in this city. I know that he needs no introduction at my hand to those of you here who have felt the beneficent influence of his good deeds. His name has become a household word; his labors of love and charity are so well known that they require no panegyric from me. I pray God that his labors shall go on widening until still greater victories are gained not only amongst us here in this city, but all over our beloved country. As he has manifested all that is

good and loving in man, we all hope that he may ever keep his name unsullied; that he may not weary in his good work, and as his words shall go ringing in our valleys and over our mountains that they may be both a benison and a benediction. May there be open hands and homes here where he may ever find a welcome. Peace and happiness attend him. And now I have no need to tell you that I refer to the great apostle of temperance, Francis Murphy, who will now speak for himself.

Mr. Murphy was then introduced by the Rev. Mr. Vannote, and spoke in the following happy manner:

"*Mr. President:*—

"This is an unexpected honor to have an address of welcome given me in this beautiful temple of worship. I do not know what inconvenience it will be to me to remain here to-night, but whatever it might be I think Brother Vannote is responsible for my being here. He has a faculty for holding on that I could not overcome; but I hope that Brother Miller will be able to send me up the beautiful waters of the Monongahela in time for me to meet my appointments.

"Anyhow, I am very glad to be here. I feel perfectly at home in your midst. I have an abiding interest in this city. My youngest daughter is with Mr. Dravo, who has so kindly given her a place in his good home. They say that where the heart is there is home, and my heart is here always. I am glad to be here and respond to this address of welcome.

"I remember very well the first time I spoke to you. Mr. Moreland introduced me to the people of Pittsburgh. Feeling my want of education I feared that I would not be able to command language to express what I wanted to say. I looked at this young David who has no difficulty in speaking. He is perfectly at ease in framing his thoughts in such beautiful language that one falls in love with him while listening to him. I call him the golden-mouthed boy of Pittsburgh. From the beginning of the movement in this city to the present he has been my steadfast friend. He and Brother Vannote have stood steadfastly by me. I shall never forget my first meeting

with my dear Brother Vannote. I stepped into his editorial sanctum to ascertain whether or not he would give me any assistance through his paper. He looked at me for a moment, and I suppose thought I was a poor excuse for a temperance lecturer, but he said: 'We will give you a hearing,' and, blessed be God, he did give me a hearing. Right here on this stand is the young man who wrote some of the most favorable reports of the work from the very first. I should like to have seen the young man who gave the first report. When I read the report I could not keep back the tears. May God bless the daily press of Pittsburgh for the great assistance it has rendered in this glorious work. The city of Pittsburgh has been called the home of this great moral reform. There are some people so intent on saving one portion of the human family that they will let the other be lost. They do not realize the power of Divine love, which is so far reaching and infinitely greater than mere human love. There is a great difference of opinion as to the way of obtaining total abstinence. This movement in which we are engaged proposes to save *all*, and there is no doubt but that it will be a grand success in this country. There are good men engaged in its manufacture. I do not want to conduct a temperance reform that will hurt any man. We must not condemn any one. We can succeed better with love and kindness according to our motto, 'With Malice toward none, and Charity for all.' It will be better for us to present it in such a way that all men will fall in love with temperance, and not compel them to adopt it.

"The moment you begin to fight men that moment you will find opposition. I have just come from New York where the hotels are, in the goodness of God, giving up this business. As long as four-fifths of the population drink, so long will men engage in selling rum, and it cannot be stopped unless the men can be induced to stop drinking. You can't drive them; they will find ways of getting it. The stringent law they had in Portland couldn't stop it. One day I saw there was an old

lady in the market selling eggs at a dollar and a half a dozen! The wonderful pullets to lay such eggs!! But the eggs had been emptied of their original contents, filled with whisky and sealed up again. I never fought the prohibitory law. When I was engaged in selling liquor in Portland, and the officers seized my stock, I never attempted to get it back by false swearing. There were men who were regular false swearers, and there were those who were ever ready to get them to swear for them. They were professional swearers who could be obtained whenever they were wanted.

"This is a handsome picture. This church so nicely decorated. There are some beautiful pictures that come to us in life. I remember seeing one during a trip I once took to the mountains. It was a beautiful day, and as we drove along under the green canopy of the forest—beautiful birch trees and maples swinging back and forth in the gentle zephyrs—and the bright sunlight of heaven dripping down through the foliage as though it were liquid gold. We passed on, while on our right and left the rippling brooks from the hillsides came dancing down until they reached the shaded dell below where they flowed along in crystal beauty. But we were anxious to get a view of the still greater beauty that was soon to meet our admiring gaze. Our horses were urged forward, and onward and upward we went until we reached the crown of the hill and could see the beautiful valley spread out before us. The majestic grandeur of the scene which was now presented to our astonished gaze was extremely gratifying. I was thrilled to the veriest depths of my heart. Away yonder in the distance I could see the top of a great giant which stood still as though dead, and nearly concealed by the distant hills, looking like a veil thrown over it. On all sides we could see the mountains standing in all their glorious majesty with their crowned heads bowing to each other, as though they themselves felt the awful grandeur and dignity of their position. I looked up into the sky and saw the bright clouds—God's chariots—so wonderfully white that there was not a speck upon them;

there they rolled along, and as it were, enjoying the great beauty of the scene beneath. I shall never forget the picture that was there presented to my wondering view.

"But what was that compared to the scene here to-night. You are all gathered here to-night, with happy hearts in this beautiful temple built for the worship of God, to help forward the glorious cause of truth and justice. More precious is the picture which we enjoy here to-night than the one I have described. I feel that I shall never be able to command language adequate to give a description of it. Grand and beautiful as was the mountain scenery I endeavored to describe, it will pass away. We too, shall soon pass away to our homes above, to scenes of infinitely greater beauty. Beautiful as is the world, grand as are many of its scenes, grander and more beautiful still is a purified soul.

"May it be the delight of our life that no stain or dishonor shall come upon us; that Christ shall live in us and reign over us. This is the sincere prayer of my heart. And when all our meetings are over here, when all the beautiful things of this world have passed away, may we all meet in the eternal sunlight of joy in the world above. Good night. God bless you."

The wonderful success achieved by Francis Murphy the three months he was in Pittsburgh, travelled to Philadelphia, and awakened a lively interest in many philanthropists and prominent gentlemen of that city. He had been to a place notorious for its very drunkenness; and under his influence about 80,000 persons appended their names to his pledge of total abstinence. What untold good he might do in Philadelphia! These gentlemen, true Christians, every one of them, realized that their city required his presence, and immediately, at that; and they felt assured the same remarkable success following in his track, wherever he went, would but be repeated here.

Stimulated by these feelings they came together, and agreed upon some definite action. Mr. John Wanamaker, known almost everywhere as one of the most successful of clothiers,

opened a correspondence with the temperance apostle, the result of which was an earnest, nay urgent invitation to the latter gentleman from the former to come among them, and do what he could to lift the thousands of degraded, drunken persons, that were like large black blots on their community, out of the low position into which they had fallen, to lead useful, worthy lives. Francis Murphy was not the man to be deaf to this appeal, or likely to close his heart to it. He received it gladly, and hastened to the Quaker City as if on flying pinions.

On Wednesday evening, March 7, 1877, he made his first appearance in the Academy of Music. The vast hall was crowded by a most brilliant and appreciative audience. On the stage were noted clergymen of different denominations. The well known and beloved philanthropist, George H. Stuart, presided, and made some happy remarks. Rev. G. Dana Bordman read a passage from the Scripture, and Rev. Henry C. McCook lifted his voice in a short prayer of great power and fervor.

Colonel G. H. Hetherington, of Pittsburgh, rose, and remarked that he had come with Mr. Murphy, and had been converted by him in Pittsburgh, and described what good had been done there, and what was going on. After other short speeches from noted gentlemen, Mr. Murphy was introduced. He stood before them like a king, and every eye in that audience "took in" his personal appearance. What they beheld was a man of five feet ten inches, robust and leonine physique, high, broad shoulders, apparently weighing fully one hundred and ninety pounds ; a short, thick neck, supporting a long head, with closely cut iron-gray hair, a low, broad brow, deep set, piercing black eyes, bushy black eyebrows, and a mouth wholly concealed by an enormous coal-black moustache. His presence was attractive and imposing. The audience was instinctively drawn to him by an open, frank, manly way he had, and a certain animal magnetism, with which he is surely endowed. The moment he opened his lips and spoke, the place

was as quiet as the grave; and many of those present leaned eagerly forward to catch every tone, every modulation of his deep, rich, and vibrating voice. His address was felicitous, and was full of humor. He pathetically told the sad story of his life, graphically showing how low he had sunk from the use of intoxicating drink.

There were few of his listeners dry-eyed as he told them of his prison life, and his reformation while in confinement. With a power that surprised every one he urged, begged all young men to abstain from intoxicants and lead pure, sober lives. At his cordial invitation hundreds came up to where he stood at the conclusion of the lecture, and signed the pledge. This was the first appearance of Francis Murphy among the Philadelphians; and he created a warm impression. His auditors went away with his inspired words ringing tuneful chimes in their hearts, and with his noble presence reflected glowingly before their mind's eye. It was no easy matter to forget his imposing front, or the spell it cast on all that came within its vicinity; no easy matter to forget what he said, so earnest was he from first to last. Mr. Murphy went earnestly to work, and a series of meetings were conducted in the Bethany Sunday-school building, corner of Twenty-second and Bainbridge streets. The crowds were so dense that the building could scarcely contain them. Prominent people, recognizing what great good might result from the cause, and realizing the feeling of the populace, took hold of it, and seeing the necessity of a larger hall, secured the gigantic Tabernacle building on North Broad street. On some occasions this building was likewise found to be of too limited a space to accommodate the eager crowds that rushed from all points to see and hear the temperance apostle.

It is impossible to paint the picture presented at each meeting, and whenever or wherever Francis Murphy was to speak. It was like an ovation. Ladies pushed forward with men in the general rush and struggle for a seat, and hundreds waited hours before the appointed time for the doors to be flung

open. To hear, to see him, seemed to be the only wish in the hearts of thousands.

When in his presence they sat, or stood, as was more frequently the case, spell-bound, and wondering. His manly language with the frequent glimpses of eloquence, his gentle kindness and his bright encouragement, appealed to their better nature; and thousands after thousands of converts have been made to the cause of temperance. The happy ideas of giving Sunday morning breakfasts, and of finding clothing for those in want, and employment for those that could not procure work, did much to spread the cause, and bring people to the pledge-tables. Many poor wretches, friendless, homeless and moneyless were made glad by the fact that some one cared for them, and would help them if they would endeavor to be good. They were willing and anxious to take the pledge; for it promised them so bright a future, and saved them from the dark, awful, yawning abyss that stretched at their tottering feet.

The statistics laid before us for inspection show the following goodly results: In fourteen days 1942 men were lodged, and 1920 fed. In three months over 50,000 persons signed the Murphy pledge. Naturally, among so vast a number of people, who pledged themselves to abstain from intoxicants, some fell, and some were out and out frauds. The former were too unstable to remain deaf to the alluring voice of the tempter, and fell, unable to bear up under the trying strain. These persons are more to be pitied then blamed. The "frauds" were, however, quickly detected, and received the deserts which they so richly deserved. One individual was sent to the penitentiary. Having obtained the position as usher at the Murphy meetings, he went for some time upon his nefarious way unsuspected. He was finally discovered to be a thief; it was discovered that he was far gone in crime; that he had stolen a gold watch from some one in the audience, and that he was an old and hardened criminal. He was convicted and sentenced.

There were also a class of persons who signed the pledge just for the purpose of bettering their condition, and making their lot in life somewhat easier. They came with a long, painful story of their want, their unhappy lives, and succeeded in getting in this way clothing, which was immediately taken off to some pawn-broker, and enough money obtained to secure a couple of glasses of drink. These characters have been detected; but they form a very small part, indeed, of those that swell the temperance wave to such gigantic proportions. As a whole the movement has been what it was intended it should be—a pure, noble endeavor to reclaim men addicted to intoxicating liquors, and it has been singularly fortunate in being free of the manifold shams and frauds that crowd other movements, and eventually kill them by their baleful presence. Mr. Murphy himself claims that ninety per cent. of those persons who sign the pledge at his meetings, to use the lecturer's own expression, "stick." Some of the people who came to him during the great revival in temperance at Philadelphia were of the highest social standing in Pennsylvania, people of wealth, education, and intelligence of the most marked order. They had fallen into the common pitfall Satan has dug for his victims, and were going down step by step to a dishonored grave, regardless of their position in the world, where they were lights and examples to the thousands beneath them. By the blessed power of Francis Murphy they were plucked like the "brand from the burning"—saved to go forth like men, preaching to and saving others.

The greatest number of Mr. Murphy's converts, however, spring from the humble walks in life. Men who are hardened by a life-long battle with grim poverty; who have scarcely known what it is to have a real holiday; whose days seem but one continuous ditty of a monotonous character, without one redeeming or pleasing quality—these creatures were those that rallied around the temperance hero, and breathed new life, hope, faith, and joy under his genial smile. To these people

he is as one sent to them by the Most High—he is truly a hero in every acceptation of the term.

They have listened to him eagerly, and have followed out his wishes; they have taken his pledge; they have embraced religion; they have turned over a fresh leaf, and have led new lives; they have been imbued with hope and faith in the hereafter; they have become men, every one of them—true gentlemen, despite their rough ways, their hard lives, and their uncultured minds. Of such excellent material has this temperance reform been made, that through its truth and sincerity it will live forever. It was hard for many to believe the wonderful remarks and reports flying here, there, and everywhere, about Mr. Murphy and the good he was doing. It was hard to believe one man had the power to do so much good; and then, too, to accomplish it all in such short time. Was it really so, or was it but a lot of exaggerated rubbish? The unbelievers went to hear him to judge for themselves, and were convinced, before they returned to their homes, that all that was said of Francis Murphy and his work was the truth. And they, too, become believers, and sign his pledge. As it has been most aptly remarked by a noted Philadelphia newspaper:

"The evils of intemperance are known to those whom he addresses. In almost every breast there lurks a deep desire to burst from the fetters with which it has bound them; to lead new lives, and become honored and respected in society. They well know the many sorrows and trials that a career of intemperance has brought upon them; and hence it is when Mr. Murphy, in a persuasive and affectionate manner, points out to them the way of relief, and shows the error of their ways, they are at once convinced of his truthfulness.

"He touches the latent desire for a reformation. By his eloquence he arouses a feeling of resolve; and men are persuaded to exercise and put into execution a will to do better. He shows that if we have not the will so to do, we surely cannot avoid that temptation which brings contempt, disgrace and misery."

"He deals in no invectives; wounds not the sensibilities (for these are possessed by all, in a greater or less degree) of the fallen; but persuades and leads them to make an effort —for having once obtained their signature to the pledge, he knows one great point has been gained. This accomplished, he encourages them to keep it; and not by words alone, but by deeds.

"A Divine Providence has indeed blessed Mr. Murphy's labors. He has been made the humble instrument of saving many souls and bringing them within the means of Grace.

"To him, it is a labor of love. Night and day he pursues his self-imposed task, and with no other desire of reward than that of accomplishing grand results. That his very heart and soul are wrapped up in his cause, is evident from the fervent appeals made by him, at each and every meeting, with all the energy and fire of a true orator."

Throughout his labors he maintained one course in relation to those parties engaged in the sale of liquors. He would not spend his valuable time and efforts in abusing them, nor would he become their defender or apologist. He saw from the outset of his crusade that there was no possibility whatever of anathematizing them out of their business; and that it was most unwise to waste his labor in that direction. In this particular he differed from the general temperance speakers and workers. All he asked was that all, drunkards, liquor-dealers, everybody in fact should come to him, and he would prove to them the right and the wrong of the thing.

In his work he was nerved with the sense of the justice of the noble cause. He was wrapped up body and soul in one absorbing object—temperance. His truths have lighted up the dark places, and have shone like celestial torches. People have been drawn to the movement by his warm affection for it, by the conviction that God's hand was uppermost in the work done. Prejudices have been overthrown; and he has gone forward, overcoming all hindrances of an unworthy nature by his truth, faith and earnestness, and making wonder-

ful success everywhere. His name alone is now enough to keep the movement alive ; for the thousands that have been saved by him rush to hear it, and send it up in prayer daily to the throne of God. He can never be forgotten, or regarded in a cold, indifferent manner by any who has heard him. He is loved by all ; and he will always be regarded as a grand crusader in the great cause of temperance.

One of the most interesting features of the movement in Philadelphia was the plan of giving Sunday breakfasts. This was Mr. Murphy's plan, and it met with wonderful success. The following account of a newspaper reporter will be perused with pleasure, as it gives so happy a description of this successful innovation in temperance reform :

"The success of what may seriously be termed the providential—it is certainly a 'happy idea' of Mr. Murphy, the new apostle of temperance, to appeal to the conscience of the inebriate under the influence of a full stomach—was plainly manifested yesterday morning at the free Sabbath breakfast given under the auspices of the National Christian Temperance Union, in the annex building of the Academy of Fine Arts.

"By actual count the breakfast was partaken of by five hundred and forty-three men, twenty or more women, several children, and a couple of babies ; the latter, although small in numbers and in their mothers' laps, being the most demonstrative in the expression of the gratitude which was pictured on each and every countenance, without regard to sex, nativity, color, 'or previous condition of servitude' to rum.

"The occasion yesterday was increased in interest from the fact that the man who, seven years ago, had rescued Mr. Murphy from prison and shame, and thus restored him to his manhood, was present on the platform, sitting beside the man he had restored to society, and subsequently briefly addressing the assemblage.

"'I tell you, I'd rather starve than go and be fed like a pauper,' was the remark that fell on the ear as he passed a

group of seedily-dressed men standing at the corner of Broad and Race streets shortly before eight o'clock yesterday morning. The clouds were gathering and a rain was threatening at every moment.

"I know how it will be ; we will all be gathered like dogs, or rather hogs, up to a narrow table, and a hundred or more more of us, blacks and whites, will be tusseling with each other after a plate of weak soup ; and then we'll have to halloo out psalms and get down on our marrow bones for an hour or two, and then listen till twelve o'clock all about how wicked we are and all that, as if we didn't know it already. No ; I say, boys, I think I can get that fellow over at the corner where we spent our money last night to 'hang us up' for a round of beer, and he'll have a bully lunch—a whole lot of sausage, fixings, and black bread, besides tiptop soup at ten o'clock, and we can sit down and enjoy it ; what do you say? Let's go over and see whether the landlord is up yet.

"Just as a decisive vote was taken by an advance movement toward the beer shop, the spokesman who led the way was stopped suddenly by a young lady, plainly but neatly dressed, and wearing a countenance expressive of pure benevolence. The innate nature of the man made him gentle enough to accept a printed card which she had politely extended to him ; and the others followed his example with a 'Thank you, miss !'

"'Why, it's not a tract,' exclaimed the spokesman, in astonishment, after the young lady had passed on. 'By Jove, if it ain't a polite invitation for us to go and take breakfast with Murphy.'

"'Well, now, that's another kink. Murphy, I understood, says he was once as 'hard up' and as 'down in the heels' as we are. We are his peers! and as Mr. Murphy is so polite as to extend us an invitation in his formal way, why we can't do anything else but to accept it, or send him a letter of regret.'

"And the speaker and his companions laughed a very hungry laugh, as he gave the order, 'Right about face, boys ! I

have known in my time what polite society requires. Murphy is a brick, and we mustn't go back on him.'

"And the reporter followed the party into the breakfast room. The aroma of coffee that met the nostrils as one entered the door made the appetite keen. A number of well-dressed young men were quietly but swiftly passing around among five hundred or more of shabbily-dressed men and women, politely filling the neat cups of queensware which each of the latter held in their hands.

"Then followed another company of young men with trays heaped with the most appetizing sandwiches—not the sawdust sandwiches the traveller has to put up with at the railroad stations, but sandwiches that 'melted in the mouth,' as it were, and made the eater an Oliver Twist, wanting 'more.'

"The reporter couldn't stand the temptation, and, although he had not received any formal invitation from Mr. Murphy, he went in and 'joined in the crowd,' and the thought of 'what a good provider Mr. Murphy must be' had hardly revolved itself in the minds of his guests, as they were laying aside their cups and wiping their mouths, when the coffee and sandwich companies of young men came among them again—this time not only filling the cups, but inviting each and every guest to take a couple of sandwiches this time, or more if he felt he could 'go it.'

"And all this time a choir of young ladies were singing the beautiful hymns, 'What a friend a we have in Jesus,' and the like. So that after all had eaten, and Rev. Dr. Saul, of the Episcopal Church, had read the 'lesson of the day' from St. Matthew, 'No man can serve two masters,' and Rev. Dr. Kynett had delivered an impressive prayer of thanks, the congregation got quite sociable and became like members of one family, saying, 'Ain't this jolly,' to each other.

"And then some of the men began to adjust their hair a little neatly, brushing down the stray locks, etc., and the women 'spruced up' their bonnets or head gearing and spread out their dresses in a way to hide any holes or patches.

"It was noticeable that the large majority of the men had clean faces, although their countenances in many cases may have been a little weather-beaten.

"The dropping of a pin might have been heard when Mrs. Lincoln sang the beautiful hymn, 'What shall the harvest be?' The entire congregation joined in the chorus in voices, which although coarse, gave evidence of devotion. In the meantime, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Stewart, Rev. Dr. Westwood, Rev. Dr. Curry, and others went among the people, shaking hands, congratulating those who had already signed and kept the pledge, and cheering others who had not yet, but contemplated doing so; while a kindly-looking, white-haired physician went among the mothers giving them advice as to the ailings of their children and babies. One little youngster felt so contented that he tried playing hide-and-seek under the reporters' tables, which are located directly in front of the platform.

"Everybody seemed to feel at home and happy; and as Mr. Murphy walked down the aisle arm-in-arm with the well-known journalist familiarly called 'Deacon Jones'—his latest convert of prominence—the people began to applaud; but this was speedily checked when Mr. Bailey reminded them of the day."

This movement was not generally considered a struggle in which, by kind words and gentle acts, men were carefully guided away from the abyss upon whose brink they stood, ready to topple over any minute. It was considered by a great many as a direct fight with King Alcohol; that men who fell at this despot's feet in cringing homage had long been contemplating it; and that they were only waiting for one to take the high place of leader at the head of their ranks.

The country was ready for the crusade, as drunkenness was frowned upon by society and considered disgraceful as well as criminal; and the very ones addicted to this awful indulgence were only awaiting a good and fitting opportunity to fight their way back to honorable, sober and worthy lives.

Great movements are, as a rule, created and conducted by a master mind. God prepares the minds and hearts of the people for it ; the very air seems to breathe what is to take place. All that is required to start the movement, and to arouse the people, is an instrument of his power. Through the humblest means he works miracles. In this great moment Francis Murphy was chosen and saved, so that he might go and occupy the position selected for him, and for him alone. And, realizing some mysterious and all-powerful agency, he accepted what seemed the only thing for him to do, and nobly went forth to battle against intemperance. Wherever he went, and whenever he spoke the power of God seemed to be with him, crowning his every effort with wonderful success. Indeed he seemed inspired. His eloquence aroused his hearers into great and positive enthusiasm, and he swayed them at his will. What he did at one point would electrify and start another into a perfect blaze of earnest effort and warm enthusiasm.

In some places, and even small cities, one-half of the population have signed the pledge, and become Murphy men. In some the whole place has been captured, and not a drop of liquor has been sold there. In others, every tavern and every saloon were obliged to close their doors, and the alcoholic liquors have been, by the proprietors, emptied into the streets to mingle with the dirt, amidst the wildest excitement and delight of the people devoted to the noble cause of total abstinence. Where this movement will end it is utterly impossible to say ; and the results that spring from it cannot be estimated. The country has embraced the cause with a fervor that amazes all; but amazement gives place to conviction when the unbelievers are brought within the influence of the hero of it, and his many zealous and powerful co-workers. Their earnestness, truth and steadfastness carries everything before them.

On the evening of May 25, 1877, a mass meeting of churches was held in the Tabernacle M. E. Church on Eleventh street, Philadelphia, to support the Mayor of Philadelphia in his efforts to close the drinking saloons on Sunday. There

was an immense audience present, for the subject had been discussed in every phase, and the demand of the people for some definite action in the matter was no longer to be left unheeded by those parties in public offices. Many distinguished gentlemen were present, and some remarkably fine addresses were delivered. In the earlier part of the evening Mr. Murphy was introduced, and received a thundering reception. For some seconds he was kept bowing to the very hearty applause, which he did in his affable fashion, so dear to the thousands who know him. His speech, which we give, was received with expressions, on all sides, of genuine delight and interest. He said:

"I am very glad to come here for a few moments before going to the Annex. I am glad to know that God's people are going to take hold of this work. I believe that everything that will make men true and grand will be found in the Church of Christ. If political meetings were held in churches instead of in rum shops we would have a better government. My faith is in the means now being employed in emancipating all of us from the curse of drunkenness. The Sons of Temperance and Good Templars have done valiant work; but the trouble is, there has not been enough. We hardly ever hear of a man being converted in a Good Templar lodge. The mistake is not with the young men; it is with ourselves to-day. It is the duty of every man to so present the truth of God that they become interested in it. Before I leave the city I want to get the autograph of every one who has signed my pledge, and find out what church he would like to attend. It is a blessed thing we have a temperance movement now that is non-political. It must be kept from politics and sectarianism. I was not compelled to give up tobacco in consequence of any brow-beating; but I made up my mind to leave it off. I would say to the young men who are not smoking men, don't do it, as it is a dreadfully unpleasant habit to cultivate. A great many people believed that I would not keep my pledge not to drink, and would go to selling liquor again; but they

did not know my heart. Instead of closing the saloons one day let us close them every day in the week, and keep them closed.

"Do not let us be discouraged. Let us put on the whole armor of God. Let us stand foot to foot until the last saloon is closed, and the fire put out of the last distillery. I hope the rum-shops will be hermetically sealed on Sunday and closed throughout the week."

A LODGING HOUSE IN RAMCAT ALLEY.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW THE WORK PROCEEDED IN THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE.—CO-OPERATION OF THE LADIES AND THE CHURCHES.—ANECDOTES, ADDRESSES, AND PERSONAL INCIDENTS.

A VERY interesting feature of the Philadelphia movement was the children's meetings. These were largely attended, and the brave little people succeeded in doing a great deal of good. They signed the pledge, and got a number to sign also. Here we see a charming illustration of future excellency and honor—little children going forward, and taking a pledge that is as binding as any other oath registered before God or man, promising to avoid all intoxicants as a beverage for the time being and to come. Here we kill the awful evil before it is born, and lay a foundation for glorious manhood. Mr. Murphy was always seen at his best at these meetings. A father himself, and passionately fond of children, he knew exactly how to address them, and make an impression. His addresses to them were master-pieces of simplicity and charming rhetoric ; and he enjoyed being with them as much as they did with him. On one occasion—Saturday afternoon, April 14th, —Concert Hall was jammed with the little people of all classes, from the fine miss from an Arch street mansion to the ragged bootblack. Mr. Murphy was unusually felicitous in his remarks, and three hundred children went up to the pledge tables. Those who were present will always remember the tender look of the famous orator, his affectionate greeting to each signer, as one by one they came up, and the way he kissed a happy little one now and then, in his delight and supreme satisfaction.

The cause was very much strengthened by the hearty co-operation of the ladies of Philadelphia. These noble women were active and zealous, and did more good than mere words can express. They were anxious and ready to extend to all in need and suffering a kind, helping hand; and many a despairing one, close upon the gloomy region of the valley of death, was saved by them. They recognized that something else besides preaching and praying was required to fully establish temperance, and went quietly and steadily to carry out their plans in an orderly and systematic manner. The hungry required food, and those in rags needed decent raiment. These demands were quickly gratified. The ladies organized society after society in the various churches; and soon they were engaged as busily and as steadfastly in the movement as any other body connected with it. At the close of the noonday prayer-meetings, when so very many had been saved from the delusive snares of intemperance, tables laden with good substantial food stood free and ready for the hungry. How glad it made the hearts of the poor, unfortunate beings! And how eagerly they enjoyed the bounteous repast!

The ladies, at whose head was Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, a lady well known throughout the country as a true Christian, and a successful writer and publisher of several Christian journals, held meetings for several weeks in the lecture room of the Central Coffee House. This building could not accommodate the dense crowds that thronged to the meetings; and consequently they moved to the Mission building of the West Arch Street Presbyterian Church, the use of which was tendered them free of all expense. Here they labored, holding their prayer-meetings, and supplying the hungry with food and the ragged with clothes, with wonderful ability, and succeeded until, it also becoming of too limited a capacity for their visitors, they rented the hall and rooms at 1635 Market street. It would be utterly out of the question to give an accurate statistical account of the good these noble women did in the cause; for there was no time for them to make reports, their

efforts and their work being absorbed by Francis Murphy's labor at the time. They cast in their labors, asking no recognition for their woman's work. They were willing to push the movement on without their names being brought before the public in any way ; and nobly did they push it, doing good in a thousand ways as only true, pure Christian women know how. A lodging-house for the homeless was provided by these ladies a few doors below No. 1635. This building was neatly and comfortably fitted up ; and was a perfect God-send to the poor wanderers of humanity. Here they could rest their weary limbs, and enjoy the quiet and sweet repose under a most hospitable roof, and be cared for by noble, loving women.

In pursuing the history of the salient facts of the Murphy movement, our readers will already have seen the difficulty of pursuing the consecutively narrative form, or being strictly faithful to chronological order. The facts repeated themselves under new phases at each place visited by Mr. Murphy, the meetings were conducted on the same principles, and of course there was a certain monotony in the general features of Murphy's efforts, though there was never-failing and intense interest, no matter how long the revival season might be. Still there were certain characteristics peculiar to each place, that were reproduced in the external embodiment of the cause and the efforts used to push it. After all no more vivid and truthful clues can be given to the real marrow and significance of the Murphy movement than in personal traits, incidents, and addresses. So before completing a general summary and weighing the aggregate results of the great temperance advocate's efforts at Philadelphia, our readers will be interested in a series of sketches and anecdotes, as well as extracts from speeches. These we shall offer without direct reference to the time of happening, as they are all interesting illustrations, which might have happened at any period of the Quaker City revival.

Francis Murphy and Mr. J. L. Bailey, were, on one occasion, walking to the hall where the meetings were held. They were

about passing the doors of a saloon when Mr. Murphy turned abruptly, and said quickly, "Let us go in here." They walked into the saloon, and up to the bar, in front of which stood three fine-looking young men each having a tumbler containing liquor before him. The entrance of the two strange gentlemen suspended the drinking just as it was about to begin. Mr. Murphy stepped up to the bar-tender and grasping his hand, said, "How are you, sir? God bless you!" He turned to the young men, and shook hands with each of them, giving each in turn his blessing, and then said, pointing to the glasses, "Brothers, I wouldn't drink that. I wish you would come with me to our meeting." He made himself known to the men, and, after some kindly remarks to the bar-tender, left the place followed by the three young men, who left the liquor they had paid for untouched on the bar.

W. R. Bucknell said in the Tabernacle that he had arrived at that despairing point in life when hope seemed a mere myth, and thought himself lost to all things honorable and correct, until God in his infinite mercy saw fit to bring him back. He felt certain that, if he could be saved, there was not a single person in the building that could not be. He earnestly besought moderate drinkers to abstain altogether from intoxicants, and to sign the pledge. They could at least do great good by praying for their friends; God was a true hearer and answerer of prayers.

Mr. Warden gave a most interesting account of an acquaintance of his, who had come from Pittsburg to Philadelphia during the proceedings of the temperance movement, and who had been urged again and again to sign the pledge. He positively refused to do so, saying that, although he did drink and sometimes drank more than he should, he could abstain when he pleased, and did not need the restraints of a pledge to keep him from going wrong. When, however, he had yielded to the urgency of his friends, and had attended one or two meetings he made up his mind to sign the pledge. Going back to Pittsburgh he was not satisfied to remain idle, so exerted

himself to save others, and was now doing a good work there.

Mr. Emory said felicitously, before an immense audience, that he had turned away from his former habits only fourteen days ago. He had sunk to a lamentable depth of degradation, after being a good member of the church and a Sunday-school teacher. He expected to encounter temptations; but with God's help, meant to steer clear of them. He entreated all present to pray for him.

A son from green Erin was, on one occasion, brought forward with some difficulty, and urged to tell his experience to the listening crowd. He was received with applause, and he quaintly said: "Ladies and gentlemen—I have been a very bad man, and have been in the habit of drinking for many years; but I signed the pledge yesterday, and I tell you all that I mean to keep it."

Professor Kelley, of Pittsburgh, was introduced at one of the meetings, and said that he felt a stronger and much better man than he was two weeks ago, and God helping and giving him strength, he was determined to stand by the noble cause of total abstinence. On his return to Pittsburgh, he would tell the good news from Philadelphia. He looked forward to the glorious time when the banner of temperance would wave from Maine to Georgia, and from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific.

Captain Saunders made the following neat little speech at one of the meetings: "I was induced to join the temperance society the other day, not because I was a drunkard, but because I was one of the moderate drinkers. Before another glass of beer or whiskey passes down my throat, it must be when I am dead; but never while I am alive. I have seen many a man fall from aloft and overboard from the effects of liquor. For the last three days I have not been suffering from dyspepsia, and I account for it by my abstaining. When Mr. Murphy goes from us I want this noble work to go on. I expect to live fifty years longer, God willing, and then I will

be only as old as my father was, who died at the good old age of one hundred and four.

John Myers said he was reformed, and that he felt stronger every day. The day after he took the pledge, a German asked him to take a drink with him, but he answered that he drank nothing now but Murphy punches. He said, in Philadelphia there were many men, and women too, who sent their children into beer saloons for drink, and that this eventually proved their ruin.

Samuel P. Godwin said in an address at one of the Murphy meetings, that while the Board of Managers of the Franklin Reformatory Home were in session, a young man, whom he knew ten or twelve years ago to be living in opulence, came to them saying he had no home, no friends, no money, and looking fully sixty years of age. Drunkenness had brought him to this condition. He signed the pledge; and was now working his way up in the world again.

Samuel McClary made a most telling speech, in which he said: "I am an ex-convict. I am not ashamed to confess it now that I have reformed. My love of liquor brought me to jail, and completely wrecked my life. I could not abstain; but now I have signed Mr. Murphy's pledge, and I shall keep it, God helping me!"

David Warburton, a middle-aged man, said he had been constantly intoxicated for the last twenty-five years, and had been reduced to so low a grade of society that he considered himself a shame and a disgrace. He informed the audience that he was a poet by nature, and proceeded to recite some verses, which he had composed the night previous, and which he had committed to memory.

Mr. McLean said: "I have been a drinking man since my fourteenth year, and I was a very hard case. I am only four weeks old to-day; but I feel a great deal better since I signed the pledge."

William G. McMullen, an attorney at law, said, before a large audience: "Mr. Murphy asked me yesterday, 'Can I

depend on your word, brother?' and I must say I have indeed kept my pledge. I hope that, with the help of God, having written my name to the pledge, I will remain true to it. I would say to others, come and do as I have done—come straight forward, and then you will have the eyes of the people upon you, and when they meet you afterward they will know if you have kept the pledge."

Charles Haigh, formerly a liquor dealer, said he had read the report of one of Francis Murphy's addresses in Concert Hall in the "Times," and feeling convinced, he concluded to quit the business. As long as God spared his life he would lift his voice in favor of temperance, and do all in his power to help others to sign the pledge, and further the cause.

George F. B. Collins, attorney at law, said he spoke to moderate drinkers when he begged persons to come forward and sign the pledge. He said his analysis of a glass of whisky consisted of crutches, scaffolds, law-suits, divorces, imitations of prisons, assaults, and general degradation. The only way to save yourself from these is to abstain now and forever. In a glass of whisky or any other intoxicating drink he could see no faith, hope or charity.

Brother Gore said he had been a man only two weeks. Previous to that time he had been worse than a brute; for a brute would not have drunk whisky as he had done. He was formerly a liquor-dealer. God had now given him a new heart, pure and manly, and he was exceedingly glad, and meant to try and retain it.

E. G. Evans said he was just thirteen days old. In his opinion open confession was good for the soul; and therefore he would confess everything. Fifteen months ago his wife gave birth to twins. He and she were perfectly delighted with them. When they were two weeks old he felt very happy. The devil put it into his head to take a walk one afternoon. He did so, got into a saloon, took a drink, and kept drinking until thirteen days ago. He had now signed

the pledge, and his wife and twins were very glad over it. He meant to keep it.

Thomas Falladay, a sea-faring man, spoke as follows at a Murphy meeting: "I joined the temperance society in 1864. I have seen the time when I used to lie down in the ditches of France and Italy, so drunk was I; and if there are any sailors here to-night, I hope they will come forward and sign the pledge. I mean to keep the pledge."

One of Mr. Murphy's converts, on being brought forward and introduced by the great temperance apostle, said: "I was sick all over, from top to bottom, from tooth to toe-nail, when I first "quit;" but now I am all right. I have been a bad man; a hard drinker. I signed the pledge only nine days ago. I intend to keep it as long as I live."

Joseph James addressed Mr. Murphy in the following manner before a large audience: "Francis Murphy, it is certainly embarrassing for me to get up before this vast audience; but I see by the fire in your eye, that you won't take "no" for an answer. Therefore, I wish to say, Francis Murphy, that two days ago, I would have sold my soul for a glass of beer; and I wish to say, Francis Murphy, that to-day I would rather die than touch it."

George W. Southworth confessed that he had been a moderate drinker. He had often resolved to cease drinking; but his appetite was far stronger than his mental promises. Finally he managed to sign the Murphy pledge, and was now a better and happier man.

J. C. Love, a gentleman who became identified with the Murphy work, and who is now working away with a will in it; said to a large meeting that his signature to the pledge looked like a Chinaman's mark, and Mr. Murphy had to hold him up when he spoke. Slowly but surely strength, both of body and mind, came back to him. He left his business for six weeks entirely to take care of itself, and commenced to work for the cause. He had been one of the worst drunkards on record, always full and always wanting more; but now he had con-

quered the terrible appetite, and would never be under its influence again as long as he lived. The pledge saved him.

John Andrews said he was three weeks old. He was born at the Central Coffee House, where he had given his heart to God, and had reformed. The desire for intoxicants had made him very miserable, and had ruined his prospects in life more than once. Through Mr. Murphy's cheering words of future happiness he had seen his errors, and had signed the pledge. Things looked clearer and brighter already.

Thomas Halliday, a sailor, blessed God that now he could put on a good pair of trousers and a decent coat, and have one dollar in his pocket. Signing the pledge and abstaining gave him these.

John Columny said he had stood at the bar fifteen years monopolizing drinking altogether. He was now on another track, a sure and straight road to happiness and prosperity—total abstinence. He had signed the pledge, and his boys would now have an example. If the fathers patronize the saloons is it to be much wondered at that the children come home drunk? Would to God all fathers would sign the pledge as he had done!

"I have heard," said a reformed man at one of the Murphy meetings, "chemists describe all that they could see in a drop of water. Shall I tell you what I see in a glass of whisky? I see a rip in the coat way up behind; I see pants a foot too short for a man; I see torn shoes that won't cover a man's toes; I see red eyes and black eyes, and I see shin plasters that won't pay for a man's dinner.

"There are some men with brass enough to make a preserving kettle, but when a fellow like some of these who've always needed an oyster knife to pry their mouths open will stand up and tell how they are saved by the grace of God, it makes a corner in the liquor trade, I can tell you.

"One reason why the devil tempts men to drink is because since he was kicked out of a better place he wants company where he is.

"I'm just forty-eight hours old and I am too nervous to stand up very straight, but that's my first speech."

Mr. Samuel McLain's testimony at the Philadelphia Tabernacle, before a large audience was this: "I am a reformed man, and I intend to remain that. I have known times when I would actually sell the clothes I wore for whisky. I have known what it is to be despised by Christian parents. I have known what it is to be homeless. I have known what it is to be in the penitentiary. I have signed the pledge. Before that I had nothing, and now see the change. I have respectable friends and comfortable clothes. God be praised for the change in me. The money brokers will no longer get my clothes; the liquor-dealers my money, my honor, my soul."

John Carrigan admitted with contrite heart at a gathering in the good old Quaker Town that he had been a mere professional pledge-taker. His pledges lasted a day, and he had taken enough to fill an immense trunk. He was all right now —the light of truth having lighted up the chambers of his heart and soul, completely scaring from thence the dark, grim shadows of sin.

The very first signers of the pledge at the Temperance Tabernacle, Philadelphia, were two men, rather the worse for liquor. While the inspiring exercises were being conducted they came up to the table, swaying somewhat wildly to and fro. "I'm drunk now," said one of them, managing in some way to write his name, "but it's the last time. I'm going to sign. Will ye sign too, Charley, me boy?" "Yes." "Thin shake hands," and they shook hands as well as they could in their present state, after which they urged the ushers at the table to shake hands also, and witness their good action.

Mr. J. A. Southwick, a merchant of some prominence in Philadelphia, said before an immense audience in the Tabernacle: "I signed the pledge on Easter Sunday night, and it was the gladdest day of the whole year to me, and will be that forever. I gave my soul then to Chirst. I have been a drinking man for years. More than once I have been prostrated by

serious illness; but recovered only to return to drinking. To save myself I joined a temperance society; but I could not resist the tempter. I see now why I could not abstain—I did not pray to Him to be helped. I have signed the pledge, and mean to keep it, by praying to Jesus, and by His kind assistance.

Dr. J. S. Cram spoke as follows, at a Murphy meeting in Philadelphia: "I am glad to be here. I am attracted hither in spite of myself. I heard Mr. Murphy speak in Pittsburgh six months ago, but I did not believe in him; he seemed a fanatic to me. I was induced to append my name to the pledge in Concert Hall by my wife, who had done so. Six weeks ago I went to our beloved Savior, and now I am happier than I have ever been in my whole life. I thank Him for that undertow of temperance which bore me along until I was landed safely at His feet."

Francis Murphy is a true lover of nature. He is very fond of flowers, and is partial to a sweet button-hole bouquet. In many instances these lovely children of mother earth have been the means of saving men. At the Philadelphia Tabernacle, one night in May, a man by the name of McMullan, who had just signed the pledge, confessed that a flower had brought him to do it. He had presented it to Mr. Murphy, who entreated him to visit the Tabernacle in the evening. He promised to come. He went, and saved himself from sin.

William J. Jones, better known as "Deacon Jones," had been for many years a very successful representative of the press. His position in the world of letters was honorable and high; but a desire for strong drink hurled him from it. He became a drunkard. While reeling through the streets one day, Mr. Murphy came across him. The great temperance orator paused, took his fresh nosegay from his button-hole, and pinned it on the "Deacon's" breast. When he recovered, the flowers aroused the sleeping conscience, and stirred his degenerate manhood. That evening he signed the pledge, and redeemed thereby his claim to the noble title of man.

Mr. Charles Wenzell, the reformed sporting man, related a curious incident that came to his knowledge. A man, on his return home, after a "jolly good time," generally, wanted something to eat. He discovered a bowl of milk, into which a ball of thread had dropped, and a bit of bread. He dispatched the milk, thread and bread. The thread caught in his teeth, and he began to pull it out. He became alarmed at seeing no end, and called his wife. "I'm unraveling!" he cried, anxiously. "Boys," said Mr. Wenzell, "we want you too to unravel—unravel the chain of sin."

John L. Linton was one of the noblest instances of faithfulness and devotion in the Murphy movement. He had a comfortable home on the banks of the Delaware, containing an extensive wine-cellar. "It was the wine-cellar that caused the loss of the entire home, and the temporary ruin of its builder and owner," Mr. Linton confessed. He embraced temperance, and did much good in the movement; and is now working for it in Philadelphia with considerable success.

John Tennyson delivered the following address at a Murphy meeting in the Tabernacle:

"If I were to take the time to tell you all the benefits I have received from signing the pledge, you would have to 'amen' me down like Brother Murphy. I am doing well, better than I ever did before. I have been lifted from the depths of a life of degradation into a better life. A few weeks ago I was discarded from a home of luxury and ease to that of woe and want. Nine weeks ago last Saturday night, I entered Concert Hall in a semi-intoxicated condition. I took a seat in the remotest corner of the hall where I might hide my tattered garments from the rude gaze of the people, and you may know how much interest I felt in the meeting when I tell you I fell asleep, and was not awakened until Mr. Murphy was making his closing speech. The next day at noon I signed the pledge, and have not since regretted that step.

"Soon after the war I became intimately acquainted with a young man, whose life in this world bade fair to lead him on

to fortune. His was a jovial disposition, frank and open-hearted, and it was his wont to meet with convivial friends on a set night and make a time of it. One cold winter morning in the year 1868, after indulging more than usual, that morning he proceeded to his work, which consisted in putting a tin roof upon a building. He had been there only a few hours, when making a mis-step he fell backward through the skylight, a distance of forty feet, and was picked up in a lifeless condition. An eminent physician was sent for, who said: 'I cannot add tortures to his miseries; he cannot live.' He was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital, his relatives were sent for, and the first at his bedside was his mother. As she bended her slender form over the bed of that oldest son, with an agonized eye she looked into the eyes of the physician, saying, 'Oh, sir! can he live? Can my boy live?' She did not want him to be sent to a drunkard's grave. The physician replied: 'We cannot tell, his life is in a higher power than ours.' All through that dreary winter she carried him nourishment and consolation. He was removed to her home only to rise from that bed a cripple for life. It is unnecessary for me to tell you that that man and myself are the same person. I hate the vile groggery; it has robbed me of the use of a good right arm, it has invaded our social and family circles and removed our best friends. Oh, men, arise and assert your liberty by enrolling your name on the roll of honor. Oh, men! why bow ye down to images of stone! Now, rise! be free! trust in the God above, for with him is mercy and goodness. Come forward, then, to-night, and sign the pledge. Take the advice of one who has known the miseries which result from the use of intoxicating drink, and who is now free from it and enjoying a life of temperance."

The following words were uttered by Mr. Frank Burns, of Pittsburgh, at the Murphy Tabernacle, in Philadelphia:

"I am amazed at the immense size of this building, which I expected so little to see. I came here to-day to see Mr. Murphy, because I have been so weary with the work in Pitts-

burg that I wished a little rest; and, I thought I would get a little rest by coming to see him, as he has been a friend to me. As I was sitting here to-night my thoughts went back to a little over five years ago, when I was in your city, about to leave it for Pittsburgh, accompanying my father's body home. He died, while on a visit here, of pneumonia, after five days' illness. I was at that time attending Jefferson Medical College. When he died I became heir to a fortune of over $80,000. As I was his only child, and as my mother had died four years previously, I did not have the right people to counsel me. I spent a portion of my time in this city. I then went into the liquor business in New York. I next went down to Pittsburgh and got married, and made a wedding tour to Europe, through Ireland and England. I assure you Irish whisky did not improve matters with me. I returned, and, to make a long story short, I gradually went on till I got from the top of the ladder to the foot almost. Thank God, to-night I am saved; but I might have been saved sooner. About four months ago I had a drinking spree of about five days. I had not heard of Mr. Murphy being in Pittsburgh, but one morning I met brother David Hall, who asked me to come and hear Murphy. I said: 'All right.' I didn't know where Murphy was. I thought it was some new saloon. I said: 'Yes, I would as soon drink Murphy's whisky as anybody else's.' So he took me up to the University and we saw Murphy. It was not the Murphy I expected to see. I signed the pledge. I have been saved through the instrumentality of Mr. Murphy, by the grace of God, from a drunkard's grave. I did not come here to praise him. But I know the good he has done me, and I know what he has done for Pittsburgh."

Mr. John H. Love, of Philadelphia, said before a great Tabernacle meeting:

"At the age of sixteen I had an iron constitution. For twenty-five years I was a moderate drinker. I could start on five glasses and keep on drinking and still remain pretty sober. The habit was increasing upon me year after year, and my

appetite for drink got stronger and stronger, so that I could not do without it. The accursed stuff was dragging me down into the lowest depths, and poisoning me. I had power over everything but that. Whisky had the mastery over me. Now, thank God, since I have signed the pledge, I am master; and, by the help of God, I will be master. It is something noble for you, young men, to throw the cursed shackles from off your feet. There is not a man living but can stop drinking and be a man. This country is large. There is not a man in the country, or city, but what there is employment for, if he will go about it in the right way. Some say: 'There is no use in my signing it, I cannot keep it.' Whenever the temptation comes to you, even if you have the whisky poured out, get on your knees first, and I will guarantee that the whisky is thrown on the floor, and you will go off feeling a better man. I have had trials, but I can look back and say I am master now."

The two following incidents were given by Mr. Murphy himself with great power and applause in his talks at the Tabernacle:

"I was speaking upon the subject of temperance in New Brighton, Connecticut. After I got through, a lady came upon the platform, and taking me to one side, said: 'I wish you would please come to my home.' Well, I was delighted to hear the sweet, musical voice of my countrywoman, and I went home with her and her beautiful daughter Mary. She said, before we reached home, 'I wish you could see James, my husband.'

"He had bought property in New Brighton and it had since increased very rapidly in value; it had cost only two thousand dollars and it was now worth forty thousand. He was a moulder by trade, and came into wealth, and, being possessed of true Irish hospitality, he was always ready with a drop of the creature. Having arrived at his house, his wife called to him, 'Come down, James O'Connor.' James came down, and I said: 'How are you?' He looked kindly into my face and

said, 'I am all right.' I said, 'James, I am afraid you are all wrong.' 'Never mind,' said he, 'just take a drop.' So he went to the pantry and brought out his bottle in grand style, 'and now,' said he, 'give us a little boiling water and some sugar.' 'If you please,' said I, 'I cannot touch it.' 'Ah,' said he, 'you're the temperance man?' 'Yes,' said I. We then talked and reasoned together. During this time, I noticed a little mark over the forehead of the mother, and she had a welt of her hair brought down to cover it. I said: 'Mrs. O'Connor, what happened to your face?' She said, 'Don't say anything about that.' A countryman of mine sold her husband liquor; there he spent his nights; and that was the origin of the mark. I said to her: 'Will you tell me where this countryman lives?' She told me, and I spoke to him about it. He was a true Irishman, and he loved the family, and he said: 'If it has made James O'Connor put that mark on his wife, never shall I again sell a drop of intoxicating liquor.' And he never did, and he has made a respectable living since he quit selling it.

"A dear countryman came to America in search of a fortune. He had a beautiful family, and was a stone mason by trade. He had brothers in the city of Portland who represented a large amount of wealth, and he thought he would go into the liquor traffic.

"My brother engaged in the business. He had a beautiful son whom he took in the business with him; and he had two beautiful girls. He commenced in the liquor traffic and he made a large amount of money. When his son was twenty years of age he had twenty thousand dollars' worth of property. His son drank constantly and kept on drinking. Finally, at the age of twenty-one, this boy, this darling of his life, was taken with the delirium tremens and died; his father was at his side. His dear mother, who had been so proud of him, worried and walked up and down her home until she sickened and died from a broken heart. I was personally acquainted with the father. I knew him to be a genuine, noble-hearted

Christian man. But he commenced to drink, and to such an excess that his own two brothers had him arrested and carried to the county jail.

"While he was incarcerated I made it my duty to visit him. I wish I had the power of a Dickens to describe the man. He was in one of those little dark cells, and had nothing on him but his pantaloons, his hair was standing up on his head, his hands and fingers looked like the claws of an eagle, they were so spare and thin. When he saw me he came to the door, and in his sweet, loving way he said, 'Ah, Mr. Murphy, that's you.' And the tears ran down his cheeks as he spoke of his darling boy. Poor Willie died, whipped into eternity with the scorpions chasing him, whilst his father held him.

"His sister was one of the finest girls in Portland, and she, poor Mary, took to drink, and died from the effects of intoxicating liquor. I have attended the funerals of the father, mother, son and daughter; and I saw them placed side by side in the grave-yard.

"There is no marble slab, to-day, to tell of the last resting place of this mother and her children, but if the truth could be written over their graves, it would be said, 'Rum killed them.'"

The following clipping from the Philadelphia *Daily Express*, proving the unselfishness and extensiveness of Francis Murphy's work, will be perused with interest:

"Midnight witnessed an impressive scene. Frank Murphy, escorted by Sergeant Pearson and a couple of police officers, and accompanied by a full delegation of newspaper men, was standing in the garret of the tenement house on Ramcat alley and St. Mary street. Lying on the floor (some in a nude condition) and standing around him were colored and white women. Some of the latter hid their faces in their hands, while others welcomed the visitors.

"'I am married, and my name is Mrs. Annie Howard,' said a fair-haired woman, with a soft voice. 'I have seen better days, and I still trust in the Almighty. I love my husband, and he is good to me.'

"Some of the rooms were even wretched, and the inmates sullen and constrained, while in others Mr. Murphy was greeted with great cordiality.

"The 'bosses' of the rooms paid a rental of $4.50 to $7 per month. They sub-let them to several families. Some were occupied by eight or ten persons. The atmosphere was so close and fœtid that several of the visitors were forced to seek the fresh air of the street.

"'These properties are owned by a wealthy retired Market street merchant,' said the sergeant. 'He is now in Europe living on the proceeds. The agent is a Mr. Dunlap, and the rental of the buildings amounts to $2,100 a year.'

"In one of the rooms Mr. Murphy was most cordially received by two fine-looking black men, both of whom had signed the pledge. One of them (John Folk) was a banjo player. He had lamed his foot in the army.

"'Are you married to Ellen?' asked Mr. Murphy, pointing to a woman who was lying on the floor with her face closely covered up.

"'Well, I'm married in a certain way; I ain't in the regular way, because I ain't got the money to pay for a minister. It's all I can do to raise money enough to eat; and I give folks I know a rest here in the room rather than let them stay on the streets. They can't pay, because they've got nothing.'

"'Well, will you marry her if I pay the minister?'

"'Oh, yes,' he cried, candidly. 'That is if she says so; I love her well enough.'

"'Will you consent, Ellen?'

"'Yes, I'd like to very much,' she replied, as she threw the bed clothes off her face, and accepted Mr. Murphy's extended hand.

"'Then, come up to the Annex building on next Sunday morning and we'll have a marriage; I'll pay the minister,' said Mr. Murphy.

"John took down his banjo and played 'Down the Swanee River,' while Mr. Murphy's son, who accompanied him, passed around the hat and a dollar was collected for the player.

"This put John in great glee, and he sang 'Yaller Girl Picking Cotton.'

"It was almost too late an hour for the visit, but Mr. Murphy had been detained from starting out at half-past ten o'clock, as had been arranged. Many of the barrel houses were closed, but Mr. Murphy visited those that were open, and was everywhere received with respect. Many said they had heard him speak, and all appeared to have a cordial welcome for him.

"The reporter left them still climbing the rickety stairs at one o'clock this morning. It was surprising to see so few drunken persons.

"'I guess they must have known Murphy was coming, and kept on their good behavior,' observed an officer.

"'How can a man stand over a range all day without taking a drop of porter now and then?' asked one respectable colored man who had been a sailor.

"'Take coffee instead,' replied Mr. Murphy. 'Its like a steamboat. If you pile on grease and oil you will kindle a hot fire, but it soon wants replenishing; but put in good coal and you have a solid fire. So it is with coffee and bread. It's substantial, while the porter and gin give nourishment for only a time.'

"'Dat's de God's truf,' exclaimed John Green, the ex-sailor; 'I guess I'll have to try it. Anyhow I'll be up to your Sunday breakfast, Mr. Murphy.'"

A visit to some of the fire houses in Philadelphia led Mr. Murphy to a new idea. "Why does such a man as you drink?" he asked of a large, well-built man, whose face bore indications of dissipation.

"Well, you see," answered the man, "we must have some stimulant when we are soaking wet at a fire, after being up all night, and that keeps up the appetite."

"Wouldn't a good cup of coffee and a sandwich do as well, if not much better?"

"Yes," laughingly answered all the hands; "but how in the

world are we to get the coffee and sandwiches at midnight or daybreak, when buildings are threatened on all sides?"

"You should be served by the authorities. Come up to the meetings and sign the pledge in a body and I will endeavor to create an interest in the public mind so that you will be supplied with a good cup of coffee and plenty of sandwiches, as you are holding the pipe or passing on the water."

"Go ahead," was the hearty, unanimous reply, "We are with you."

The following testimonies by reformed men will be read with much interest:

"Three weeks ago, my friends, I had on my hands a hotel and a bar, and over my counter death and damnation was passing to my fellow creatures as fast as they could drink it or find the money to pay for it. I drank myself, I smoked, I chewed, I gambled. I was a servant of sin in every form. To-day I stand free in Christ, with my time, my money, and my life fully and forever given to God, and to God's work of saving men. I wouldn't give a day of this existence for a lifetime of the old life. I wouldn't change the joy of helping one poor soul out of the mire for all the world could offer."

"I had fallen so low that I hadn't left an unpawned chair to sit on, or a bed to lie on. I wouldn't wait in the morning to go for my early drink until I had my shoes on, but would rush out bare-footed; and, of course, it did not take long to bring me to a place where I had no shoes to put on. I became so ragged and debased that I skulked sidewise into my own door. I had one only feeling that was not *utterly* degraded. I *did* love my child, a beautiful and loving little boy. With this child in my arms I was another creature, and often I held him tight, and whispered to him that I would be a better man. Yet when this boy sickened before my eyes, I got drunk; when this boy died, I was drunk; when my boy was buried, I was lying in the Tombs, drunk. I served the devil fifteen years, for I began when a youth of eighteen, and all that precious time is lost out of my life. Only God could have helped me;

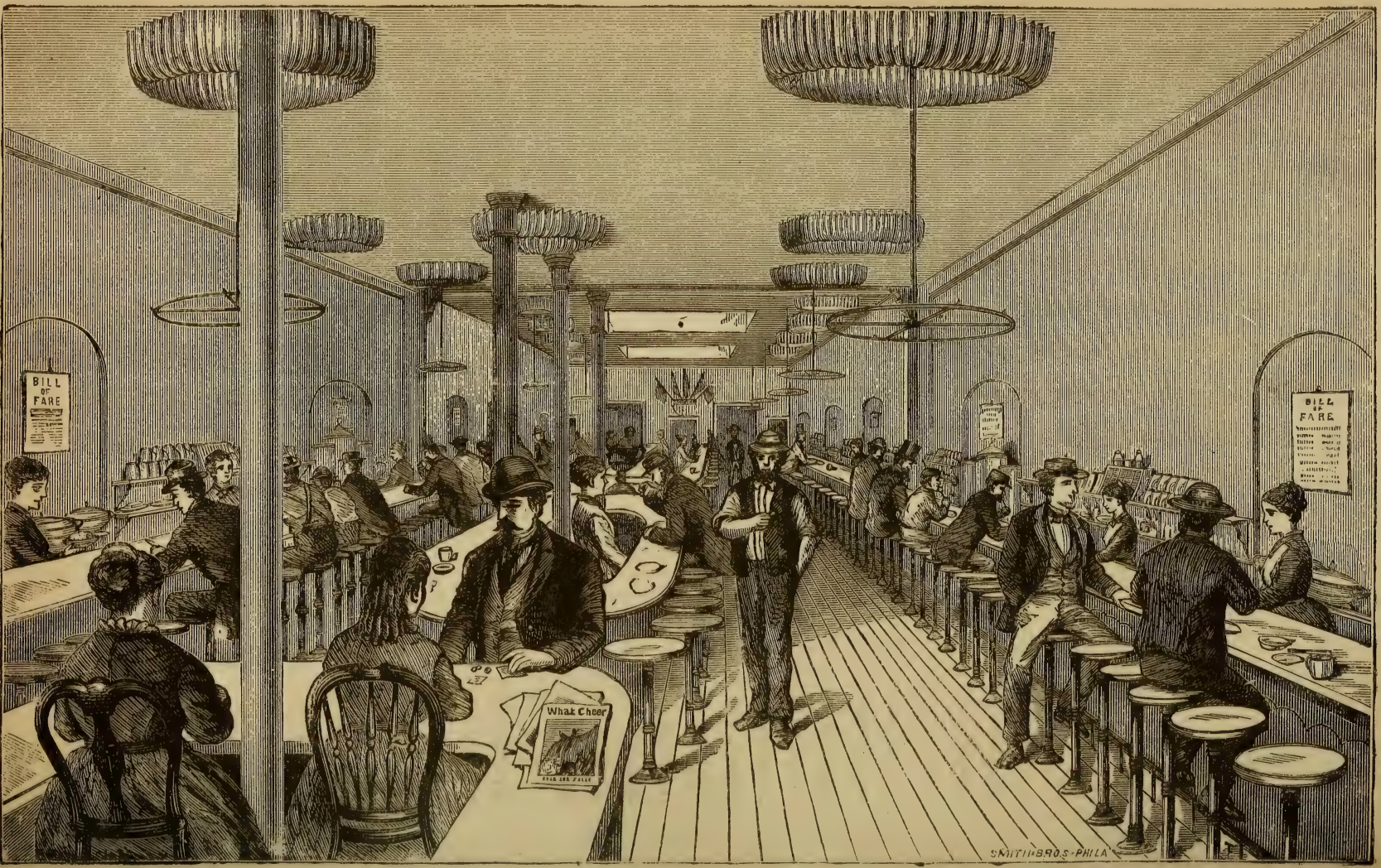
only God can keep one ; but he *does* keep me, and I have faith to believe He will."

"I do not know to this day what was said, but I was sufficiently impressed to desire, when the invitation was given, to go into the inquiry room. But I was ashamed to go before my companion, and I have since known that he wanted me to go, but was ashamed to go before me. I said to him, when the offer was repeated, 'Are you going?' and he said, 'No ; are you?' and I said, 'No.' So we went out together, and he told me he was going home to his babies, and I thought I would go and get a drink. At this saloon something stopped me, and I did not drink : I only said, 'Give me a cigar,' and with this I strolled back in the direction of the meeting. I passed a church in which overflowing prayer-meetings were being held, and I peeped in. They were just asking those who wanted to be helped to rise for prayer. I meant to go in, and had started, when, whom should I see rising with the rest, but my friend who had told me he was going home to see his babies. When I saw him I wouldn't go in. When he saw me he wouldn't rise, but deliberately pulled off his overcoat and sat down as if he had found the place too hot for him. Ah! so he had, it *was* too hot for him, and too hot for me. I went home, but I drank no more that night. When the next evening came, I went again to the meeting, and this time I took care to go alone. This time, when invited to go into the inquiry room I went, and when there, found my help lay in Christ, and I gave my heart to Him. Then began my trial, for I was afraid of my companions and my fellow-workmen. There were several hundreds of them, and only about twenty-five Christians ; but when they saw what a new and happy man religion made of me, many of them were persuaded, and now we have over a hundred men who have turned from their ways of drunkenness and sin, and are living noble Christian lives."

Samuel P. Godwin delivered the following telling remarks to an immense audience in the Tabernacle on April 6, 1877, amid great applause : "I could say a great many words when

I beheld a man on my left hand, who has been the subject of my prayers for the last twelve months, giving testimony in behalf of this great work. If Brother Murphy had accomplished no other good in the hands of the Lord but the turning of this one young man to Christ, he would have done more than you or I have done in a lifetime. It is nothing for you and I to stand up in behalf of total abstinence, but it is something for these dear souls that have dared to do right and to conquer. I feel like bowing down in reverence at the feet of men who have dared to come boldly and sign the pledge and keep it through the grace of God, and we ought to do all we can to advance the interest of such men. Let us do all we can to replace them in their position in society and the family circle, and lift them up to true manhood."

The success of the Murphy movement in Philadelphia was furthered by the cheap coffee-houses which had been established some years before. The cure of the drunkard is always attended with great difficulties, for every temptation must be removed, while he is as yet convalescing from the terrible disease. Liquor saloons to enhance their attractions have been in the habit of spreading a free lunch for the purchaser of their liquid poison, and the hungry man is thus tempted to do that which tends to his eternal ruin by all the subtile arts of appeal to his necessities. So much has this become the case throughout the land that thousands have been drawn into the coil, who otherwise might have remained honored and respectable citizens. When to this fact is added the equally dangerous one that every reputable restaurant, except such as are conducted on purely temperance principles, has a bar in connection with its other business, we commence to realize how insidious and well masked are the snares set for the careless and unwary. The system set on foot in Philadelphia gave the working man a good lunch, or a morning or evening meal for five or ten cents, as the case might be, and instead of the deadly dram of the so-called "free lunch," he got a large bowl of excellent coffee, with rich cream and sugar. The



Interior of the Model Coffee-House, Nos. 27 and 29 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

remarkable success of this enterprise merits a few words descriptive of its inception and progress. We cannot do better than to quote the clear and compact account of a well known temperance writer, who was familiar with all the facts of the matter: "In the fall of 1874 Joshua L. Bailey, one of our most active, clear-headed merchants, who had been for many years an earnest temperance man, determined to give the cheap coffee-house experiment a fair trial, cost what it might; for he saw that if it could be made successful, it would be a powerful agency in the work of prevention. He began in a small way, taking a modest store at the corner of Market and Fifteenth streets., and fitting it up in a neat and attractive manner. With a few pounds of coffee and a few dozens of rolls, the place was opened, the single attendant, a woman, acting the double part of cook and waiter. For five cents a pint mug of the best Java coffee, with milk and sugar, and a good-sized roll, were furnished.

"From the very start 'The Workingmen's Central Coffee-House,' as Mr. Bailey called it, was successful. In the immediate neighborhood five hundred workmen were employed on the city buildings, and opposite stood the Pennsylvania Railroad freight depot, to which came daily about the same number of men—draymen, teamsters and others. It took but a few days to so crowd the new coffee-room at the usual lunching time as to require an additional assistant. From day to day the business went on increasing, until more help and larger accommodations became necessary. Soon a complete kitchen had to built in the basement, and the adjoining store added, in order to meet the steadily-enlarging demands upon the new establishment. The fame of the good coffee, which was better than most people found at home, spread far and near, and larger and larger numbers of clerks, workingmen and others, turned their steps daily, at lunch time, towards the Central Coffee-House. It was so much better than the poor stuff served in most of the eating-houses; and, with the sweet roll added, so much better than the free lunch and glass of beer or

whisky with which too many had been accustomed to regale themselves.

"Steadily swelled the tide of custom. Within a year a third store adjoining was added. But the enlarged premises soon proved inadequate to the accommodation of the still-increasing crowd.

"At this writing 'The Central' is from six to seven times larger than when first opened; and there lunch in its rooms, daily, nearly two thousand persons. One room has been fitted up for ladies exclusively, in which from forty to fifty can lunch at one time.

"But Mr. Bailey looked beyond the cheap coffee and rolls by which he was able to keep so many away from bar-rooms and restaurants where liquor was sold. He believed in other influences and safeguards. And to this end, and at his own cost, he fitted up the various rooms over the seven stores extending along Market street from Fifteenth to Broad, in which the coffee-rooms are located, and set them apart for various uses. Here is a lecture-hall, capable of seating four hundred persons; a free reading-room, well warmed and lighted and supplied with the best daily newspapers, American and English illustrated publications, and the standard periodicals; besides four other rooms that will hold from seventy to one hundred persons, which are used for various meeting purposes, all in connection with temperance. Five regular services are held in the lecture-room every week, viz.: 'Bible Reading,' on Sunday afternoon; 'Temperance Experience Meeting,' on Monday evening; 'Prayer and Praise Meeting,' Tuesday evening; 'Gospel Temperance Meeting,' on Thursday evening; and 'Youths' Temperance Meeting,' Friday evening. These meetings are often crowded, and, like the coffee-rooms below, attract audiences made up from every rank in society. At many of these meetings, Mr. Bailey presides in person.

"Encouraged by the success of this first effort, Mr. Bailey opened another cheap coffee-house in the very centre of the wholesale trade of the city, where thousands of clerks, work-

ingmen and merchants were in the habit of resorting for lunch or dinner to the restaurants and bar-rooms in the neighborhood. This, located at No. 31 South Fourth street, he called 'The Model Coffee-House.'

"From the first it was crowded even to an uncomfortable extent. The demands of its patrons soon rendered larger quarters a necessity. A new building was erected specially adapted to the purpose, many novel features being introduced which a twelve months' experience had suggested.

"The *new* 'Model' opened June 1, 1876. Many persons thought it was too large, and that it would never be filled. But it was thronged on the day of opening, and on every day since the demands upon it have been fully up to its capacity. The number lunching here daily is about three thousand.

"In the establishment of the coffee-houses there were, of course, many mistakes, the results of inexperience. Many things had to be unlearned as well as many learned. But mistakes were promptly corrected. With the growth of the work, ability to provide for it seemed to keep pace, and modifications in the management were adopted as necessity dictated. Not much was anticipated at the commencement beyond furnishing a mug of coffee and a roll of bread, but it soon became apparent that something more than this was needed. To meet this necessity, the coffee-house bill of fare was greatly extended, and now quite a variety of nutritious and substantial dishes are provided, and each at the uniform price of *five cents*. The main feature—the coffee—is, however, preserved. A full pint mug of the best Java (equal to two ordinary cups) with pure, rich milk and white sugar, and two ounces of either wheat or brown bread, all for *five cents*, is the every-day lunch of many a man who, but for this provisions, would be found in the dram shop.

"No dish, as we have said, costs over five cents, which is the standard price the year round, whatever the fluctuations of markets may be. In addition to the bread and coffee already mentioned for five cents, the bill of fare comprises

puddings of rice, tapioca and corn starch, baked apples dressed with sugar and milk, all sorts of pies (half a pie being given for a portion), mushes of cracked wheat, corn and oatmeal, dumplings, eggs, potatoes, beans, ham, corned beef, liver, 'scrapple,' sausage, custards, soups, pickles, and in season, fresh fruits. Of bread, there are Boston and Philadelphia brown, wheat, Philadelphia and Vienna rolls. A pint glass of milk with a roll costs five cents; butter three cents, and extra rolls one cent each; so that for ten or fifteen cents a man gets a full luncheon, as every portion of food is equal to a large saucer heaped.

"These establishments require, of course, the most methodical, orderly and careful management, with capable matrons at the head of each, and a steward or superintendent to make intelligent purchases. At the 'Model Coffee-House,' there are nearly fifty employees, and, excepting three or four men, they are girls and women. The upper rooms of the building are for the lodgings, offices, laundry and drawing-room, for the use of the employees. The girls, who are mostly of country birth and training, are thus furnished with a good and safe home, where they have books and music, large and well-furnished chambers, a good table—they dine at one family table in their own dining-room—and have their washing and ironing done in the house. They are required to be neat and tidy in appearance, respectable and discreet in character and manner."

We have already alluded to the further extension of this cheap coffee-house system, under the special patronage of the ladies of Philadelphia, when the Murphy enthusiasm stirred society to its bottom depths. Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, and other good Samaritans among her noble-hearted sex, labored assiduously in this direction, and no one, outside of those who watched all the tides and currents of influence that were working under the promptings of God's spirit, can fully appreciate the immense help that Francis Murphy got through this agency. He, himself, has been free to acknowledge it in glowing terms, as indeed this man has ever, in the words of

the frankest humility, been prompt to concede the fullest measure of praise to others.

The Murphy work in Philadelphia, including the meetings held under his name, and the ground swell of the storm of excitement itself, lasted for nearly two months. Many of his distinguished co-laborers of Pittsburgh fame worked with him, and conducted enthusiastic meetings after the great temperance reformer himself had departed for other fields of labor. The number of signers of the Murphy pledge in Pittsburgh was estimated at not less than 80,000; and as a result of the Philadelphia work, a two months precious and glorious harvest —there were about 120,000 (so stated). Of course, it is difficult to get exact figures, in estimating the results of a mighty wave of enthusiasm, but the foregoing approximate to the truth. When to these are added the large number of drunkards reclaimed in the various local movements, which may be called the overflow of the great central excitements at Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, the aggregate of the fruits of the Murphy temperance reform in Pennsylvania may be set down as not far from 400,000.

It is curious how a little incident has sometimes started a Murphy movement in a town, without any warning or apparently sufficient reason for so powerful a sweep of feeling. Truly the harvest has always proven itself to be ready for the reapers. The following cases illustrate this very well, and show what great results may come from insignificant causes. Van Ettenville, N. Y., was probably one of the worst towns in the State, as probably more liquor was drunk there in a day then in any other town of its size; according to the verdict of a resident.

"In political times whisky used to flow in the streets. The side that could stand the largest number of drinks won the fight. 'The boys'—Col. Caldwell, Gen. Gregg, and others—used to go up from Elmira and hold meetings that generally ended in glorious drunks. Why, they laughed at the crusaders, and thought it good fun.

"About six weeks ago one of the best fellows there was going along the street one morning, and met another. The first said: "You're looking better lately than I've seen you in a long time.' 'Well, I am better. Fact is, I haven't been drinking anything for about two weeks, and I've about made up my mind that I'll stop.' 'Just what I've been thinking of myself. Haven't we been making fools of ourselves long enough?'

"Out of such a conversation as this the movement in Van Ettenville was begun. These two, with a few others, sent to Elmira for speakers for a meeting. The men who arranged for the meeting, who did all the work, and who packed the house were, or had been drinking men. The place was carried completely.

"Another instance, in demonstration of the truth of our remarks, may, perhaps, satisfy the reader:

"The inauguration of the movement at Somerset, Ohio, was so peculiar as to warrant notice, and shows how slight an instrument may set this great machinery of reform in motion. Two carpenters, Taylor and Eagle, having squandered nearly all their pay for a certain work in drink, were finishing up in Stein's saloon. Taylor produced a Murphy pledge, which his brother, a reformed drinker at Lancaster, had sent him, and began to talk of the movement. Stein jeered at him, and offered him ten cents to sign. He regarded it as an immense joke when Taylor did sign; and Eagle, having no other pledge, signed the same card. A few days later, Dr. Rickey, one of Lancaster's noble workers, saw Taylor here, and gave him the eight pledges he happened to have with him. In less than an hour he was back for more. New pledges were ordered printed, and in a very short time the enthusiasm called for public meetings and the Murphy movement was begun.

"And thus we find it through Indiana, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and throughout most of the States. By insignificant beginnings a flame of enthusiasm has been kindled."

The Murphy movement is distinguished on the part of its followers by the wearing of a bit of blue ribbon worn in the button-hole of the coat. Other reform movements are designated by different colors, as for instance that of Dr. Reynolds, by red. In various parts of the West, it is common to notice on the part of almost everybody on the street, the bit of ribbon, which indicates adherence to one or the other of the different reform currents. Of course there is a slight difference in the organization of the various leagues. The white-ribbon is a sort of side degree, so to speak, of the red-ribbon league, as it is worn only by women and young men under eighteen. The difference between the red-ribbon pledge and that which has already been given may be seen in the following:

"We the undersigned, for our own good, and the good of the world in which we live, do hereby promise and engage with the help of Almighty God, to abstain from buying, selling or using alcoholic or malt beverages, wine or cider included."

The wearing of the ribbon has this grand advantage; it saves the wearer from the danger of an invitation to drink. Of course this building up of barriers around the reformed drunkard is the great object of all organizations in the carrying on of the work, after the first swell of excitement has passed by. To save the results and utilize the fruits of the work is even a more important function than that of kindling the flame. The Murphy work at the outset did not sufficiently cover this important branch of the labor of saving the drunkard; but with time and development the reformer himself, and the able and experienced men whom he has gathered around him have fully wrought out a system for perpetuating the influences, once planted, into a permanence.

CHAPTER XVII.

MURPHY'S SPEECH AT COLUMBUS, OHIO.—THE WORK AT ELMIRA, N. Y.—INTERESTING SCENES IN THE NEW YORK REVIVAL.—FACTS, INCIDENTS AND FIGURES OF THE RESULTS OF THE MURPHY MOVEMENT IN THE SOUTHERN TIER OF COUNTIES, GROWING OUT OF THE ELMIRA WORK.—FRANCIS MURPHY'S SPEECH AT CHATAUQUA.

FRANCIS MURPHY'S labors are in such demand that to utilize the good to be accomplished in the highest possible degree, he has been obliged to scatter his personal efforts over different points, himself starting the conflagration, and trusting the feeding and extension of the work to the labors of local speakers under the leadership of his lieutenants. After starting the reform movement at Elmira, N. Y., Mr. Murphy departed, but the glorious tide of enthusiasm swelled and grew without ceasing till the end, and the whole tier of Southern counties felt the effects in a series of successive local excitements. This portion of the Murphy work, for such it is entitled to be called, no less than if he had been continually present, it will be the object of the present chapter to describe. But before recurring to the Elmira work proper, we shall take occasion to present to our readers an excellent specimen of Murphy's oratory in the speech he delivered at Columbus, Ohio, in June, 1877. It is of characteristic flavor, and will amply repay perusal. Of course, Mr. Murphy's speeches, like those of most powerful orators, are made to be heard rather than read, full of those strokes which get their value from the personal force of the man. The Columbus speech, however, is full of good things, and would do credit to a man of more

culture and experience than the great temperance reformer can lay claim to. The portions we give are as follows:

"*Mr. Chairman; My Friends:*

"I am glad to be here to-night and listen to the testimony of these two Christian gentlemen who have been the means, under God, of bringing joy and peace to so many hearts. I am glad to be here, and to stand on this platform and have the honor of being introduced by this young gentleman, who has been redeemed through the kind ministrations of my brother David Hall, and who to-night, stands erect in all the dignity of his new-born life, and can stand up and say, 'I know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' And though this work should cease, and though nothing else should have been accomplished through the visit to your city but the redemption, the complete redemption, of this young man would be a sufficient remuneration for every cent that you have paid out, for every night that you have spent, and for every prayer that you have uttered. May God bless the movement, and may it continue to go on until the last wandering son has been redeemed and brought back to his father's house, and received the best robe and the gold ring and pair of shoes. Thanks be to God for the triumphs of this moral reform that has nothing in it of malice, nothing in it of hatred, nothing in it of egotism, nothing in it of self-righteousness; for we don't stand off and pray and thank God that we are not like other people; that we pay our taxes and tithes, and such things as that; we prefer to stand by the foot of the cross and say, 'Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner.' That is our prayer; and with it we shall go forth, not claiming any self-righteousness, not claiming that we are holier than others, and fear to come in contact with our fellow-men when we meet them, lest our garments become soiled; but if you are men, by the grace of God; if the golden links of the brotherhood of man have been, so to speak, clinched around our hearts, and by God's invisible angel carried to the everlasting throne and

there securely fastened—if this has been done, we can go down into the wilderness, blessed be God; we can go down into the wilderness and to the solitary places, and to the prisons of this country and proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of a better life to the oppressed of this country, to the weeping wives and starving children.

"I would like to pay a fitting tribute to the men who have been engaged in this work. I have no need of saying anything of these men to you; a eulogy is not called for; but I want to say that these two plain men you see on this platform —Brother David and Brother George—in the city of Pittsburgh, when they came to sign the pledge, astonished the natives, to use a homely expression; and if this movement has been a success in the city of Pittsburgh, I wish to say to you that these men have contributed as much to that success as Frank Murphy. I have done very little for this movement in comparison with what other men have.

"The press of this country has done a great work for this movement, and I wish now to express my heartfelt thanks for the kind consideration I have received in your city, knowing well that I come to you making no profession of scholarship or oratory, for I was starved in the morning of my life; school-houses were scarce where I was born, and it was considered best not to allow the boys to go over there beyond where he might receive a religious education, for fear his religious ideas might be proselyted to some extent, and hence I had to be caged up.

"And let me say to you I would not advise you not to go to school, no matter what the religious belief of the teacher is, because knowledge is power wherever you go, and it is knowledge that makes men strong and noble, and enables them to stand up so evenly-balanced with such a magnanimous spirit and heart that all who know them can stand up and say, 'There, that is a man.' And it is a pity for us who have been deprived of an education and are compelled to stand before the world feeling the necessity of it. It is a beautiful thing

for the American people that when an American comes up to sign the pledge, but very few of them will stand up and just make an excuse, with their finger on their forehead and say, 'Will you please sign my name?' You will see very few of them make their scratch. It is something you have reason to be proud of. The foundations of truth and justice are laid in intelligence in this country. I believe that is the power that moves the whole of this country.

"It is the grandest thought that can come to me to-night, that I am a man with a living, breathing soul within me, and that the world, grand and glorious as it is to-night, with its sloping hillsides decorated with God's precious flowers—lilies of the valley, attired in their wonderful splendor—as God has woven them into His carpet; they, too, speak to us; yes, and from babbling springs, and from flowing brooks, and from great streams that leap to the ocean, and from the grand mountains that break forth before you into singing, and the golden harvest-fields that wave before you, bringing God so near to you that, reverently, man should take off his hat while He speaks to us in everything. Standing before you in the limitless prairie, and heaven, with its bright constellations looking down upon us with so sweet, so pure, so holy a light, oh, how they touch the divinity that is within! how the longing soul seeks for that transparent beauty that speaks to us in these bright gems that are put there by the sacred power of God Himself, beyond the reach of sin, beyond the reach of wrong, the living, perpetual and eternal testimony of His own power; omnipotent in Himself, speaking to us to-night with a language too holy for utterance; and from the sea that He holds in the palm of His hand, and from the mountains that have been weighed in the balance; the seasons that come and go, touching everything about us, telling of their approach and their departure. When these things shall have passed away, the immortal soul, the divine power that is within us, by a power known only to itself, on the invisible wings of its own faith and own might, can soar beyond all

this and pass in the twinkling of an eye to the very constellations, and stand and gaze upon their beauty; sweep beyond them through the milky way and stand at the pearly gates of God's eternal city and into the golden streets, and can stand on the banks of the river of life and can behold the water of life as it courses from the throne of God, can stand under the shadow of the tree of life, and by a faith beyond the power of darkness or distance to dim, can see the golden streets and purple fruit that is made for the healing of the nations. Oh, to be a sober man! What a grand thought! To be a sober man, redeemed, saved, and every chain broken; a man restored to his sober, virtuous, Christian manhood. I thank God that I am a man; I thank God that he made me so; I am no material thing, but a living, breathing soul; and the world, to-night, with all its beauty and grandeur, when it is swept out of existence, this soul shall live on forever, during the ceaseless ages of eternity; blessed be God for this thought.

"Yes, it pays to be sober—it pays to be sober. This new life that comes to me to-night, I have no language to describe it to you. It is universally admitted among sensible and candid people, everywhere, that drunkenness is the great curse of our social national life. It is not characteristic of Americans, for the same may be said with greater emphasis of the social life of Great Britain; but it is one of the things about which there can be no doubt, that cholera and typhoid fever, and all the rest of diseases that come to us, bring less of fatality and infinitely less of sorrow. There are wives, mothers and children to-night, within every circle that embraces the young lives, who are weeping over some victim of the seductive destroyer. East, West, North and South there are men and women who can not be trusted with liquor in their hands; men and women who have ceased to fight the appetite that has power within itself to destroy everything that makes life desirable; men and women who, when they see the labels of intoxication painted on the windows, as they pass by, feel the blood coursing faster in their veins; so to

speak, they can almost taste it in their mouths, because of this terrible appetite that they have cultivated and brought to such wonderful perfection. In passing along the street where liquor is they will inhale the fragrance, and are almost compelled to stop and wait around. There is a fascination about it ; they feel the want and necessity of it ; want of just this stimulant to lift them up ; they are dreary and weary and disconsolate, and just a little sick. Oh, how precious it would be to the longing appetite ! And, I think, to-night, in this great work of reform how much we need Christian charity and Christian sympathy to be able to measure the strength of appetite. Men are not brought there immediately, but after years of respectability and years of pleasant life, and of passing back and forth through respectable society, and being toasted as the acknowledged guests and brightest stars in your city, have cultivated this appetite until it became a mad passion, and they lose control of themselves, and then are, so to speak, kicked out on the street, and it is said, 'You are a miserable drunkard, and good for nothing.' And the case of these men has been looked upon as entirely hopeless, and no person cares for them. I think that this movement is a special dispensation from God Himself, to redeem the poor unfortunate drunkard ; and while the great temperance movements heretofore sought to keep men from becoming drunkards, while the poor men who have been wounded in the battle, whose arms have been broken and their reason dethroned, and they become maniacs on the street, are left with no person to take them to an inn and pay their bills, this movement seems to be a necessity of the present state of temperance, and must, and by the grace of God it will, quicken the Church and the hearts of humanity. I believe it will compel us to go out into the world and save these poor wanderers.

"In spite of what we see of men, socially, and the terrible appetite, the terrible temptation, and the power it has over some men, notwithstanding the fact that all this is known, yet there are gentlemen in society who give parties,

and ladies who issue their cards, and send them out to William and James and John, saying that 'Susan desires the pleasure of their company at her house on a certain evening.' All this is very nice, and Susan is a splendid girl, and James and William don their best suits and get their girls, and how they will go down there! Yes, sir, the arrangements have all been made. It is among the bon ton, the best people of the place. It is just the place for a fine time, and William is just the man to give it. His heart is as great as he is wealthy; what a queenly wife he has, too, and how she adorns things about the place! Yes, indeed.

"The young men look forward with anticipation, and the ladies have their suits made; the young men have theirs prepared for the occasion; the coachmen are dressed in their livery, don their high collars and silk hats and the horses are all aglow, if you please, for the occasion; they seem to catch the spirit of it. The drivers are more erect and graceful, and their whips have a silvery tongue to them that the horses seem to understand. Why, the whole air is pregnant with the spirit of the occasion; the carriages start off, and soon the house can be seen on the hillside. You can see the beautiful pine trees, and the beautiful blossoming trees, and the weeping willow gracefully bending almost to the earth to kiss it. Through the trees can be seen the strange intoxicating light of the Chinese lanterns, that tell you the whole palace is alive with joy. Soon the carriages roll up, one after another. The bell rings and there is a committee of gentlemen and ladies in waiting to receive you, with a 'How are you? Welcome, welcome; here, in this way; this way, if you please;' and their hats and coats are taken, and everything is arranged in the most classical style. Why, we become as young as we used to be, as we step into the spacious reception rooms filled with the fragrance and beautiful bouquets, and see the young and beautiful guests. It seems to be a new paradise that has opened up before Charles and William and James. There are folding doors that extend across, between the rooms, and

Susan has opened them. By-and-by the most exquisite lady in the room has been called to touch the musical box; as she nicely adjusts the stool to its proper height, and, being seated, she manipulates the keys, pouring forth the sweetest strains of music, the boys step out and get their partners and walk around a little, at first very gracefully, you know, as they hear the music. By-and-by they get a little intoxicated with the music and the boys get to waltzing around a little. It is a splendid entertainment, yes, indeed. Soon beautiful ladies come with silver trays and cut glass filled with sparkling wine, with grace and glory, and with hands so plump and beautiful that they outrival the gems that flash upon them, and almost dazzle your eyes. I tell you it is no inferior class of society, but the queenly women who have been cultured to perfection and understand what the etiquette is that goes to make up a place of this kind. These ladies approach and say, 'Please take a glass of wine, if you please, James, with me.' James says, 'Well, I don't wish to.' 'Why, James, take a glass with me, if you please; take a glass now with Susan; just take a glass to-night.' It requires a great deal of courage for a young man to straighten back in his chair and say: 'No, miss, I don't indulge in the use of wine on any occasion.' It requires a great deal of courage to say that, although it may seem a small thing to do. But a man who can do that, and do it nobly, has won a greater victory than Grant ever won, even when he received the sword of Lee on the battle-ground of Appomattox. You say it is a small thing. It may seem a small thing to many of you, but there is, so to speak, a dignity of manhood and a courtesy that belongs to the young lady, and the courtesies that are to be extended to her from a young gentleman who claims to be gallant, and who holds his head erect, and who is expected to be looked upon with some degree of inferiority if he does not accept a little wine on such an occasion as this. They will say to him: 'Why, I am perfectly astonished at you.' Oh, yes; but let me say to you, young man, be true to yourself; yield obedience to the dictates of an

honest heart. Remember the baptism of your mother ; remember the counsels of your father ; remember the sacred duties that are devolving upon you ; remember the sacred trusts that rest upon you. You are, perhaps, placed in some position ; perhaps the most honorable in the city ; perhaps you are at the counting room of a banker, or counter of some merchant prince, and have control of his business and the direction of it ; and it will be one of the grandest events in your life to have the fact come to that man that William refused to take wine at that party. It will increase his confidence in you a hundred per cent., and though he may never mention it to you, you will see a change in the conduct of that man towards you, and at no distant day will he reward you in a way that will do you good and give you a stimulus that will aid you all your life.

"I am one of those that believe that if the wine cellars were cleared out we wouldn't have much trouble with saloons. I believe that wine cellars have a great deal to do in making saloon drinking. I believe if the wealthy men and women in this country would come down to assist those whom they consider the worthless and unfortunate, who are the victims of intemperance, the work would be done in less than three months. There are women in this city who have not yet signed the pledge, and there are men in this city who have not signed the pledge who should have done so ; and if they would do so, I tell you it would shake the city to its very foundations, and a greater and grander victory would come to you than we have ever had yet, if we would only do what we might in this blessed work.

"There are some men who will say they can drink or let it alone when they have a mind to. I grant you that some men can do so, but we know that liquor has a wonderful fascination for some men ; we know that it has a wonderful power over them ; young men occasionally drinking together become married to each other, and there is a friendship existing among them that does not exist among other persons. If Tom had

been in the habit of getting off a little, here is Bill that will step around and hunt him up, and when he finds him—ten chances to one if he finds him—he will prevail on his taking something. He will say, 'Come Tom, let us take something.' Tom says, 'I ain't a going to do it.' 'Don't bother; come along, Tom; come up and take something; just take one drink,' and thus would their kind persuasion overcome their comrades. I think if Christian men were just as much in earnest as drinking men are we would have a wonderful revival. But, for instance, if you go into a church, and no person speaks to you, you will not attend much; when you go in, there is a man dressed in black who points you to a seat, but never says 'I am glad to see you,' or makes any inquiry where you are from. When you go out the people crowd the aisles and do not speak to you; do you suppose that drinking men are going back to hear you preach? Not much; they don't want any such entertainment. It would be better for you to pass by the men you are in the habit of speaking to every day, and speak to the strangers. If you meet a young man, ask him where he boards, and what his circumstances are; if he has come to your city, who his employer is, and where he is boarding. Perhaps you will find he is in an attic chamber, and in needy circumstances; he is some mother's son; invite him down to take dinner with you; be a father to him; perhaps some one may be a father to your boy. Don't be so self-righteous that you will allow people to go out of the church without making their acquaintance. Be sociable and friendly, and they will come back to you, but not till then. Think of these men that chase each other around the street, trying to find each other. I remember the time when I was in the habit of taking a little something for my stomach's sake; I was one of the boys who stuck at it; when I got hold of a customer I didn't let him go away without taking something to drink, and having some fun. 'Just take one drink,' and that one drink, in all probability, leads to a spree."

Mr. Murphy here illustrated the strong attachment shown by

companions in drink for one another by relating the story that is told of two Irishmen, upon their recent arrival here from their mother country, describing the tenacity with which the musquitoes hung to them in a swamp. The speaker rendered the story with great effect by telling it in the genuine brogue of his countrymen, and as he concluded his picture of the scene, with the remark of one of those traveling companions, who, upon peeping from under his blanket, beheld a fire-fly, thinking it one of their tormentors still in search of them, 'Fergus, we might as well be afther getting out now, for here is one of the crathurs, with his lantern, looking for us,' the laughter and applause were tremendous.

"So," continued the speaker, "I have been in about the same position of my countrymen ; I have had to run away from my friends with whom I have been associated ; I have had to run away to escape intoxication ; there is no getting away from them ; they will hold on to you asking you to take something, 'just one drink,' but that 'just one drink' would perhaps end in a spree of three days, and the wind-up be a sorrowful one, I assure you.

"Let me say to you to-night, young man, you who are free from this terrible evil ; let me say to you, husband, to-night, if you are expecting to drink or let it alone whenever you have a mind to, remember there is a wonderful hidden power in this dreadful habit ; remember that it is a silken thread you can hardly see, but that it will wind itself around and around you until it will have you enchained beneath its power, and when you undertake to break away, will cost you all the strength you have got, and, perhaps, like many of us, you will not be able of yourself to break the chain that has held you bound down to a habit that will rob you of all your property ; rob you of your reason ; destroy your sense of honor, and steal from you your good name. 'He that steals my purse steals trash, but he, sir, who steals from me my good name, takes that which doth not enrich him, but makes me poor indeed.'

"Thou fiend of rum, Oh, thou invisible spirit! if we had no name to know thee by, why not call thee devil!

"From this platform, in this hall of yours, where the eloquent tongues of your statesmen have inspired you with confidence in the right, with confidence in justice, with confidence in truth, that our forefathers placed upon the altar of our country, though it was dimmed by the infernal shadow of bloody slavery; though, so to speak, its like had almost gone out beneath the iron hand of oppression, from this platform have come the voices, have come the manhood, have come the virtues that have touched your manly hearts, and have made each man and each woman stand erect again—stand erect clothed with a power beyond the reach of slavery, clothed you with a strength equal to Hercules, making you almost omnipotent, and you have marched from this capital with a heart filled with the love of truth, with a patriotism that encompassed our beloved country, done your duty and have won a victory for all time for the cause of justice, and for republicanism. But to-night there is a grander cause pleading for you, and a grander silence that speaks to you. I hear to-night the wail of the oppressed mothers of this country; I hear five hundred thousand victims that are chained to-night in the living tombs of this country, who have been poisoned by the malaria of the upas tree of death. This upas tree has got its roots in the sacred soil of this country. Is it possible that God's sunlight has ever touched it? that God's rain has ever watered it? Never, never, never. It has been watered by the blood of mothers' hearts. Yes, on its branches to-night hang the death-warrants of more than twenty millions of the bravest men and the queenliest women that God ever gave to the world. Let us cut it down, Jimmy; let us cut it down, David; let us cut it down, men. With pledges in your hands, come to the rescue. Let us strike a blow into its infernal trunk. Let us hate it, men, let us hate it. See it stagger. Clear the way, and give it a place to fall. Let us trim its branches; let us log its dead, infernal trunk; let us set fire to it. Let us have a bon-

fire in Columbus, and burn it to ashes, and bury the ashes so deep down in the bowels of the earth, that by the blessing of God, by the blessing of heaven, it shall never, *never*, NEVER, NEVER have a resurrection. May God bless you."

The Murphy movement in Elmira, N. Y., was put into motion by the Rev. W. E. Knox, a gentleman whose name has become a "household word" in every house in that city. Reading the glowing and almost incredible accounts in the different journals of the great and wonderful temperance wave that had struck the city of Pittsburgh, and swept over it, carrying all things before and with it, he felt what a blessed thing it would be if such a "tidal wave" as that could sweep over Elmira in the same fashion, and with the same glorious results. This feeling entered him, and took such firm possession of his being that he could not pass a single day without being haunted by it. Finally it became a determination. He resolved that Elmira should have a shock—a grand sweep of the temperance reform, which indeed it most sorely needed. The Elmirans had become apparently indifferent to drunkenness and drunkards in their midst; and went their way, seemingly caring very little whether the awful evil was killed forever, or whether the drunkard was brought to the correct estimation of his degraded condition, and helped to a blessed reformation. The place was full of drinking saloons, and a man reeling through the streets had become a familiar object, exciting very little if any surprise or sorrow. The youth of the city resorted to the numerous "corners," and there acquired a desire for intoxicating liquors. What was to be done to put a stop to all this evil? The reverend gentleman went to the different pastors of the churches and broached the subject to them, picturing the state of Elmira affairs as they really were, and besought them to co-operate with him in bringing the matter home to the people.

He was received with much interest and attention, and his plan fully discussed. They were perfectly willing and ready to join him in his work; they fully agreed with him as to the

crying necessity for reform in this direction in their town; but they could not see how the means were to be obtained to conduct a temperance movement. Each pastor had his own work to carry out, and each seemed doubtful and uncertain as to the ultimate result of a temperance revival. Nothing daunted, the Rev. Mr. Knox went to the leading gentlemen of the place, and laid the matter before them for their consideration, pointing out plainly and emphatically how much this thing was needed, and how much good would certainly be the result. These gentlemen regarded the matter in a very favorable light, and were positive that if such a movement were started in Elmira the public would receive it cordially, respond to it, and its success would be sure and signal. They were not willing to embark in it; but after more talk they agreed to give it all the assistance they possibly could, if the people received the idea favorably, and the movement met with favor.

Mr. Knox then went cheerily to work, and opened a correspondence with the temperance advocates in Pittsburgh, inquiring their mode of conducting movements; if they had any special theories what kind of men they would send to conduct Murphy meetings in Elmira, and what the expenses would be. The answers were all satisfactory, and the arrangements made. Mr. Eccles Robinson, in company with another gentleman, were to be sent from Pittsburgh to conduct the movement. The former gentleman was a very recent convert of Murphy's, and was commended in so high a manner that Mr. Knox and the other parties who had interested themselves in the cause were glad he was the one appointed for the Elmira work.

All the arrangements were made for the reception of the reformers, every one in the city and vicinity was duly notified through the medium of frequent and extensive newspaper notices and pulpit announcements; and considerable interest and enthusiasm were felt and manifested. At last information was received from Pittsburgh that Mr. Robinson and his companion would arrive in Elmira in due season to open the

meetings early in the spring time. They were informed that the strangers would be in Elmira on March 22. Forthwith preparations were made to give them a reception, and to have a gathering of the different members of the laity, the prominent persons of the place, and in fact all those interested in the glorious cause, in the First Presbyterian Church. The night came, and with it an immense concourse of people to the church, crowding every nook of that commodious edifice, filling the aisles and corners until it was a perfect "jam." Such a crowd was cheering, and it was plainly evident that the Elmirans were anxious, nay eager, to welcome the Pittsburgh reformers. In the ante-room was displayed a scene worthy to be made the subject of a cartoon by the genius of Thomas Nast. The reverend gentlemen were gathered together and gesticulating in quite an excited manner, their faces drawn down to serious length and expressive of the utmost consternation, perplexity and dismay. The time appointed for the commencement of the meeting had arrived, but no Eccles Robinson nor companion, nobody from Pittsburgh. No information had been received of their arrival in the city ; it had been expressly given out that they would assuredly be present, and the people had come to welcome them. What was to be done? Mr. Knox in the great emergency hit upon the only right way out of the dilemma. He called his colleagues to him and said : "We must go out to the audience now ; we cannot stay here a moment longer. We'll go out and commence the meeting and render it as interesting as we possibly can, making no mention whatever of Eccles Robinson and his co-laborer." They then filed out of the ante-room, and ascended the platform. Mr. Knox opened in a very happy address, thanking the people for coming so largely forward to the call made to them, and asking for gospel songs of the most spirited and pleasing order. The people entered into the work with great interest and enthusiasm ; the several ministers called upon spoke in their most felicitous style—indeed they never spoke better than they did

that night—and time slipped by without any special attention being taken of the non-introduction of the reformers. The audience evidently were under the supposition that the latter were seated with them, and that not being ordained ministers of the gospel they did not occupy seats on the platform. Finally, when the disappointment could not possibly be kept back any longer, the Rev. Mr. Knox rose, and made some telling remarks relative to temperance, and closed by saying: "But there is one thing that I do not like about it, and it is something very disappointing—Eccles Robinson and his fellow-worker are not here. We were told they would be here surely; but they have not arrived. However, you must all come again, and the next time we meet the Pittsburgh reformers will have the floor all to themselves, and the work will commence. In the meantime, we will have Brother Clarke's speech. He has one prepared especially for this occasion, and he is glum enough now because he has not been called upon. I think we will now have the address of our Brother Clarke." Thus the immense audience was put into a fine humor; and, on the whole, the meeting was one of the most interesting and enthusiastic Elmira had ever known.

After the crowd had dispersed the Rev. Mr. Knox proposed to his friends that they should go to the station, and see the ten o'clock train come in. Perhaps Eccles Robinson and his companion would arrive on that. As they watched the persons alight from the train they signalled out a young man, and went up to him.

"Are you Mr. Eccles Robinson?" asked the Rev. Knox.

"Yes; I am Eccles Robinson. I have just got here. I expected to be here by eight o'clock, and it is now past ten. I am all alone. My friends sent me by myself. I do not know why they sent me here, I am no orator; I do not know how to conduct meetings. I feel I ought to take the next train back home."

He spoke very despondently, seemed embarrassed, doubtful of himself and what he was to do in Elmira, and hesitated

about staying. The reverend gentlemen reasoned with him, and cheered him as best they could. They finally succeeded in pursuading him to remain, and make at least one effort to carry out a Murphy movement. They despatched a boy with him to show him the way to his boarding-place.

"I wonder what the Pittsburgh people mean by sending us such a man," said the Rev. Clarke, as he and his friend were walking homeward. "For such a work too. Why, he will never be able to do any good, or stir the people in the cause."

"I am sure there is something in him," rejoined Mr. Knox. "The Pittsburgh people would not lie, and they would not have written so favorably of him if he were no good. Just take this letter from them home with you, and read what they say of him. We will give Eccles Robinson a chance anyway. I pray he will make great success."

On Monday evening, March 27, the First Presbyterian Church was crowded once more. It had been announced that the Murphy converts would appear, and then and there open the Murphy temperance meetings. There was not a vacant seat in the building, nor was there a nook empty where a chair might be placed to advantage. All the clergymen of the town were present on the platform, and the prominent people were there in close proximity with those that walked in the lower ways of life. The excitement was general, when, after a most earnest prayer, and a beautiful gospel song, Mr. Knox introduced Eccles Robinson to the audience: the man who had come to help them, to save them from the cursed influence of King Alcohol. Heads were intently, eagerly inclined to forward, and more than a thousand eyes were fixed on one object, while many hands clapped a rousing, cheery greeting. They beheld a young man, not over thirty years of age, of a very modest and unpretending appearance; of a slight, delicate frame, and on the whole of rather a boyish carriage.

He bowed his acknowledgments to the hearty and prolonged applause in the stiffest, most awkward fashion imagin-

able, and appeared to be exceedingly embarrassed and ill at ease.

The church suddenly became as quite as a tomb. Every one in it was on the *qui vive*, and waited, while they curiously scanned his person, to hear him speak. Every one wondered how he would commence, and what he would say.

Blushing, hanging his head down on his chest, rivetting his eyes on the platform, putting his hands in the pockets of his trousers, and protruding his arms out in a very awkward way, he opened his mouth, and spoke. Never was so large and so select an audience called forth to hear the efforts of so embarrassed or shame-faced looking an individual before. The people did not know how to take it, they were so very much surprised.

He spoke so timidly and so softly scarcely fifty persons could distinctly hear what he said. The place became quieter and quieter, so anxious was every one to catch his words.

"I am no orator," he said, without lifting his eyes. "I do not even know how to make a speech of any kind. I do not know why they sent me here. There were other men that could have done far better than I. I never spoke in public before."

He paused, and then he raised his head, and looked the crowd full in the face, while his face fairly beamed with a look that amazed every one before him. "But," he cried in a ringing voice, so clear and distinct that the audience seemed spell-bound under it; "I can ask you to do something. I can ask you to come up here and take the pledge. I can tell you that it is the only way to be saved from drunkenness, the only way to restore you to your lost manhood. I can ask every one of you, men and women and children, old and young—every one of you to come here and sign the blessed pledge. There are some of you here who are addicted to drink, some who drink secretly thinking no one knows it, and some who never touch intoxicants. All of you come, and take the pledge. First, let all of the ministers come and do so, for example's sake. We want them first. Will you come?" And he continued in

this strain until the audience lost control of itself, and rushed forward to the pledge tables. His talk went through the people like an electric shock. He seemed to be moved by some higher power. He lost his embarrassment and his awkwardness. He greeted each person that took the pledge in the most genial way; and surprised all by his affectionate and affable manner. The nervous, frightened man who had stood before them but a while since was lost sight of altogether; and Eccles Robinson, genial, strong and lovable, one of the stanchest of temperance advocates, took possession of the hearts of the Elmirans completely and unreservedly. From that memorable night he was, to the day he left, the favorite of Elmira. No stranger had ever made so favorable an impression, or succeeded in enlisting every one in his favor as he. And he did this unconsciously. His work was from the very outset surprisingly successful.

The people took the matter up with more zeal and enthusiasm than even those deeply interested in the noble cause dreamed of or expected from them. It swept over the place like an immense wave, carrying all things before and with it. It was the theme of conversation in every part of the town, no matter where one went. No one had anything to discuss but the subject of total abstinence; and that was discussed at all times and in all places. The churches entered largely into the excitement, and did nobly. Meetings were held three and four times a day. In a short space of time it was found absolutely necessary that a local committee should be organized to conduct the work. It was utterly impossible to go on with it unless there was some such organization; so the temperance advocates met, and formed a local committee, of which the Rev. W. E. Knox was unanimously elected president.

Here was the right man in the right place. Their choice of a president could not have been more wise; and most nobly and successfully did he occupy and fulfill his very important position.

The temperance wave swept over the whole town, and extended to the neighboring places. The churches were soon found perfectly incapable of containing the great crowds that rushed to hear the telling words that fell like so many sparkling drops of healing water from the lips of Eccles Robinson. Some building large enough to accommodate all who came to hear him must be engaged; so the Opera House, the largest auditorium in Elmira, was called into use, and answered the purpose admirably. The crowds that filled this edifice were vast. Hours before the meetings commenced the street was thronged, blockaded, in fact, by excited people, who willingly stood their ground until the doors were flung open to them. It was hardly safe to be in the rush when the doors were opened; and if you escaped with only a sore feeling and rather dishevelled appearance, it was a piece of good fortune.

In this building scenes were enacted that might fill a large duodecimo volume with highly interesting matter of every phase, from the pathetic to the humorous, and from the grave to the inspired. The people were carried entirely away with the movement as they had been in other places, and responded to the call to free themselves from the evil of intoxicating drink in a manner that was more than surprising, arousing the most callous and indifferent into positive enthusiasm, and compelling them to do likewise. Little children would hurry to the pledge tables and sign the pledge; women and men pressed forward eagerly to annex their signatures. Men tottering near the grave, with hair and beard white as the driven snow with Time's touch, would rise, and confess to listening multitudes that they had had an intimate association with King Alcohol for upwards of thirty or forty years; and rejoiced greatly now at being able to say they saw the right and only way to happiness and prosperity, and were able to testify to the manifold pains and trials a strong appetite for liquor had brought home to them. Men flushed with youth and glowing manhood would take the pledge and promise to keep it, their eyes, unaccustomed to tears, wet and downcast, and go to their happy

mothers or wives with fast throbbing heart and joyful mien.

Such scenes were never witnessed in the city of Elmira before; and it is little wonder that the whole place was so affected, roused to the wildest enthusiasm and excitement. In one week there were 1,886 signers of the Murphy pledge. Thus, it will be readily comprehended what a great movement it was, and how heartily the people embraced it. Undoubtedly the presence of God was with it from first to last.

One evening the list of signers was unrolled before an immense audience in the Opera House. It was sixty feet long, and reached more than half way across the stage ; and some portion of the paper was written on both sides. What a burst of applause was sent up at the sight.

The interest and enthusiasm in the temperance wave was not wholly confined to Elmira ; but extended to all the neighboring towns, creating the same results as in other places. In the town of Corning the enthusiasm was intense. Four hundred and twenty persons signed the pledge one evening at this place ; and in a few weeks there were seven hundred on the list. At Jamestown the total number was 5,066 ; and two weeks only in the town of Havana secured 390 signers. Hornellsville in two evenings had 1,000 names appended to the pledge. The population of Tioga County is 40,000 ; there were 30,000 persons who took the pledge. In Elmira there were over 7,000 signers. These statistics show what a remarkable work it was. Never had such an universal excitement been known in that region of New York State ; and it has not ceased yet to be a wonder to all who calmly consider the matter in all its phases. It was as if God had sent the movement there, and caused all to recognize it in its true character. It was esteemed an honor to be a pledge-taker, and a privilege to attend the meetings. The different clergymen did great work, and pushed the movement on extensively. The local reformed men were able co-laborers.

The two prominent local figures in the crowd that gathered

round Eccles Robinson, and assisted him in his grand and good work, were W. H. Maxwell, better known as "Billy," and Colonel Luther Caldwell, the former proprietor of the Rathbun House. The former gentleman is connected with the Elmira *Advertiser*. He springs from one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of southern New York, a family noted at home and abroad for their ability, wealth and high social position. His father had been an honorable representative at Washington, and was a man esteemed for the noble qualities of both his mind and person. "Billy's" home was one of the most beautiful and comfortable in the whole section. He received all the educational advantages wealth could procure ; and every wish he expressed was gratified. Early in life, when he was but a child, he contracted a strong taste for intoxicating liquors, which eventually proved his ruin. Notwithstanding the position his family occupied and the honorable name he bore, he commenced a life of recklessness, and led it for certainly twenty-five years or more. There was not a person in Elmira or vicinity as low or as degraded as he was. From his high position he sank to such a low depth that society could not notice him in any way. It was almost an hourly occurrence to see him reeling through the streets under the influence of liquor. His devoted wife's prayers and tears seemed to be of no avail ; but she never gave way to despair. She would follow him from place to place, and scarcely ever let him out of her sight. Finally, after many years of patient waiting, she received her reward—he came to realize the awful results of the course he was pursuing, and promised her to try and abstain. That was about a year and a half before Eccles Robinson came to Elmira and started the Murphy movement

When, however, the movement was started, he entered into it with all his heart and soul, and gave up everything so that he might work zealously in the cause, and further its success.

No one was so prominent, after Eccles Robinson, in the Elmira movement as he ; and no one was more successful. His speeches were forcible, attractive, and telling ; and the an-

nouncement of his name was sufficient inducement to attract an immense crowd to hear him. The good he has done in Elmira and the neighboring towns cannot be possibly estimated; but the name of "Billy" Maxwell will live forever in the minds of hundreds who were led by him into the only true path.

"I was drunk thirty years," says Maxwell, in one of his temperance lectures. "I have had the delirium tremens six times, and been in a county jail in every State in the Union but six, for drunkenness." It was through his efforts that not a drunken man was seen in Hornellsville, at the time of the Erie strike.

Col. Luther Caldwell became deeply interested in the temperance movement in Elmira, and worked steadily in it side by side with Eccles Robinson and W. E. Maxwell. He gave up the Rathbun House, so that his time could be only devoted to the cause of temperance ; and he is now going from place to place to address people on the subject. On one occasion he read the following letter from his daughter, to one of the largest audiences that ever filled the Opera House, and received a perfect storm of applause :

WASHINGTON CITY, *April* 3, 1877.

My dear, dear Father :

Oh ! I am so glad to hear of your signing the pledge. It was a blessed good thing to do, and a good day to do it on. Pa, there is one thing else that I want you to do, that is to join the church. You can do so. You do believe Jesus died for you. You know he did, and all that you or any one else can do is just to believe that, and strive with all their might and God's help to do right, and not to do anything wrong. I just hope that the next time I hear from you that shall be the good news I shall hear. I have been praying for it for almost a year now, and I know I shall get an answer some time to that prayer. God will bless you for what you did on Sunday. I am so glad. I hope and believe Cush and the boys will follow your good example. With lots of love,

Your daughter, LINA CUSHING.

The colonel said in one of his temperance addresses that he was willing to tell what had prompted him to come out for total abstinence. He had made up his mind that it was about time for him to stop drinking. He had felt that it was in the very air, for some time, a kind of strange influence. He had not been one to stand back when invited up to the bar—on the contrary, he had been rather inclined to "keep up his end of the log." He had with others practiced drinking, the while feeling sorry to see the intemperance. He presumed the rest of his friends were thinking about the same way. He spoke of the continued resolutions he had made to stop drinking, but he could not keep a promise made to himself, wife and friends. The days on which he struggled hardest to refrain, he drank the most. But when he went up, marching down before a whole audience in Elmira, to sign the pledge, he knew he could keep it. That was the open avowal. Moderate drinkers become immoderate, and the immoderate become drunkards. There was no argument about it ; it was simply a matter of will. He knew he was on the road to drunkenness, and so he signed his name to the Murphy pledge. "With Malice towards none, and Charity for all," and "clothed in his right mind," he went into the movement and took up the banner of temperance, and began to walk in the way made so straight, clear and shining by the noble host of men who had gone before.

Colonel Caldwell has turned his hand to song writing. The following fairly illustrates his literary style, and also the conspicuousness of the blue-ribbon insignia in the movement :

"God helping me," the drinker said,
And trembling signed the Murphy pledge.
Poor Peter cried, "Oh! Jesus, save,
Or else I sink beneath the wave!"
Oh! blessed pledge, oh, holy word!
It has in sorrow oft been heard.

The Saviour lifts poor Peter up
And saves the drinker from his cup.
"God helping me," by faith I cry,
And the dear Saviour cometh nigh;
So the blue-ribbon which we wear
Shall be a signal and a prayer.

The loving hand, dear Jesus, give,
And bid the fallen brother live.
Oh! gracious Lord, come near each day,
To lead us in the better way;
And the blue-ribbon e'er shall be
A signal that "God is helping me."

Another earnest worker in the cause was Mr. Pattison. Reformed through the influence of Eccles Robinson he entered the lists and did untold good. His name has become known to all. The employees of the Erie railroad signed the pledge, as well as those of the post-office, in the earlier days of the movement, and were greeted with deafening applause and cheers.

The "76" Social Club, composed of the leading young men of the place, followed the good examples, and signed the pledge in a body. Thirty members of the Hook and Ladder, and one hundred and twelve Odd Fellows were not to be beaten, and did likewise.

The following telling speech was made by an Elmiran in the Opera House:

"Two weeks ago I was drinking myself drunk in a saloon in Elmira. I called for still another glass and the saloon keeper said, 'Young man, you have had enough, you had better go and sign the Murphy pledge.' I took him at his word, and walked out with his warning ringing in his ears. I signed the pledge, and such joy as I have known for two weeks! But I feel that I need something that is still higher and better. Pray for me that I may become a true Christian."

One of the most interesting features of the movement was

the Sunday service Messrs. Kenfield and Farwell conducted, a temperance meeting in the jail for the benefit of the prisoners. Out of the twenty-five confined men seventeen signed the pledge. There was no blue ribbon to give the poor fellows; so the ladies who were present kindly cut enough of the color from what they wore. In this way there was found sufficient of that "true" color to adorn the ugly prison apparel.

Before many weeks had passed it was found to be an imperative matter that a permanent place should be rented where temperance could have a home. All the leading gentlemen and ladies entered into the spirit of the thing; and the result of the several meetings was that the hall, corner of Lake and Carroll streets, was secured for the much desired purpose. The ladies decorated the hall neatly and tastefully with appropriate mottoes. On one side of the room the eye was drawn to "Malice towards none and Charity for all," worked in evergreens; and on another side "Blessed are the Poor in Spirit." Above the platform was hung a most faithful and excellent portrait, handsomely framed, of Eccles Robinson, the father of the Elmira movement. An elegant water-cooler of britannia ware, and a silver vase of unique design standing on a walnut bracket under the portrait, added to the place a certain nameless grace and charm very suggestive of woman's beautifying presence. Here was the home and the headquarters of temperance, and the scene of the labors of its earnest and valiant advocates. Meetings were here held four and sometimes six times a day, meetings ripe in promise and fruition, and which will always form an important part of the Elmira annals.

The interest and enthusiasm became of so intense a character, as the movement progressed, that demands had to be made on the "Smoky City" for more reformers. The call was heartily responded to, and men were sent who did a vast deal of good. There was, however, a longing desire to see and hear the great man who had originated this wave. There

was an universal cry for Francis Murphy. In almost every speech made to the people, his name was mentioned with the most loving and reverend of tones ; and Eccles Robinson would say, continually : "You all should see the man who reformed me. He is so good, so grand." At last arrangements were completed to bring him in their midst. The Young Men's Christian Association engaged him to deliver a lecture at the Opera House. Early in the month of May the following characteristic letter was received from the great temperance apostle :

"My dear Brother :—Your favor is at hand. It is all right for Elmira, Tuesday, May 22. God help you. Will let you know to-morrow by what train I shall arrive in your city on Monday night. Love to all the people.

"P. S. The work goes bravely on in Philadelphia.

"Francis Murphy."

This announcement was made to the people, and caused general excitement. Every one was on the alert to see the man who had made so great a stir in society, and was spoken of wherever one went, and whose name was a constant theme for newspaper gossip.

He came, and completely conquered. The Opera House was crowded ; and the lecturer was received with great fervor. He told in his usual, and so well known way, the story of his life, eliciting tears and sobs in one breath, and roars of laughter in another. A most touching incident of the evening was the reply he made to a gentleman in the audience who asked him if his mother lived to witness his reformation. When the great reformer said no, but told sadly of his mother's death shortly after her arrival in this country, whither she had come to see her dear boy, there was many a tear escaped from the control of its possessor, and hard were the efforts made to keep back the flowing tide of sympathy. He stormed the town ; and the demand was so great to hear him that he was obliged to visit Elmira again, which he did Tuesday, June 20. On both occasions he made a most favorable and

marked impression. He, however, was not the father of the Elmira movement; he only delivered a few addresses to the thousands who went to hear him. All honor and praise must be credited to Eccles Robinson. It was purely and wholly his work from first to last. The people accepted him as their reformer; and he proved himself that. It will be interesting to here tell the kind reader how Eccles Robinson was converted. We will quote his own graphic words:

"There were four young men just beginning the study of law in Pittsburg. They were all of them members of families of respectability and property, with fair talents and good prospects. One evening one of them said, 'Let us have a bottle of wine together.' Another said, 'Boys, who knows, if we should, how it will interfere with our studies. May be will not get as far as the practice of the law?' They laughed and sent for the wine. While drinking and beginning to feel good, an old beggar put his head within the door and asked them for some money. They rallied him for his appearance and interruption of their festivities, but tossed him a small piece of coin, and as he turned away, he said: 'Young man, the time may come when you will be around begging for a dime, as I am to-night.'

"And as sure as one bottle after another came to their rooms did that time come to those young men. Three of them lie to-night in drunkards' graves; one of them still reels about the streets of Pittsburgh. I only am escaped out of the depths of drunkenness to tell you this true story. Young men, come up here and sign the pledge. It is better to sign the Murphy pledge than to wallow in the ditch or lie down on saw-dust floors."

Eccles Robinson was a member of one of the oldest and most influential Pennsylvania families. He entered the college at Princeton, and after being there a short while was expelled on account of his wild spirits.

He commenced to drink when quite young, and soon got entirely under the influence of liquor. He became well known in the "Smoky City" as one of the worst, if not the worst,

drunkards in the whole place. While he was drinking in a saloon one day, a gentleman entered, and looking around the room, saw him. He approached him, and asked politely :

"Are you Mr. Eccles Robinson ?"

Mr. Robinson felt as if some one had shaken him. It was the first time in many a long day that he had been kindly spoken to ; the first time in years he was addressed as "Mr."

"Yes ; I am Eccles Robinson," he said shortly, more to hide his feelings than anything else.

"I want you to come to my meetings," the gentleman said kindly ; "I am Francis Murphy. Will you come ?"

"No."

"But I want you to come. It will do you good, and you will like it. Wouldn't you like to be as you were before you commenced drinking ?"

"Yes ; I would." And something rose up in the breast of Eccles Robinson, and dimmed his eyes. His conscience awoke. A few kind words had done the work. Ah, a gentle word is a powerful thing when used to those who have been strangers to it ! It was seldom that Eccles Robinson was spoken to thus. "You will be restored to your manhood," said Mr. Murphy earnestly ; "and all will be well with you if you only sign my pledge. Come to me to-night ?"

The promise was given. That evening Mr. Murphy looked for his friend in the hall, and found him. Never had he flung so much fervor in his work as he did that night. Eccles Robinson was aroused, amazed ; and realized his present position. He plainly saw what frightful risks he ran, and what an awful end awaited him. He signed the pledge. As he did so Mr. Murphy stooped down, held out his hand, and said :

"I want you to come up here beside me." The new convert went on the stage. "I want you to tell the people your experience," he said. The convert looked at the sea of faces, and shrank back frightened and embarrassed. He could not do it. "Then kneel down, and pray to God to help you keep your pledge." "I can't." "Don't

you want to keep it?" "Yes." "Well, then, pray." Eccles Robinson had not said a prayer for a number of years. The time when he used to kneel and pray to God seemed as some strange dream. He knelt down; and with wildly throbbing heart, before that immense crowd of people, begged the Heavenly assistance and protection. It was a simple little prayer. The audience was so hushed you could almost count your heart-beats. From that never-to-be-forgotten night the desire for intoxicating drink left him; and Eccles Robinson was a saved man—snatched from the road of sin to walk along the way of right and truth, to save and redeem others from a dreadful end. He entered so completely into the warm affection of the Elmirans that before he left them for other fields of usefulness they agreed to tender him a benefit. He had not been paid for his work among them; it had been purely a matter of duty and love.

The occasion was a most interesting one. A great crowd greeted him; many felicitous speeches were made; and it was altogether a most joyous and delightful evening. He was presented, among other "good" things, with a very elegant gold cross—an appropriate gift, as he had taken it up and was walking under its gracious load straight towards the golden gates of heaven. "May the richest blessings of God rest upon Eccles Robinson," is the prayer to-day of the people of Elmira.

The temperance wave reached Utica, N. Y., and swept over it with grand results, as the following article graphically shows:

"The temperance tidal wave has reached Utica. This is evident to every one who has noticed the crowd attending the temperance lectures at Mechanics' Hall nightly, and the blue ribbons worn upon the street. Saturday evening another large meeting was held at Mechanics' Hall. Prof. Evans spoke to workingmen especially, his subject being "Saturday Night." He dwelt particularly on the folly shown by many in working hard all the week, and spending the fruit of their labor in drink in a few short hours on Saturday night. The good results of signing the pledge and turning the week's earnings

into their proper channel were also shown. After the address about one hundred signatures to the temperance pledge were obtained.

"The temperance meeting at the Opera House, yesterday afternoon, was a source of surprise to everybody. It had been announced to begin at 3:30 P. M., but at that time every seat in the house was filled, all standing room in the aisles and around the side of the room, both on the lower floor and gallery, was occupied, while a large number found seats on the stage. From 3:30 to 4 P. M., hundreds of people came to the hall, only to be turned away for want of room. Over two thousand persons were present. Revs. L. D. White, R. G. Jones, Rev. Dr. P. H. Fowler and Captain L. Moore, of Utica, and Rev. J. H. Lamb, of Madison, occupied seats on the stage. The meeting was opened with singing and brief remarks by Rev. L. D. White. Prof. Evans read the parable of the prodigal son, putting an earnestness seldom heard into his words. He then proceeded to speak on the subject, dwelling especially on the sin of drunkenness. His mission, he said, was to try and arouse a sentiment that shall bring prodigals to themselves and home. He explained the parable of the prodigal son, in simple yet earnest, and often beautiful language, applying the lesson at different points to those who act the same part to-day. The base ingratitude of the prodigal was shown by a picture of a young man leaving home, depicted in well-chosen words, showing the depth of filial affection. The downfall of a young man living a fast life was also vividly portrayed. The prodigal of old, after his fall, would fain fill himself with the husks the swine did eat. The prodigal to-day having spent his money in riotous living, his friends cut him, and he waits around on the outside of the crowd to be asked to drink. He is also after husks. When his money is gone he is told he may sweep out the saloon for his drink; he has become a swineherd. The prodigal of old was too noble to steal, too manly to beg, and had sense enough to realize his position and resolve to go back to his father's house and make the best of it. The

father's anxiety over his absence and joy at his return were forcibly presented in words and gestures. Like the brother who was angered at the reception given to the prodigal, there are many to-day, who, if they cannot be at the head of a project when invited to participate, turn and say, 'I won't.' Oh, for a time when we can forget sectional differences! 'We ask you all, irrespective of creed or belief, to join this movement. We desire the co-operation of the churches to bring those who are without into the fold. It is a glorious work for humanity. Every man who is saved begins to live aright. He pays his debts and his money goes into proper channels. Every man who is reformed, is saved for the community and church as well as for himself. Give us your hand, your heart and your voice to aid in this movement. The work will have to be taken up and carried forward in a systematic manner. It is my prayer that the work may go forward until every man in the city shall stand on a higher plane than he did before.'

"James G. Clark sang one of his songs, and in response to an encore sang 'Ninety and Nine.'

"Rev. L. D. White then spoke in relation to the continuance of the meetings. He said that in obedience to public sentiment, meetings would be held in the Opera House every evening this week, with the exception of Wednesday, when the house will be otherwise occupied. The meetings have been inaugurated on the conviction that there is a sentiment, will and money in the community to carry them on.

"Mr. Clark sang a temperance song, 'Dare to Say No,' which was enthusiastically applauded.

"Those desiring to do so were invited to come and sign the pledge, and 250 responded to the invitation, making 350 signatures obtained in two days.

"There will be a temperance prayer-meeting at the Opera House, between 12 and 1 P. M., to-day. Entrance, for this session only, will be through the Washington street stairway. The movement is increasing in popularity from day to day."

William M. Evans was the main worker of the Utica tem

perance movement. Sent here from the headquarters he worked nobly; but we will let the gentleman himself give the kind reader an idea of his success in a letter of his to the Pittsburgh *Temperance Ensign:*

"UTICA, N. Y.

"*Editor Ensign:*—I have been here now six weeks to-night, and have secured over 6,000 signers. The enthusiasm is intense. Some nights I have been compelled to attend three meetings, being driven from one to another, and people following. I expect to organize a central union and four or five auxiliaries during the coming weeek, and intend to keep the fires burning over the holidays, when I shall have to leave the unions to take care of themselves. I have engagements to lecture in Dunkirk, Titusville, and many places in New York. I may be with you for one night. I had a grand benefit on Wednesday night, over 1,100 people being present. I had splendid floral offerings. I am getting invitations for next winter's lecture course. John B. Gough voluntarily indorsed me here and at Rome, and the lecture committee have told me I must take his place next season, as he will be in Europe. I have my lectures under preparation. I am writing this after having spoken one hour and secured over 200 signers. To-morrow evening I shall have an audience of over 2,000 in the Opera House, and I shall present the claims of the Union. I am pleased to read your paper's goodly news of temperance, and hope the good cause will steadily go on until our land shall be free from the curse of alcohol. WM. MASON EVANS."

We take pleasure in placing the following very interesting account before our readers as it graphically tells of the glorious work in the city of Utica, and gives a faithful idea of the reception the people gave the cause. We print these fresh and living photographs of the grand effects of the Murphy reform, because, written on the spot, they are instinct with the feeling and atmosphere, which transfigured society into something brighter and better, and paint with more glowing color, than could any *resume* of ours, the strength and depth of the

impulse that shook all classes to the center. The Utica *Herald* contained a sketch of a "Thanksgiving," as sweet and touching, almost, in its simple realism, as one of Charles Dickens' exquisite Christmas stories :

"Yesterday was a Thanksgiving to be long remembered by many in Utica. It was cold, rainy, snowy and cheerless without, but within door innumerable happy events occurred. The attendance at the churches was much larger than usual and the sermons were quite interesting.

"Thanks to the happy thought of Prof. Evans, the indefatigable efforts of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and the Utica Reform Club, and aided by the generosity of citizens generally, nearly two thousand poor men, women and children enjoyed as hearty a Thanksgiving dinner as they could possibly desire. The Blue-ribbon Brigade, smiling and happy, with their young lady friends, joined hearts and hands with the members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, at an early hour, yesterday morning. Soon after the vast assembly room in the Carton Block was besieged with big-hearted men, women and children bearing baskets full of everything good to eat ; from turkeys and tarts down to pies, pickles and pippins. They came from the homes of the wealthy and the cottages of the mechanics and laborers ; and out of the scanty stores of many a poor wife, widow and sewing girl, were carried humble gifts that would overweigh the product dollars of the rich in the scale of genuine charity. They were heart tributes of gratitude to the glorious cause of temperance reform, which has lifted great burdens of sorrow and grief from their homes by the reformation of heretofore unfortunate husbands, sons or brothers ; men who were down in the mire last Thanksgiving, with no certainty of getting a dinner for themselves and careless whether their families ate or starved, joined the throng and added their gifts to the bountiful feast prepared for others less fortunate. The amount and variety of the delicacies and substantials that were piled up in the east end of Carton Hall was really surprising. Three

tables were set nearly the whole length of the hall, and in the east end were stationed a corps of skillful amateur carvers and busy ladies, who labored only as kind-hearted men and women can labor in a good cause. It is impossible and useless to give the bill of fare—suffice to say that no first-class hotel in Utica or elsewhere gave its guests a better or more palatable dinner.

"A reporter of the *Herald* dropped into the hall at 1 o'clock P. M., one hour before the time announced for the feast, but—dinner was ready. Such a sight has never before been seen in Utica. It was one that would warm the heart of a miser, and compel even the rumseller to throw up his hat and bid God speed to the temperance reform workers. It was a practical demonstration of the fact that temperance reform means good to all—warm clothing over light hearts and good dinners to take the wrinkles out of lean and hungry stomachs.

"The grown people, white and black, old men and women, residents and strangers, red-nosed bottle tipplers and pale poverty-stricken people, ate only as hungry people can eat when they have plenty, but the fun came in where the boys and girls were. Boot-blacks, newsboys, peanut peddlers, street Arabs of every nationality, color and creed had a harvest. Shivering, half clad, bare-footed, sorrel-topped, wan, pale, thin, cadaverous, pinched, sunken-cheeked, half-starved boys and girls reveled in turkey, goose, duck, cranberry sauce, mince pies, cake, doughnuts, puddings, apples, oranges, coffee, tea, milk, and water till they nearly burst. The kind matrons, rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed young ladies, and jovial members of the Reform Club followed Bob Ingersoll's rule—just for once—and let the gamin commence their dinner with pie, or finish it with turkey or chicken, just as they pleased. They were not restricted in any way, and to their credit be it said, they behaved one hundred per cent. better than the average attendants at 'opening nights,' or lunch fiends in a bar-room. How they did eat! And how it pleased the smiling spectators to see the urchins cram. One Arab with a patch on his nose and radiant in a summer duster, half a shirt and two-

thirds of a pair of pantaloons, covered a piece of mince pie with one dirty hand, and a lump of pound cake with the other, while he was grinding the brown meat on the drum of a turkey with his teeth. A busier or more interested lad was never seen. Then when he began to wrestle with the pie there was fun. After making two goodly-sized half-moon indications in the side, his appetite gave out. He picked up four big fat raisins, the left hand bearing the pie dropped involuntarily to the table, the lad leaned back in the chair and a deathly pallor spread over his face. That boy had evidently eaten too much, or as they say down South, he had 'bitten off more than he could chaw!' Prof. Evans and his good wife, Mrs. Northrup, President of the Woman's Union, President Latimore of the Reform Club, and their coadjutors were ubiquitous. The work went on from noon until dark. At least 2,000 were fed, and hundreds of baskets full of good provisions were sent out to worthy people, the sick poor, who could not come. What is left will be distributed from the Court street Home around the city by the ladies to-day.

"Expert writers were kept busy filling up pledges and nimble fingers pinned blue ribbons on to 400 persons yesterday. Don't ask—'How many of them will keep it?' but follow suit and do what you can to help the weak to stand by their pledges and be true to their manhood.

"'Did you have a good dinner?' inquired a *Herald* reporter of three wee Arabs who sat on a pile of lumber by the new station-house. 'Have a good dinner?' they replied. 'Guess we did have a bully dinner, but we're so sick!' They need not have told this, for their pale faces showed it, and their unbuttoned jackets proved that the pitcher had gone to the well too often. In spite of being sick, they were eager in their chase for the stump of a discarded cigar. It didn't hurt them to get sick as long as they had one good square Thanksgiving dinner. They may go hungry to-day, but they had a 'bully dinner' (inelegant but full of meaning to the boys) yesterday.

That is what about everybody said who enjoyed yesterday's

good work. Not one-tenth of our practical Christians enjoyed the experiment of yesterday. Some thought there wouldn't be anything to eat, and others that there would be no one to eat what they did have. Now that Prof. Evans and the temperance ladies have opened the ball, let it be kept rolling and end up with another old-fashioned Christmas dinner for the poor. Some who were not poor ate at Carton Hall yesterday, but many of the hardest workers among the men and women were so anxious to help others that they forgot to eat their own dinners, and that equalized things. 'Let scallawags eat, if they wish,' said Professor Evans, 'as long as the worthy and hungry have enough.'"

The Hornellsville *Times* said:

"The blue-ribbon cure is better than blue glass. It removes pain from the heart, dizziness from the head, splinters from the eyes and straightens the hair. Not only this, but it is a specific for melancholy and brooding diseases of the mind, afflicting whole families.

"At Olean, the daughter of a man who signed the pledge and put on the blue ribbon, went dancing along the street saying to every one she met, 'Oh, I'm so glad, so glad, I don't know what to do. My father has signed the pledge, and mother's glad, and I am so glad! Now we are just as good as anybody, and so is my father, too. Oh, goody, goody!' and she danced along the street telling the good news to every schoolmate that her sick father had been cured of a loathsome disease. And here in Hornellsville last Saturday night a husband and father clothed in his right mind for the first time in many years, went to one of our stores with money in his pocket, and bought stockings for his children and other articles for himself and wife. It was the blue ribbon that did it. It was the blue-ribbon cure."

This touching epistle appeared in the Oneida *Dispatch*, N. Y.:

"Dear Friends:—I have thought as I sat and listened to the various statements and appeals which have been made at

these meetings, that too little has been said in regard to that kind of dissipation styled 'moderate drinking.'

"I have often heard men say, 'Oh! I am not a drunkard; I take a glass now and then, but I don't get drunk.' It seems to me that there lies a peculiar danger. It is as if one should venture in a frail boat among the rapids, just above the mighty cataract of Niagara, and shutting their eyes and ears to the grand spectacle and the deafening roar should say as the little boat neared the fearful precipice 'I am not in danger! I am only taking a row on the river! I shall not go over!'

"Oh! my friends! not more surely will that little boat with its living freight go down to a dreadful death than will the moderate drinker become eventually a drunkard, blight his home, break the hearts of his friends and wreck the promise of his early manhood.

"Among all the accounts related here, I have heard but little of the sorrows of the wives of moderate drinkers; and since it has been my unfortunate lot to be one of these, I have felt it my duty to give you a brief sketch of my life.

"I have always kept my trouble to myself, confiding in none but God.

"When I was married, there was no happier and prouder bride, and there never was a better and kinder husband than mine until he began to drink; and now I have nothing to complain of when he is not under the influence of liquor.

"But how can I tell you the sorrow and agony I have felt to see my dear husband trail his manhood in the dust, come home to me in the small hours of the morning—drunk!

"How many such vigils as mine are kept? How many weeping wives have 'watched the stars out,' waiting in an agony of fear, to hear the unsteady step, and senseless speech, of the man who she vowed to love and honor. Ah, me! were women not as true and faithful as they are, how would love and honor pale and die as the wife—heart-broken and ashamed—looks for the first time on her beloved husband—drunk!

"Oh, moderate drinker! taking 'only a glass now and then,'

pause now—set down the glass untasted—go and get a blue ribbon and go home to your wife and children a manly man—one from which they shall not shrink in fear and disgust.

"Every week the papers are filled with the heartrending details of wives and children beaten cruelly, or murdered in a drunken fury, by men who, doubtless, once took 'only a glass now and then.'

"The first glass! to what does it not lead? Another, and another! and the hard earned dollars melt like the snowflake! Then in his desperation, seeing his family's distress and suffering, the unhappy man resorts to the gaming table! He loses! and drinks to drown his disappointment, and the paling morning star sees him rolling home to find perhaps a child, a wife dying or dead!

"I am sure my husband did not mean to drink again when he knelt one night, with sobs and tears, beside our dying child, but the tempter was too powerful, and again he fell, and the night watches have been repeated while my aching heart was well nigh broken.

"But now—thanks to those noble men, Messrs. McCurry and McMaster, who have striven so earnestly and well to rescue and raise the fallen; and thanks to God for putting it in their hearts to come to Oneida—my dear husband wears the 'blue ribbon,' and I ask the prayers of all in our behalf, that he may be steadfast, and not yield again to the accursed tempter.

"I have always worked hard, and am neither afraid nor ashamed. My husband would tell you I have been a good wife and a helper, and now my one wish and desire is to keep our happy home unsullied, and to go down the hill of life hand-in-hand together, and when death comes, trusting in God's mercy, we may go together to meet our darling child.

"I pray God to give my husband, and all like him (and there have been only too many of these in Oneida), to give him strength to keep the pledge for the rest of his life.

"And if this brief sketch shall open the eyes of anyone

who takes 'only a glass now and then,' to the insidious danger lurking in that, and lead him to stop *now*, and don the 'blue ribbon' *to-night*, I shall have my reward.

"May God grant it, is the heartfelt prayer of

"ONE OF THE WIVES."

So the good work went on without any abatement through Southern New York, each town of any importance feeling in some degree the force of the movement which was sweeping through the country. It is stated in rough estimate that at least a hundred thousand people throughout these southern counties of the Empire State became reformed. The charge so often made that only a small number of the Murphy converts "stick" is false and malignant. On excellent authority it is claimed that a fair proportion of two-thirds remain true to the solemn pledges taken. Before following Francis Murphy to other sections of the field, we give our readers a speech made by the great reformer before a religious convention in Western New York.

Saturday, August 4, 1877, was the opening day of the fourth annual session of the Chatauqua Assembly. The beautiful groves were thronged with delighted visitors, all of whom were very curious and anxious to attend the lecture by Francis Murphy, the great apostle of temperance. In the afternoon Eccles Robinson, who had so suddenly done such great work in Elmira, was introduced, and delivered an interesting account of his life.

The Rev. Mr. Mead, of Hornellsville, N. Y., followed him with a graphic narrative of the movement in the southern tier of counties in his State.

Francis Murphy was then introduced by the Rev. Dr. Vincent, and received a grand welcome. After the deafening applause had died away, he advanced and said:

"Mr. President and Friends: I hope and trust that, as I shall try to speak to you this afternoon, I shall have your prayers and sympathy, that God's blessing may rest upon us, and that all I shall say this afternoon may be directed to God's

holy spirit. For if God be with us, who can be against us? It has been a good day for me, and I am glad that I came here and have had the pleasure of hearing of the world's Redeemer. That One, of whom we heard to-day, by the sweet influence of His holy spirit came to me and took the scales from my eyes and opened the prison-house of bondage; and through the name of Christ I am permitted to stand before you, saved by His grace, and I trust not only reformed, but transformed by the renewing of the mind, and that by-and-by I may be able to prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God concerning me. You have heard from the lips of this young man to-day how he was rescued. Brother Eccles Robinson and you will excuse me whilst I say a word respecting him. I have had the good fortune of meeting him, and I wish to say in the presence of this vast multitude that the boy seems to have been a greater blessing to me than I have been to him. I wish to say to you, that if any of you are getting great wealth on account of a sober life, on account of some kind act some person may have done you, I believe to-day I am getting the greatest joy of any of you, in the fact that I saw this young man standing up and saved by the grace of God; and he has a happy wife and family in the city of Elmira, and another happy family in Pittsburgh, where he has a loyal and Christian mother who has hoped for the reformation of her boy. She has other boys who are not yet saved, and I will ask your prayers for them to-day, that God may reach them, and that her heart may be made happy in the complete salvation of all her children. He squandered a fortune of some seventy thousand dollars, and paid particular attention to getting rid of it, as lots of young men do who never knew how they get money, only their fathers gave it to them, and they do not know the value of it, and consequently they go to work and spend it. And I think sometimes when God's people need some money to carry on their work that you people who are buying United States bonds, and extending your broad acres, if you please, and constantly spending your

money in that way, instead of giving it to God's people, to build a fence around your boys to keep them from going to destruction—that you will be sorry by-and-by that you didn't do it. Remember that all you have got to-day belongs to Him, and by-and-by you will have to give it all up, and I hope and trust you will feel when God calls you that you have been a faithful steward and have done your duty. Excuse me for this reference, because the work we are engaged in is the temperance reform. But it almost breaks my heart when I see some of God's ministers—noble men—who have become almost superannuated, so to speak; who have worked all the days of their lives for their people, giving themselves away and almost starving themselves, and right under the eaves of his house is the palatial residence of a man who says he is a brother, but simply in name, not in practice. May God help us to open our hearts to God's poor. This is not temperance, but I am not to be trusted on this subject. I did not tell you I was an Irishman, and you know that an Irishman is always permitted to speak until he is understood.

"I will talk to you this afternoon a little while on the subject of gospel temperance. My good brother who introduced me, Dr. Vincent, whose name is familiar to all the good people in this country, bringing us into closer relations with God and each other, has announced it as the new temperance movement. I say to you that I will call it a leaf from real life, and if there are men who drink or sell intoxicating liquors here I have no quarrel with you, not a word. I came here to-day with that blessed motto of Abraham Lincoln, 'With Malice towards none, with Charity for all,' and hence it is, I believe, safe for us to leave our hearts in the hands of God and permit Him to do something for us, so that if words offensive shall pass from my lips, on my part they are not intended. Real life always furnishes stranger stories than romance ever dreamed of, and the truth is always more startling than fiction. On April 24, 1836, I was born in the village of Turgot, county Wexford, in the eastern part of Ireland, three thousand miles across the

Atlantic ocean, in a humble little thatched cottage, situated upon a beautiful mound of land overlooking the sea ; and although separated from that humble home for more than twenty years, by a distance of thousands of miles, yet in imagination I can see it as it was, and sometimes memory will take wings and fly to the humble cottage home and with rapturous delight feed upon boyhood's days. Well do I remember, when a youth, kneeling with my mother in silent prayer and asking God to watch over my helpless infancy, and keep my riper years in the way of peace. The front garden was filled with choicest flowers, planted by my own hands, making the air fragrant with their richest perfume ; the sloping hills kissed by the rays of the morning sun, whilst the grand old ocean rolled at the foot of the hill singing its ceaseless hymn of praise to Him who bids a thousand fleets sweep over it and write no furrow on its ever youthful brow. I have stood in the little cottage door and looked out on its bright, green, throbbing bosom, over which the vessels passed and repassed with their white, silken sails, bearing their precious freight to the land of the free and the home of the brave. I had read of this new world, its golden mines and silver lakes, and longed for the time to come when I, too, could sail for this free land. But it seemed to me like hoping against fate. We were poor and had to struggle against poverty and drive it out of the house the best we could. I do not know that you are afflicted with the disease in this charming locality, but we were particularly afflicted with poverty in the little house 'beyant the say.' I remember at the time of the golden harvest, of coming in at night and lying down with the grain we had gathered, and at noontime we pushed away the little furniture and threshed out the barley, and in this way your speaker first commenced to make a living. If there is a besetting sin in this country to-day, one that is undermining the soul of honor, it is because young men have become ashamed of honest labor ; and allow me to say to you, young man, who have taken your stand upon the world's broad field of

battle, never be ashamed of honest labor, and whatever thy hand findeth to do, that is honorable, do it with all thy might, and the blessing of him who hath made us in the express image of himself will crown your efforts with success. Then if there is a man in this congregation to-day who is in the darkness of despair and who is walking in the valley of humiliation, that the iron hand of poverty has got a close hold upon—ah, there is hope for you, my brother. You can buy your release from this tyrant if you are willing, by the grace of God assisting you, to take the hand of honest labor and let it lead you. It is the golden highway of honor to-day that is cast up for the ransom of his people. I care not whether it is the tinker, the tailor, the mechanic or the man who studies in the office, the only way to honor, to true manhood, is by the golden way of honest toil. Then, my dear brother, take heart, do not be discouraged, let us go up and possess the land. But, you say, there are difficulties in the way, there are boulders to be removed, yes, and mountains to be cast into the sea ; but what of it ? blessed be God, this divine, this kingly, this immortal spirit that beats and longs for freedom and noble life, shall give them power to remove the boulders. Excelsior ! thou kingly spirit ! Come on, men ! let's go up into this land, where it is crowned with the eternal sun, and stand with the best and truest, with our life of deathless honor won from honest labor.

"After years of persevering toil, wealth came, and after wealth came, fashion was introduced. I trust you are not afflicted with this yourselves, but I have no time to talk to you about fashions ; but let me say just a word, and I say it to my children, have the manly courage to live within your means. This is the secret of virtuous manhood. Don't barter away your honor ; don't do it for a suit of clothes ; don't pawn your word. Be free. Be a man and breathe God's pure air. Carry a heart true and loyal within your breast ; that if it is turned inside out there is no stain upon it, and you are a man as noble as walks the earth. Public opinion mother would

cater to ; and for weeks previous to the arrival of company, she would be in the pantry preparing her pies and cakes ; and the table might be ever so well laden, unless the liquor be placed upon it it would not be acceptable. In my country, when a boy, I was not admitted to the social circle. But I notice in this country that Bobbin's chair is brought to the head of the table, and all the company are introduced to Bobbin : but in my country all the youngsters are huddled together out in the kitchen, and this part of the entertainment I didn't like very well, for I was one of the boys who subsisted largely on what I ate, and was passionately fond of hearing what was going on, and I was pleased to see what pains mother took. And it was in this little tidy kitchen our food was prepared, and the little white Irish linen cloth, whiter than snow, was put on the table ; and white China tea dishes, with gold edges around them, kept in the closet but for these special occasions, and if you touched them they would sing like a bird. I could see the frosted cake where the knife had cut through it, and see the great nice raisins, and it was not on account of any goodness in me that I didn't pick them out. Mother would call me into the other room and say : 'Come here, my boy, be a good boy, and keep perfectly still out in the kitchen.' 'Ho, dear, oh, dear.' 'Stop your noise and go into the kitchen.' 'Oh, dear, oh, dear.' There was no alternative but into the kitchen, with the tears running down my cheeks. I longed for the time to be a man and eat with the rest of the people. I was peeping through the door when one of the company beckoned to me and I crept in, and he put his arms around me as I stood by him, little codger as I was. They had got through eating and had commenced to drink their toddy. My friend had a glass in his hand, put sugar in it and diluted the liquor and passed it into my little hand ; and I remember standing by his side and sipping it, and I remember the first flash of intoxication that passed through my system. It was at home, in the social circle, in the little house I have described, that your speaker first learned to drink intoxicating

liquor, and where the seeds of intemperance were first sown, and I believe my mother loved me as well as any of you parents love your children. Let me beseech you, for your children's sake, to remove this evil from your house and give them the benefit of a life of total abstinence. It is one of the grandest gifts you can give to your children to-day.

"I wish I had the power to tell you how I longed to see this blessed country, where all men stand free and equal. When I told mother I meant to come I remember how the big tear-drops stood in her eyes. And well I remember, too, her packing up my little trunk, and the tears would drop on the articles as she placed them there."

Mr. Murphy affectingly described his parting, the voyage to America, and his experience until his conversion in the jail at Portland. He concluded his address with one of his wonderful bursts of eloquence, amidst the loud and continued applause of the large audience.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FRANCIS MURPHY AMONG THE TROJANS.—ANOTHER GRAND SEASON OF TEMPERANCE REFORM AND REVIVAL.—FORTY THOUSAND PLEDGE-TAKERS IN TWO MONTHS. — STRIKING PHASES OF THE CAMPAIGN AT TROY.

THE next remarkable campaign of the temperance reformer was at Troy, N. Y., one of the largest manufacturing centers of the Empire State. His advent was looked forward to for weeks in advance with the greatest curiosity; and a fever of interest and expectation excited over the man, who will probably be known as the greatest temperance revivalist since the death of Father Matthew. Preparations were made for the coming event, and every step taken by the influential and reputable citizens to make the season rich in faithfulness. The newspapers, especially, interested themselves deeply in the matter, and when Murphy arrived, he found the field splendidly prepared for the sewing of the seed. So strong was the public feeling that the Common Council proffered the reformer the use of the large audience room in the City Hall for the inaugural meeting. His novel methods and peculiarly original and effective plan of attacking the sodden heart and conscience of the drunkard were the themes of general discussion, and as several interviews with Murphy by the newspaper reporters had been published, the public mind was well enlightened as to the plan of battle, which the great temperance general was to inaugurate. In one of these interviews Mr. Murphy said:

"This cause, I wish you to distinctly understand, is neither political nor sectarian. It is for the Roman Catholic as well

as the Protestant, and we can all shake hands together over the success of the movement.

"My motto is 'with Malice toward none, with Charity for all,' and I distinctly adhere to it upon all occasions. I make no tirade against liquor sellers; there are some good men in the business, but they cannot be driven out by abuse. I am convinced that the only true method of total abstinence is to prevail upon men to stop drinking, and then the other men will cease selling, as there will be no demand for their whisky. There can be no reduction in the sale of intoxicating drink so long as men continue to use it. Therefore, my idea is to persuade men to abstain, for you can have no stronger sentiment in the community than that in the real life of the people.

"You may legislate to any extent concerning the closing of saloons, but you do not reach the hearts of the people. You must prevail upon a man to stop drinking and turn his attention to his home, and instead of spending his money in a grog-shop, induce him to carry it home to his wife and children."

Mr. Murphy expresses his doubt of the efficacy of legislation in securing the reform of men addicted to spirituous drink and confirmed inebriates. Kind words, gentleness and warm-hearted sympathy he thinks will accomplish a great deal more. He said in conversation, "I believe that kindness will go a great way in saving these men. They are too much neglected now and passed by as though outcasts from society. And yet these very men, if they could only receive a kind word and some little attention, if they received treatment of that kind, I believe in my heart that nearly all could be saved. My experience in this movement has convinced me of that fact, for in my own life it was kindness that saved me."

The two men selected by Murphy, in accordance with his method of work, to assist him, were Eccles Robinson, who had carried on the Elmira work, and Col. Luther Caldwell, one of the notable converts of that work. Of the former, the reader has already had a sketch. The latter-named gentleman, who had been quite prominent, both in social and public life, in his

region, is worthy of some special description, before we proceed further with the Murphy crusade in Troy, as he was a most powerful and enthusiastic assistant in the work accomplished.

The striking fact is that Col. Caldwell, formerly proprietor of the Rathbun House, Elmira, signed the pledge through the instrumentality of the young man, Eccles Robinson, sold the hotel, and has become one of Mr. Murphy's most devoted assistants. Col. Caldwell was a man of no little prominence in central and western New York ; was proprietor of the Elmira *Advertiser ;* for two consecutive sessions clerk of the assembly, secretary of the State constitutional convention, and some four years ago was elected mayor of the city of Elmira, proving to be a very popular chief magistrate. He is a fervent, earnest man, and possessed of a strong, clear voice, which has always given him a famous reputation as a reader.

He ascribed his conversion to the fact that his wife interested herself in the movement, and in that way his thought and attention were attracted. One Sunday afternoon he attended a meeting in the Opera House in Elmira, in company with his wife, and before he left the building, he became an enthusiastic convert to the cause of temperance.

On Monday, the following day, he received an invitation to deliver an address in the village of Corning. He hesitated, doubting his ability to speak upon the subject of temperance, but finally accepted the offer, and in his *début* is said to have made a great impression upon all of his hearers, and accomplished much good. His time after that was occupied to such an extent with the work he had entered upon, that he finally sold out his interest in the hotel, and has since devoted himself exclusively to the movement he joined. Mr. Murphy pronounces him an able and eloquent orator.

Col. Caldwell declared that previous to his conversion he had been bitterly opposed to the cause of temperance, on account of the severe denunciations and terrific tirades all reformers had indulged in towards those who had connection

in any way whatever with the liquor business. Out of curiosity to hear what the young man, Mr. Robinson, had to say upon the then much agitated subject in Elmira, and whose motto he learned was "Malice towards none, Charity for all," in appealing to audiences, Col. Caldwell decided to attend the meeting, with the above-mentioned result.

The impulse which led to Mr. Murphy's being called to Troy was purely of a religious character. The ministerial association appointed a committee, of which Rev. Dr. Baldwin was chairman, for the purpose of negotiating with Mr. Murphy, and preparing the way for his labors, with what results we have already indicated. The heartiness with which the city government and the general public co-operated, left no doubt as to the success of the plan. Mr. Murphy arrived at Troy on Saturday night, Nov. 10, 1877. Before commencing his labors, he took a couple of days for rest, of which he stood in great need. On Sunday night, Dr. Baldwin introduced him to the congregation of the Third Street Baptist Church, whom he addressed in a few earnest and telling remarks, concluding with a fervent prayer to the Almighty, that his labors might be blessed in their city. Before giving a connected account of the Troy work, Mr. Murphy's views and feelings, as expressed in a conversation with a local journalist, will be of decided interest, and we quote the more important parts of the interview:

"I tell you, my friend," he remarked, "I have gone into this blessed field body and soul, and I am going to stick to it, sink or swim. You may not be sanguine of the success of the great movement here, but I am morally certain that unexpected results will crown our labors in this city."

"What are your impressions of Troy, Mr. Murphy?"

"I am favorably impressed with your city, and feel satisfied in my own mind that an opportunity is offered here for me to do great good, and that too many of your citizens are slaves to the habit of drink. I do not believe in having the love of God as a respecter of persons, but consider one man is no

better than another any further than his conduct justifies. It is utterly impossible to separate the poor from the rich, or the ignorant from the intelligent. Our interests are mutually bound up together; therefore it is the duty of all to do what they can, consistently with their convictions of right, to emancipate mankind from the slavery of spirituous liquors."

"How do you propose to inaugurate your movement here?"

"By a public address, in which I shall appeal to the honor, intelligence, integrity and love of truth and justice. The pledge will be offered upon that occasion, but it is not my wish to have anybody subscribe his name to the obligation unless he feels it his duty to do so. Afterwards noonday prayer-meetings will be held for the purpose of asking the blessing of God upon our united efforts to reclaim men from the power of intoxicating drink, and then I can have a personal interview with these individuals, take them by the hand, look into their faces and give such counsel as I think they stand in need of. The work is truly one of love and kindness, and our motto is, 'Malice toward none, and Charity for all.' There is no denunciation of liquor dealers; if men will stop buying, the sale will cease. Drinking is a voluntary act; if men drink they certainly have the right to cease doing so. But to accomplish this end and overcome the pernicious appetite, divine help is needed."

"How do you propose, Mr. Murphy, to carry out your work and make it permanent after it is once fairly established?"

"I firmly believe that every man has religious convictions; that he is friendly to some religious society in the city in which he lives; that it is a duty which he owes to himself and his family to become connected with a religious body in order to encircle himself, after he has resolved upon a reform, with restraints and influences which will tend to assist him in maintaining his word of honor. I think we should establish reading-rooms in different sections of the city, and supply them with the daily papers, scientific and mechanical journals, the leading monthlies and periodicals, where the workingmen can

assemble, read the current news and spend an evening profitably to themselves and to their vocations. I would connect with each of these reading-rooms a post-office where young mechanics and others may have their letters and postal matter mailed to them, in that way inducing an attendance and popularizing the 'walks of temperance.'"

"I should like to ask you a question, Mr. Murphy, which would naturally interest the readers of the *Times*. Will the movement be connected with any church organization in the city?"

"Decidedly, none whatever. It is thoroughly Christian in its spirit, and all may co-operate with us as our platform is broad. It is neither sectarian nor political, but Christian and humanitarian, and a purely temperance movement conducted on Christian principles."

"Still, do you think a religious movement inseparable from temperance reform?"

"I do, because the moment a man becomes sober he commences living better by providing for his family, beautifying his home, educating his children, and experiences a more sincere love for truth. Religion, to my mind, really consists in living well. Our temperance movement will have in it all the elements that enrich and ennoble human life."

"How long do you propose to remain in Troy?"

"I have no definite knowledge of the length of time, but will probably remain here as long as I feel I can accomplish good."

"What remuneration are you to receive for your services in Troy?"

"There is no stated sum; it is left with a committee of citizens to pay me what they may see fit after I have completed my labors here, and however small the amount, I assure you I shall not grumble."

"Do you expect to enlist Christian women of our city in your enterprise, Mr. Murphy?"

"Certainly I do."

"How do you desire them to assist you?"

"I trust they will form a commission with their headquarters at some point in close proximity to the hall where the meetings are held, and that they will provide sandwiches for the hungry and furnish such clothing as the unfortunate poor are in great need of."

"Do you expect immediate abstinence from the confirmed inebriate?"

"No, sir. That man needs to be nursed, to be treated medicinally, and receive good food in order to prepare him for the great change which he must necessarily undergo before he can be fairly established in the paths of temperance."

"Is there any foundation, Mr. Murphy, in the statement that has been widely circulated by the press throughout the country, to the effect that you have insisted upon the payment of $200 for each night you have lectured?"

"The assertion is conspicuously false in every respect. I have never asked or demanded pay for services I have rendered. Very flattering inducements have been frequently offered me to travel through the country as a lecturer, but my sense of right would not permit me to accept such offers. You will admit yourself that the moment I enlist my labors in a movement for which I receive a certain fixed price, my work as a reformer ceases. With the view of assisting me in my straitened circumstances, the executive committee of the National Christian Temperance Association made a series of engagements for me in western cities, with the understanding that I was to be paid $200 a night, but they were all canceled by me, contrary to the wishes of the committee, for fear that it would hurt the cause to which I was so devoted."

"What has been your success in large cities?"

"In Pittsburgh and Alleghany City we succeeded in three months in obtaining 95,000 signatures to the pledge, and I am informed that during the past year not one per cent. has fallen off. In Philadelphia 110,000 people signed the pledge during my stay there. Do not be discouraged, bright times are coming for Troy, and I am convinced they are not far off."

"What do you think of Father Mathew as a reformer?"

"I think he was the greatest benefactor that God ever gave to Ireland. I have met with many of my countrymen who signed the pledge with Father Mathew, and who have faithfully kept it, and as a result, they have paid for their homes, educated their children, and are now honored and respected citizens."

"What are your impressions of John B. Gough?"

"He is second to none as a reformer. He is one who has always yielded obedience to the subject as God has given him to see it. He is not jealous or envious—he is too great in himself to be jealous of any man."

Francis Murphy's initial meeting in Troy was a most remarkable one. The audience room of the City Hall was crowded to an uncomfortable degree; and it was estimated fully 1,000 persons were utterly unable to get even within hearing of the great speaker, and consequently were obliged to go away.

The reception given to Mr. Murphy was hearty in the extreme, and plainly indicated what feelings he aroused wherever he went. His heart must have felt very glad at the success of the opening day of his work here. His address consisted chiefly of a rapid sketch of his life; and was replete with passionate and eloquent appeals to his hearers. Many of his descriptions were so pathetic that persons wept unreservedly. Now and then he would lapse into a full, rich brogue, and tell some humorous story that would set the audience into peals of hearty laughter.

The opening part of Mr. Murphy's inaugural address to the people of Troy, we give as follows:

"*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

"My dear friends, I thank you again and again for this royal reception to the city of Troy, and I assure you all I have a heart that feels and a memory that does not forget. The welcome I have received from your clergy will be a benediction for all time to come. I have met your mayor, and a

more agreeable reception I have never experienced. I am proud that he is the chief magistrate of the city ; that he is an Irishman, and that his name is Murphy. I love my country and my countrymen—I don't go behind the bush to conceal it—and it is always a source of great satisfaction to see their names high up on the roll of honor.

"For the past week I have been in your city resting, and I am delighted with its general appearance. Looking at the long rows of trees on either side of the streets, I thought how beautiful they must have looked as the green clasped the green across them. Troy is certainly a grand place to live in, situate as it is close to the noble Hudson and overshadowed by mountains like Jerusalem. It is worth a lifetime to be introduced to such an interested audience upon an occasion similar to this, and the grand exhibition at Philadelphia did not present as glorious a spectacle. It was with great satisfaction that I had an interview with my dear friend, Father Havermans, and received his blessing and God-speed in the movement I came here to inaugurate. It is my purpose, in coming here, to do good, if possible.

"I have no unkind word for liquor dealers. If men stop drinking whisky, its sale will cease. With peace on earth and good will towards all men, we are here, believing that we can only accomplish good by introducing God's love and mercy. I have a request to make—that you will pray for me, and that all I do and say will be prompted by God's spirit.

"My theme this afternoon is real life, in which I myself am chiefly concerned. Life has always furnished stranger stories than romance, and truth is stranger than fiction. On April 24, 1836, I was born in the southern part of Ireland in the county of Wexford. My home was an humble little thatched cottage sitting upon a grassy mound overlooking the sea. Although separated from that humble place for more than twenty years, and to-night by thousands of miles, I look back to the sacred spot and in imagination see it as it was. Well do I remember my sainted mother kneeling by my side in prayer and asking

God to watch over and protect me. Well do I remember how often I stood in the little cottage door, looked out on the bright bosom of the sea and watched the vessels pass and repass with their snowy white sails, toward the land of the brave and the home of the free. I had heard of this wonderful country with its templed hills, its golden mines, until my young heart thirsted and longed for the time to come when I might sail for the land of liberty.

"But this seemed to me like hoping against fate, for we were poor and had to struggle with poverty—to fight against it and drive it out of the house as best we could. I trust you who are before me this afternoon are not afflicted with that disease, but we were peculiarly troubled with it in the little cottage 'beyant the say.' In an humble way—following reapers in the fields and gathering the sheaves—I began to earn my living, but right here I want to say, young men, do not be ashamed of honest labor. Whatever thy hand findeth to do that is honorable, do it with thy might, with all thy strength, and the blessing of Him who made us in the express image of Himself will crown your efforts with success.

"Don't stand with folded hands calling upon Hercules for assistance, but take the help of honest labor and let it lead you, whether it is in the workshop, the office, or in the furrowed field. Shame upon you who are waiting for an uncle to die to leave you money, but with a brave heart stand out and earn your bread by the sweat of your brow. The secret of a successful life and honest manhood is to live within your income.

"The feeling of being obliged to turn around and walk in an opposite direction when you see a creditor coming towards you, is not an agreeable one. Whatever you pledge your word of honor to do, do it like a man, but be careful what you pledge. It is the man who has the will, the courage, the kingly nobility within him to take part manfully in the battle of life that will work out his own salvation successfully. It is the man who will stand up like a man amongst men and earn his own bread."

The remainder of the oration was devoted to a sketch of his own career, the details of which have already been given in this book. After the address Mr. and Mrs. Taylor sang "Hold the Fort" in a stirring fashion, all joining in the chorus. The evening session of the same day was signalized by brief speeches by Col. Caldwell and Eccles Robinson. The former said:

"Thomas De Quincy, in one of his essays, remarked that 'When eagles soared to heaven, bats and owls should retire to their dens;' and after you have listened to the grand efforts of Francis Murphy this afternoon, it seems almost sacrilegious that I should say a single word to this audience. But Mr. Murphy is not a flowing well, and cannot talk all the time, so I am here to speak upon the subject of temperance. I must preface my remarks by saying that I am only a young convert to the cause. For fifty-five years I lived without signing a total abstinence pledge, and I confess I didn't believe in it; and to a certain extent I made use of spirituous liquors. I held with indifference those who gave their support to the temperance cause, and looked upon it as a movement in which pious Christian women might with propriety interest themselves. It always seemed to me that the temperance adherents or followers commenced by denouncing liquor sellers and declaring that those who drank intoxicating beverages should be kept at arm's length, while the sellers themselves were lost beyond all prayers. I was informed by these partisans that all drinkers, together with the dealers, were scoundrels and ruffians, and outside of the pale of redemption. Now, as I myself was engaged in the business, I did not, as you may imagine, particularly appreciate these tirades. About a year ago I heard of an Irishman in Pittsburgh, named Francis Murphy, who preached there in behalf of the 'cold water' cause under the motto 'Malice toward none, Charity for all,' and I was somewhat struck with the difference between his platform and that of other reformers. The good temperance people of Elmira prosecuted the poor, insignificant rum-sellers who were

running their small shops in violation of the license law. This action, of course, pleased us large dealers, and we approved of this course because it naturally added to our business considerably. Hearing of Murphy's motto, with the mantle of charity thrown around it, I determined to listen to this man if he ever visited my city.

"My wife expressed the wish that I should attend a temperance meeting given in Elmira last winter, and presided over by a young man named Eccles Robinson, who is here and will address you to-night. If you can show me a wife who does not want her husband a total abstinence man I will show you a curiosity! I will not recite the particulars of my signing the pledge, and the earnest solicitations of my wife urging me to take the step. I had always been previous to that time what is generally termed a moderate drinker; but there are many who go down to their graves, killed by drink, *believing* they, too, are only 'moderate' drinkers. The *only* safety is in total abstinence.

"It is a most singular fact that the two men who have accomplished the most good for the cause of temperance are both Irishmen, Father Mathew and this gentlemen on my left, Francis Murphy.

"Father Mathew administered the total abstinence pledge with the solemnity of a saint, and gave to the ceremony all the sanction of the church, the oldest Christian church of the world. He went through all Ireland with the pledge, and gave it as a benediction to thousands upon thousands of people. Not satisfied with this, he crossed the Atlantic and reared a monument to his goodness and love here that will last while countless ages shall roll by. Father Mathew not only preached temperance, but he persuaded men in words of love and charity to sign the pledge and become better men. The hundreds of 'Father Mathew total abstinence societies' all over our land attest that though dead he yet speaketh.

"Francis Murphy, like this famed Irish priest, goes with the pledge in one hand and the religion of the Bible in the other,

and preaches that, with 'Malice toward none, with Charity to all,' men engaged in the traffic of intoxicating liquors and those who drink the same are all to be saved by preaching words of love and kindness. And so these two Irishmen, Father Mathew and Francis Murphy, will stand in history as the two greatest temperance reformers of this age.

"They have done more for the cause than all of the lecturers combined. While John B. Gough is a great orator his actual results among the people cannot be compared with those of the other two. Both of the latter join with their work the religious spirit. Mr. Murphy, the advocate of gospel temperance, comes to this city, feeling that he is commissioned by heaven to undertake and carry out this good work. He does not come for the purpose of advancing or injuring the interests of any political party, nor is he here under the auspices of any religious sect or denomination; but he comes here to preach from the platform of Christ—to induce men to come forward and sign the pledge. God forbid that I should say anything to injure the feelings of other temperance reformers or workers who have labored so hard for the cause, but I feel they have all been too long in the same rut, and should get out of it. You well remember the parable of the fishermen who cast their nets upon one side of their boat and were unsuccessful, and following the counsel of Jesus they tried the other side and were rewarded by an immense haul. It is the same with other temperance reformers, they have been fishing on the wrong side, while Father Mathew and Francis Murphy have been casting their nets upon the right side with success.

"I believe there are men here to-night who want to break off intemperate habits and all they require is a friendly hand to assist them. We have not come here to save confirmed inebriates alone, but we want to rescue the young men who labor under the impression that it is something manly to drink liquor. We have come here, too, in the name of Christ, to save the hard working mechanics who spend their money for rum instead of carrying it home to their wives; to save the moder-

ate drinkers, and in fact to save all who are addicted to intemperate habits. We ask the co-operation of you all—the clergy, laymen and the public press, which spreads in the community the results of the good work as they occur. Give us, my dear friends, your prayers and efforts in this good work. Good-night."

The remarks of Eccles Robinson at the same meeting were these :

"*Friends :* It is with great trepidation that I speak to you to-night, but I am willing to do anything in my feeble power to save young men from doing as I have done. To this class I particularly address myself and desire their attention. The old Connecticut 'blue' law, which prohibited a husband kissing his wife on Sunday, was evaded by husbands kissing other people's wives upon that day, and in the same way all legislation in the matter of the sale of intoxicating liquors may be dodged. The drinking men I do not consider the worst in your community, though they are marked by society, while rich men committing greater crimes are upheld and tolerated. Let us with the spirit of charity do all we can for the drinking men, and exert our utmost to save fallen victims.

"Parents should not set temptations before their children. When I was young I had the best of resolutions and never expected to fall as low as I subsequently did. I remember being called before President McCosh after a spree and told by him that I must leave college. I tried to induce him to give me another chance to reform, pledging myself that I would be a man among men, but he said 'No.' After leaving college I returned to my home in Pittsburgh, and though I made many good resolves I could not withstand the temptation to drink. I even went out West upon the plains in order to overcome, if possible, the fearful appetite, but without success. At last I became friendless and penniless in the streets. The only friend true to me through all my misery was my wife. For three weeks I kept a saloon in Pittsburgh, but the following circumstance induced me to give up the business.

One night I played cards and drank liquor with a young mechanic until four o'clock in the morning, and he left me under the influence of the drug. The next morning I heard that he had been killed while coupling cars at the depot, and I felt that I was partly responsible for his death.

"Last Christmas my physician said 'Your constitution is gone, you must soon die, and I would advise you to make your preparations for that event.' It was at that time I met Mr. Murphy, who told me by the exercise of my will and God's grace I could become a sober man and do some good in the community. By the grace of the Lord, I am now a free man and will die one, and the shackles are not forged that can bind me down again to the curse of intemperance."

The result of the morning meeting was a perfect headlong rush to the stage, of people who wished to sign the pledge, Mr. Murphy encouraging them with kindly and inspiring words. Over three hundred then and there subscribed and quitted the hall, decorated with the bit of blue ribbon, which is the emblem of open adherence to the temperance cause, as organized in the Murphy leagues.

In the evening, the crowd was fully as great and clamorous for seats as that of the afternoon, and far more enthusiastic.

After the sweet hymn, "I Will Sing of My Redeemer," was rendered, Mr. Murphy stepped forward and said, in a most touching way: "I thank God for this sweet music, and the man who penned those beautiful lines. My friends, the lady who just sang was the sister of the late Mr. Bliss, the composer of the song." Mrs. Wilson was affected to tears.

Col. Luther Caldwell was introduced to the audience in a most friendly fashion by Mr. Murphy as a "Christian gentleman, an ex-officer in the rebellion, and late mayor of the city of Elmira, who possesses one of the greatest hearts I have encountered."

The remarks made by the gallant colonel, which we have already given, were listened to with deep interest, and were so

full of common sense and sound logic, and withal so genial, that he was much applauded.

As he is a prominent figure in the cause, our disgression will be pardoned and appreciated by the kind reader, before whom we place the following faithful description of the colonel's *tout ensemble*, quoted from an excellent authority: "He is about fifty-four years of age, and of medium height; of full proportions, and rather inclines to stoutness; with an open, genial face, clearly showing the kindly spirit possessed by its owner; with a strong, powerful voice, which could be heard in every part of the hall; with a clear, bright eye, and a pleasant smile, that seemed to exert a magnetic influence upon his listeners, and an earnestness in delivery which rivited the attention of all."

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson sang that beautiful song, entitled, "I am on the Lord's side, Bless the Lord;" after which Mr. Mur-Murphy said he "took great pleasure in introducing to the audience a young man who had a fortune left him of $70,000, which he threw away in three years in dissipation. He became tired and weary of life, but he was induced to reform, and is now a most conscientious worker for the cause of temperance; and through his instrumentality thousands had signed the pledge."

This young man was Eccles Robinson, who had conducted so very successfully a Murphy movement in the city of Elmira. He received a warm reception. He is a man of about twenty-seven years of age, and possesses an impressive manner and very earnest delivery. The audience betrayed an almost breathless attention as it listened to his telling recital of his experiences, and fruitless efforts to break off from the habit of intemperance.

After a pathetic song from the Wilsons, Mr. Murphy spoke for twenty minutes in a most stirring and effective manner, carrying the immense concourse of people with him from his first words to his last.

The people sat spell-bound under his wonderful magnetic

influence. His naturally fine dramatic powers were fully developed in the descriptions of intemperance as a venomous serpent; and when in closing he asked all present to step forward and take the pledge, certainly, hundreds upon hundreds did so. One thousand persons signed the pledge that memorable day in Troy.

The meeting on Wednesday was greater in attendance, and even more successful than any of the previous ones. The City Hall was perfectly jammed, containing fully one thousand four hundred persons.

Mr. Murphy's address was very effective. In speaking of liquor sellers, he said, "You cannot induce these men to close their saloons by vituperation or abuse. They must be dealt with in an entirely different way. They will not stop selling liquors until men cease drinking them, and there is no demand. Social companionship induces many to become intoxicated, brought about by the system observed when there is a large party together, of 'setting 'em up, and down they go.' It is only on account of the demand that saloons exist.

"I tell you, my friends," said Mr. Murphy, "you can tell of the strength, culture and refinement of a people by the appearance the city in which they live presents. If you go to saloon keepers and vent abuse directly at them, the probabilities are you will be forcibly ejected from their establishments, and the saying that 'more flies can be caught by molasses than by vinegar,' is true in regard to liquor sellers.

"The world is to be saved by kindness, and in no other way. How many are saved who are turned out of jails and State prisons? But men who believe in and practice mercy towards the fallen, have saved many by affectionate words and looks."

After Mr. Murphy had resumed his seat and the sweet singers, the Wilsons, had sung, Col. Caldwell introduced Edward Murphy, the son of the temperance apostle, to the audience. The young man was greeted with a hearty burst of applause.

He delivered a pithy and able address of fifteen minutes'

duration, which showed him to be the fortunate possessor of the natural oratorical abilities and fluency so prominent in his father.

An overflow meeting was held in Dr. Baldwin's church adjoining the City Hall, which was an ovation in its way. The sacred edifice was crowded, and the people were very demonstrative.

Mr. Murphy, Col. Caldwell, and Eccles Robinson addressed the people, and were received with marked favor and a great deal of genuine enthusiasm.

The Saturday night meeting was made doubly interesting by the brief and telling speeches of the reformed men. No one could doubt the good Mr. Murphy had already done when one saw the hardest drinkers in the city standing before an immense audience, and confessing their desire for reformation.

Gilbert McMasters, an attorney at law, of Pittsburgh, and a most zealous laborer in the noble cause, was introduced by Mr. Murphy, who said he was a recent convert, and told what good he had done. Mr. McMasters' remarks were to the point, and delivered in an earnest manner, enlisted the attention and interest of the audience in his behalf.

Angelo Packard, of Troy, and a recent convert, was brought forward by the apostle, and spoke in the following feeling manner :

"*Ladies and Gentlemen :*

"I have never before addressed an audience, and it is with no small degree of trepidation that I take my position upon this platform to-night. If I can say anything which will be productive of good, I shall consider myself amply repaid. I was a drinking man, and used intoxicating liquor steadily for three or four years. I nearly broke the hearts of my mother and my wife, and my friends all lost their respect for me. My appetite became so strong that I drank each day from thirty to forty glasses, and robbed my family of means for support. A gentleman yesterday said to me, 'Why, Packard, you are a fool to give yourself away, nobody knew that you were a drinking man.' But I tell you, somebody did know I drank.

My parents knew I drank, and so did my wife. Some of you may say I am going to break my pledge, but I think there is no power that could induce me to do so; and I earnestly appeal to all young men to come forward and do as I have done."

Mr. Murphy next introduced Andrew J. Felter, a well-known mechanic, whose appearance upon the platform created great surprise among the audience, and caused loud and prolonged applause. "Though his remarks were short," says an excellent authority, "they were delivered in a straightforward, honest way, and were doubtless more effective than a long, scholarly effort from Gough would have proved under the circumstances." He said: "I never made a speech before in my life, unless it was in a bar-room. When Mr. Murphy came here, I attended the first meeting, took the pledge, and by the help of God, I mean to keep it."

Henry C. Ellis was well known in Troy as a man over-fond of his cup. Not unfrequently did he figure in the police courts. When he, after Mr. Murphy's introduction, advanced on the platform, the audience was very much amazed. He received a burst of deafening applause. He said: "I was induced to sign the pledge last night through remarks made by this gentleman (pointing to Mr. Murphy), which touched my heart. Some people say, 'You cannot keep it.' Why, here I have kept it already *twenty-four hours.* Thank God I am here, and I propose to keep the pledge in spite of whatever may be said to me."

One of the most interesting features of this meeting was the conversion of a mute, who held quite an animated and long conversation with Mr. Murphy, through the aid of an interpreter. The crowds were so large that a plan had to be devised to accommodate them; so it was agreed to have separate meetings for children. The first matinee was held on Saturday afternoon, and was very largely attended by the Troy youth, accompanied by their mothers. Considerable juvenile enthusiasm among the audience was manifested dur-

ing the cheery and pleasant "talks," delivered by Thomas Cooper, of Pittsburgh, Mrs. Wilson, the vocalist, and Col. Luther Caldwell.

On Wednesday night, November 30, the City Hall was uncomfortably crowded, and the people demonstrated that the interest Francis Murphy had aroused in Troy was not of a transitory character. Thomas E. Murphy, son of the temperance advocate, conducted the overflow meeting at the Third Street Baptist Church, with considerable success. It was very largely attended, and the speeches made by Col. Caldwell, Capt. Lyons, of Elmira, and others were greeted with frequent and marked expressions of hearty approval.

Francis Murphy made one of his forcible and characteristic speeches in which he said he thoroughly believed in a republic; that it was possible for one to heal and correct all the wrongs that affect society. The recent slavery in the South and its abolition was cited as an example; but the slavery which whisky brings upon people entails more suffering and sorrow than was the oppression of the colored race. The laws of human life denounced the institution of slavery, and that noble patriot, John Brown, suffered death for the position he assumed and maintained upon the subject. It was this man who first raised his voice in favor of emancipation of the colored man and while on his way to the gallows, the morning he was executed, he met a little colored child, whom he kissed, saying, "I die for you, my boy!" This talk relative to the emancipation of the negro was received with great applause.

Mr. Murphy, after his address, introduced a Pittsburgh convert by the name of McCurry, who said he was thankful he could bring good news to them. He had been laboring for some time past at Little Falls, in the temperance cause; the battle had been hard, but by prayer and earnest work, the walls had been scaled and the struggle had resulted successfully. Seventeen hundred signers to the pledge had been secured, hundreds were continuing to take their places in the

ranks of gospel temperance, and in a few more days the village would be rescued entirely from intemperance.

Mr. Myers, a gentleman from Pittsburgh, followed, who said he supposed he could control his appetite, but found out his mistake by an experience which induced him to sign the total abstinence pledge. While on a visit South, he was invited to dinner with a friend, and partook so freely of apple brandy—the effects of which he did not understand—that he discovered his inability to leave his chair. He thought he was drunk; in fact he knew he was drunk. In a similar way, said the speaker, you will be tripped up in your good morals unless you put your name to the pledge.

Henry C. Ellis, who has contributed not a little to the interest of the meetings by the entertaining and very characteristic way in which he recited some of the thrilling experiences of his eventful life, was next called upon, and made a short address. At the conclusion of his remarks there was great applause, and Mr. Murphy called for three cheers from the audience, which were given in a style which certainly must have pleased the ex-drunkard, Henry C. Ellis.

Col. Caldwell perused an epistle he had just received from the proprietor of the Elmira *Advertiser*, informing him that James Gilson, his bar-tender when he owned the Rathbun House, had signed the pledge, and given up the business.

Capt. Lyons next addressed the audience in a telling manner describing his degraded condition previous to his conversion to the cause of total abstinence, and in a very demonstrative way advised all young men to sign the pledge, and avoid the manifold perils of rum.

The services on Thanksgiving night were unusually interesting. The weather was exceedingly inclement, and it was feared few would brave the storm to listen to temperance talk; but the hall was as full as ever, and even standing room was considered desirable.

"Real merit," Francis Murphy said, "was the test of discipleship." Every upright person in this country could climb

up the rugged way to success, step by step, and though very weary at times, the blessed thought that he was a *man* would steadily urge him on, and at last permit him to stand on the summit of prosperity "crowned with eternal sun." Our country was the grandest in the world, continued the speaker, and it did not take him long after reaching New York to learn the energy and activity of the Yankee temperament together with the busy struggle everywhere to amass wealth. In fact, this country could be compared to the rest of the world as a watch-spring to the mechanism of a time-keeper. He referred in a forcible way to our ancestors who, though numbering but three and a half millions, were determined to free themselves from the old world, which they did nobly. Are we to become free men, to obtain a freedom greater than that of our forefathers? Nearly, if not quite, said Mr. Murphy, 5,000,000 people in this country had already signed the pledge of total abstinence. It was the duty of all to do what they could towards bringing about this temperance reform. No one should falter in their faith or trust in the One who protected their fathers in the beautiful land given them. This country is ours, and like the army in blue that marched down South with the cry, "we are coming 500,000 more," our shout will be, "we are coming 45,000,000 strong" to drive rum from the land saved by the hand of God.

The Hon. Robert Love, ex-mayor of Steubenville, Ohio, followed in a clever and impressive speech, substantially as follows :

He said he was a sinner saved by grace, and there was no man in Troy who had suffered more from the effects of intemperance than himself ; that the past year of total abstinence had been the happiest of his life. Look at the effects of rum upon this country, and take warning. He pitied from the depths of his heart confirmed drunkards and liquor-sellers, but he thought the only way to win them to the side of temperance was by kindness, for law by its penalties and the vituperation of hate had alike proved unavailing. Let us raise the banner

of "Malice towards none and Charity for all," and we shall finally stand by the grave of the curse intemperance and sing, "Hallelujah, 'tis done."

George Hall, formerly a gambler and saloon-keeper at Pittsburgh, next addressed the audience. He thanked God he was able to stand upon that platform a sober man and in his right mind. He had sold liquor and kept gambling-houses, but he was glad to say he was out of the business entirely. He did not make this remark with any wish to injure the feelings of those present in the audience who sold whisky or were accustomed to sitting behind green covered tables. Many true-hearted and noble men were occupied in that way who would gladly pursue another business if one was opened to them. The speaker said he did not think the habit would fasten itself upon him when he first began drinking, but he discovered he was mistaken. He was forty years old, and he was certain one-fourth of his life had been passed in prison. He referred in a touching way to the sufferings of his wife when he was incarcerated in jail ; that he loved his wife dearly, and upon gaining his liberty always made good resolutions to reform, but his appetite for rum was too strong for him to resist, until he met and received words of encouragement from Mr. Murphy. He warned young married men to beware of the ruinous effects of drink, which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." "Be men and do not touch the accursed stuff to your lips," eloquently pleaded the speaker. If he had not been saved by Mr. Murphy, he knew he would have been on the wrong side during the recent riots, and perhaps met with death.

He was followed by Martin Peelor, who made an impressive address, which was very well received by the audience. He said while sitting there memory had been busy and his thoughts had carried him back a year ago when he was confined in the Albany penitentiary. He was thankful that Murphy's life-boat had drifted near him and thanked God he was now on the right side. It was by first taking the "occasional"

glass that he had by successive stages reached his present degraded position. We may foster the delusion that we can quaff the social glass with impunity, but there is danger in the experiment and it was not safe to attempt it, for no social position or wealth can save you. It was only by the means of this (showing a Murphy pledge) that your preservation is assured and you find yourself a free man. Mr. Peelor was followed by Dr. Searle, who made a short and characteristic speech. He spoke of the fact that many husbands had eaten their Thanksgiving dinners that day at home with their families who had not done so for years on account of having been drunk. He thought this city was going to be redeemed because men were pledging by God's help to abstain from intoxicating liquors. "Would it be a pleasing episode in the life of a father who took an occasional glass to see his son a drunkard and hear him say, 'You are the cause of my degradation, father'?"

The work of gospel temperance was commenced at Lansingburgh by Francis Murphy, on Wednesday, November 28, at 8:30 o'clock, P. M. The large audience room of the Methodist Church was packed with people, not even standing room being left. Mr. Murphy appeared promptly at the appointed hour, accompanied by Col. Caldwell, the sweet singers, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and they were greeted by the audience in a most emphatic and enthusiastic manner. Col. Caldwell was first introduced, and for half an hour spoke to the people in words of burning eloquence and exquisite pathos. Then came the man, whose name is now known throughout all America, who stands before the whole civilized world as a hero in the interests of moral reform. Every one present cheered as he stood before them; and gazed intently at that handsome muscular form now so familiar and loved by thousands upon thousands.

For fully one hour he spoke in his happiest vein, and carried every one with him, from tears and sobs, to shouts of laughter, as he chose. Certainly no man has ever made so powerful

and wonderful an impression on the Lansingburghers as Francis Murphy. They recognized him as specially sent to arouse the people of this country to the awful results of intemperance, and the glorious and blessed cause of total abstinence. At the close of his stirring address he most cordially invited all to come and sign the pledge, and hundreds availed themselves of the kind privilege. Many leading citizens who never had before taken an active part in temperance, came forward, and signed, among whom may be mentioned the postmaster, ex-Sheriff Cornell. Nearly eight hundred signed the Murphy pledge. George Hall and Robert Lane were among the workers, and had entire charge of the meetings. Meetings were held in this place every afternoon and evening, and the excitement spread like wild-fire all over this section of the country.

The temperance wave reached Hart's Falls, and swept over it with astounding results. Baker's Hall was crowded nightly, and the enthusiasm was very intense. In a short space of time five hundred and sixty persons in this place signed their names to the pledge. A like result was felt at Glenn's Falls. The large auditorium, galleries and aisles of the Opera House were excessively crowded every night ; and in one week only there were over four hundred names appended to the Murphy pledge. C. C. Frost, the eminent lecturer, awakened an interest in temperance matters that greatly exceeded anything heretofore known at Glenn's Falls. Five young men, habitual sots, belonging to the wealthiest and most influential families in the place, were induced to take the pledge.

In West Troy the excitement was similar. The people seemed to have but one wish, and that was to be Murphy men. Here, in only one evening, there were three hundred signers to the pledge. Francis Murphy's advent was a perfect ovation, and productive of untold good.

On Friday night, the last day in that most memorable month of November, the audience in the City Hall was as crowded as on former occasions. Mr. Murphy made a brief speech, in

which he most aptly said, "that fathers made a mistake in not associating more with their sons, and making companions of them. If more care was taken in their training, they would become better and more useful men." Addressing himself to the young ladies present in the audience, the speaker said, "If they would endeavor to make it pleasant for their brothers as they did for other girls' brothers, their own would stay at home more, and not seek amusement elsewhere. If young men before him, like the prodigal son, who had deserted their homes, could only become aware of the love and longing felt for them by their parents and friends, and the pleasure in store for them upon their return, he was confident there would be no hesitancy on their part to reform and lead in the future strictly temperance lives."

He then introduced, in his usual happy way, Mr. Fulsom, of Binghamton, who said, "It was needless for him to say it was a pleasure to be there and address such an audience upon the theme of temperance. God, through His infinite mercy, had saved him by this gospel temperance, and he felt it his duty to do what he could for the cause. He said he was stopped at the brink of a drunkard's grave by Francis Murphy; that he attended a temperance meeting at Binghamton, and went reeling down one of the aisles of the hall, and signed the pledge, for the purpose of casting a slur upon the movement. The next day he resolved, upon consideration, to adhere to the pledge, and God had given him strength to preserve it. Thanksgiving day," he added, "a sober man, surrounded by his wife and children, he was happy, and certainly had something for which to be thankful. Appealing to the men, he implored them to take the pledge; though people might say they were signing away their liberty, they were, on the contrary, by so doing, assuming their liberty." "Come," he added, "cast off the chains which keep you in bondage, and become free men."

Angelo Packard made a very effective speech, and was much applauded. The Rev. Mr. Daniels, of Chicago, made a

short address. The latter said he was born in the theological seminary of which Francis Murphy was president. Though the studies taught were somewhat different in this than any other theological institution, still, the doctrines were sound and logical, and he thanked the professor (turning to Mr. Murphy) for his instruction. The scattering and diffusion of the doctrines of this gospel temperance reform in neighboring towns and villages, he compared with illuminating a hall with electricity. He said that speakers generally addressed people in rear part of the hall, while the worst sinners not infrequently occupied the front seats. His remarks were received with applause by the audience. Rev. Mr. Sawyer said he was very much interested in the success of the temperance movement here, as he thought the influence of the good work would be felt in Albany. In regard to this reform, he said he had been very much impressed with two things—first, the power of kindness; and secondly, the power of God and the ability of men experiencing it to do right. He felt that Mr. Murphy was destined to accomplish the greatest temperance reform ever known to the world. The Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Albany, followed with a few remarks. He was unable to say anything in the way of experience, because he had never tasted intoxicating drink. He said when Bell and Everett ran in the political field several years ago, the former was eulogized at a meeting by the speaker, for his scholastic attainments; but declared, upon one occasion, when he was sitting in a dentist's chair, the operator made a mistake, and instead of extracting a tooth, pulled out his backbone. He closed by warning young men who had taken the pledge not to allow their backbones to be pulled out, but to remain true to the obligations they had assumed, through encouragements and discouragements. S. W. Brown, of Galesburg, Ill., followed with a short, pointed speech, and closed by saying God would bless those who went to prison cells, and taking criminals by the hand, said there was still hope for them. Martin Peelor was the next speaker. He said he was unable to give the

audience any idea how happy he had been since signing the pledge. Many had seen him stumbling through the streets, drunk, but it would never happen again, for he believed he was free from the curse of intemperance.

Monday, December 3, was the commencement of the third week of the Murphy movement in Troy. Mr. Murphy and his zealous co-laborers had every reason to feel very gratified with the results they had so far accomplished. As the Troy *Times* said at that time: "When the temperance apostle first came here, many persons doubtingly shook their heads and declared the impossibility of his obtaining or awakening an interest in his work among the so-called 'bummer' class. But the falsity of their predictions has already been conclusively proved, and, in addition, the assertion made by Mr. Murphy when he first arrived here that the movement, with Troy as its centre, would radiate in all directions, and be felt alike in the neighboring towns and villages, has been verified. The friends of the cause are sanguine of still greater success during the coming week."

On Saturday night Francis Murphy, before a very large and attentive audience, opened his remarks by referring to the beautiful in life which abounded in love of the purest quality. Reminiscences were like life-preservers; when the memory recalled those of early boyhood they were often instrumental in rescuing men from fallen, degraded positions. The precept always observed by a mother was "overcome not good with evil, but overcome evil with good," and the speaker aptly illustrated this by several incidents in real life. If all do their duty they will succeed in their work, in which an opportunity is offered each and every one to accomplish something. The man selling liquor should be treated charitably, for he was doing so against the convictions of his own heart, and so long as the demand existed for alcoholic drink the sale would continue. It was a crime against humanity and God to sell liquor, but those who bought it were partners with the dealers. He said he did not want men to sign the pledge unless they be-

lieved in it, and he told the Catholics that he himself would go with them to their priest and take it. He thanked God that the movement was above sectarianism. All he wanted was a man to cease drinking intoxicating liquor and adhere to his determination.

The five minutes speakers then had the platform to themselves and did some very good talking. One of these men, by name Daniel Ellis, caused no little merriment among the audience by his peculiar expressions and illustrative antics. He said he had heard bad news that morning—that he had been drunk, and the rum-sellers were only going to give him a vacation of a month. It was all false, however, and he never intended to violate the pledge he had taken, but proposed to remain true to the cause he had espoused, and as he returned to his seat he swung a large blue handkerchief over his head amid the vociferous laughter and applause of the audience.

Mr. Murphy, with beaming face and sparkling eyes, advanced on the stage and said he had received a bit of very good news indeed ; and said his heart felt exceedingly glad. He produced a piece of paper, and read out in a tone of voice that rang through the hall like a blast of the hunting horn :

LANSINGBURGH, Dec. 1—8 P. M.

Francis Murphy, City Hall, Troy :

Blessed be God ! The throne of alcohol is tottering and must fall. Lansingburgh hails Troy with 1,000 signatures.

LOVE & HALL.

What cheers went forth at that ! The building fairly shook with the ringing sounds. After the excitement had grown a little less warm, Mr. Murphy introduced the Rev. James H. Ross, who made a most impressive speech, in which he feelingly referred to Eccles Robinson, with whom he had an acquaintance at Princeton College in his freshman year. That gentleman was habitually intoxicated while there, and he was greatly surprised to learn of the change that had since come over him. He added it was the popular impression when a man had become low and degraded that it was impossible to raise him

up. People should do away with this idea, for the evidence presented upon that platform during the past two weeks indicates that any man can be saved and become a respectable and honored member of society; that Mr. Murphy himself was an example in question. A change of personal appearance always followed the reform of an inebriate, and, in his mind, this was a test of the sincerity of the man in reform. He had learned that a saloon-keeper reported his receipts for a given day to have been only eighty cents ["Thank the Lord," said Mr. Murphy], and expressed a wish that Mr. Murphy would leave town as soon as possible ["God bless him," interrupted Mr. Murphy]. He had been informed by the proprietor of a drug store that the sale of temperance beverages had greatly increased since the organization of the Murphy movement in this city. The speaker closed by saying he would do all in his power to advance the interests of the temperance apostle and his associates in this city.

The Sunday night meeting was not so large as that of Saturday, nor was it expected to be, as an admission fee of twenty-five cents was charged. This was done every sabbath evening simply for the purpose of defraying incidental expenses that occurred in using the City Hall, which were not very light.

Col. Caldwell was the first speaker. He said it had always been a great pleasure for him to address audiences upon political questions during exciting campaigns, but in all his experience he never heard of his making a single convert by his efforts, nor had he ever learned of any other political speaker accomplishing such a result. When he commenced speaking upon gospel temperance, it was entirely different. At the very first meeting he addressed, over three hundred people signed the pledge, including the editor of a newspaper that had always been inimical to the movement. It was the source of great satisfaction to feel that he could accomplish something and was able to witness the results of his labors. It was a pleasure to receive the thanks of individuals for being instrumental in saving their friends and relatives from the

intoxicating cup. In Elmira, his native city, 9,000 were induced to sign the pledge, and in Tioga county, Pennsylvania —having a population of 35,000—21,000 had taken the total abstinence obligation. Wonderful work had been accomplished among the miners in that locality, and revivals were still going on. In this State one hundred men were preaching temperance in the different sections in an earnest and sincere manner. In the blue grass region of Kentucky ["Pull 'em out!" shouted Mr. Murphy] the good work was being pushed rapidly forward, and great results would be effected. "The banner of temperance," said the speaker, "shall float high over the heads of all, and the movement will spread like fire through the northern districts, up the Mohawk valley and along the Hudson river to New York." They had every reason to feel proud of the results that had been accomplished during the past two weeks. In that time 17,000 pledges had been distributed from their headquarters to Lansingburgh, Hart's Falls, Schuylerville and West Troy, but a large proportion of that number had been scattered over Troy. Urgent invitations had been received by Mr. Murphy to visit other cities before he came here, but he invariably replied that he proposed to inaugurate the work in this city first. If one man had been saved from a drunkard's grave they considered themselves amply repaid for all efforts and expense. They did not desire, however, to stir up animosities, nor would they ask anybody to abandon any particular religious sect or political party. They came here with only one work before them, that of temperance gospel. The interest developed in the movement here has been remarkable, and they desired to thank the Christian men and women for their earnest support. The press was also thanked for the cordial aid and encouragement it had given the temperance movement. People were naturally interested in the proceedings of the great and good work now going on in this vicinity. Mr. Murphy had announced his determination to "fight it out on this line if it takes all winter," and the siege of Troy would not be given up until

unexpected reformatory results took place. God would help the cause of justice and truth and the gospel temperance light would beam brighter and brighter every day.

The Wilsons then sang a song, after which Francis Murphy made one of his excellent speeches. He said, very eloquently, he was grateful to Him who does all things well, and grateful for the fair hearing he had been given during his stay in this city by all classes of citizens. He had the unshaken faith in God and man that the liquor-sellers would in a measure co-operate with him in this temperance movement. Argument, he thought, could accomplish everything. Charles Sumner, in his arraignment of slavery, employed only that means. Physical violence, instead of peaceable argument, in matters of controversy, shows ignorance and barbarism. Intelligence and reasoning succeeded in freeing the slaves of this country. The next legislature may be petitioned to grant $500,000 for the purpose of building a new prison, when if the people would generally take the temperance pledge there would be no necessity of such a measure. Four-fifths of all the criminals were made so through the means of liquor.

The days of impossibilities are past. People laughed and scoffed at Cyrus Field and the Atlantic cable. But its "click, click," was in his heart, and he could not dispossess himself of it, even if he desired to do so, for he knew he was destined to remove skepticism and doubt. "But," added Mr. Murphy, "a greater victory is in store for us, and do not close the windows of your soul to the movement." In closing his remarks the speaker depicted the scene at the death-bed of his wife in such a touching manner there were few people in the audience who were not affected to tears.

On Monday night, December 3, Col. Caldwell addressed the largest audience of the entire season in a powerful manner, saying: There were some things in temperance that could not be computed—the gains and losses arising thereby. Connected with the soul, heart and human happiness were many matters which would not permit of ordinary treatment. But

mathematics would in a certain degree elucidate some of the problems. He had been informed that temperance was a money-making business, and the lecturers became wealthy through their efforts. This was not so, but in his experience he found it less expensive to contribute for the movement than it had been to pay his former liquor bills. The month previous to his taking the pledge he had expended $52 for liquor, and the month after joining the temperance movement he had only expended $25 toward that cause—his actual gain being therefore $27.

The following figures, taken from the reports of E. S. Young, chief of the United States statistical bureau, and from Commissioner Wells' report to Congress in 1869, are certainly undeniable and conclusive. The amount of sales by the retail liquor dealers in the United States was $1,483,491,865. This was six tenths of the entire amount of the national debt at the time, *i. e.*, 1869. In the State of New York, with a population of 4,000,000, the total amount of sales was $246,617,520, or the sum of $62.50 was paid by each man, woman and child *pro rata*. The yearly deaths from intemperance in this country amount to 75,000; of these 71,000 are males and 4,000 females. It is estimated there are at present in the United States 300,000 hard drinkers and 1,500,000 moderate drinkers, while the occasional "smilers" aggregate to 2,000,000. Calculation shows that in one ton of silver there is $31,200. In $1,483,491,865 (the amount of retail liquor sales in the United States) there would therefore be 47,740 tons of silver. Allowing 10 tons of silver to each car, 4,774 freight cars would consequently be loaded. These in a continuous line would extend 143,220 feet, or 25 1-5 miles. If one-half of the money expended annually for liquor could be applied to charitable purposes there would be no want at all felt among the poor in this country. The army of 75,000 hard drinkers must be recruited annually. The recruiting officers were in all sections of the country, and in force in this city offering flattering inducements to those who were open to temptation. People stood

idly by and did not attempt to remove the evil which was raging to such an extent under the church spires. "In the name of all that is holy and pure," added the speaker in closing, "I beseech you to join the army under the banner of blue. You need not be ashamed to do this, for it will render you physically strong, replenish your purse and make you acceptable in the sight of the Lord. May God induce you to put yourself on the right side."

After the choir had rendered, "Just as I Am," Col. Caldwell advanced to the front of the platform and said he would introduce one who occasionally talked on temperance, Francis Murphy. That gentleman said he had been very much impressed with the power of rum, and none but those who had suffered from the accursed appetite could know its strength. The speaker graphically pictured the alluring attractions of what he termed "infant inebriety," and the unconscious, inexorable power of the craving for strong drink after the habit had become firmly fastened upon one, which neither money, children nor happy homes could satisfy. "Let us not falter," said Mr. Murphy, "but decide to-night to neither touch nor handle the accursed beverage in the future. Don the blue and let us do what we can to dry up this fountain of sorrow that is degrading manhood and breaking so many hearts. I thank God that he gave me a heart and a strong arm to be one of the laborers to build up this structure of temperance. Let all, by adding a stone here and there, do what they can towards its completion."

Since the inauguration of the movement in Troy upon no occasion was there so much enthusiasm displayed as at the meeting of Tuesday, December 4th. There were also more signatures to the pledge than at any other previous time. Mr. Murphy advanced to the front of the platform and addressed a few remarks to the audience. He said intemperance visited the palace of the rich and the humble cottage of the poor alike, but introduced misery, hunger, and pinching want into the latter. In a few appropriate words the temperance re-

former cordially thanked the press of this city for the support it had given him in this movement, and for the favorable criticism which all of his efforts had received, adding that it was necessary to have the public sentiment with them in order to accomplish the desired reform. The living testimony of that which a man knew himself by experience was the most effective, and those in the audience who had suffered from the curse of intemperance he asked to speak truly and from the bottom of their hearts for the benefit of the cause. Mr. Murphy then introduced to the audience Mr. Babcock, who made a short, telling address. He said it had taken him two weeks to make up his mind to sign the pledge. Three-fourths of the audience were doubtless acquainted with him, and well aware what his habits had been for the last ten years, and it was therefore unnecessary for him to detail the particulars of his life. He first began drinking by taking one or two glasses of ale a day, but in two years it required a dozen to produce a similar effect. He then discovered that ale was injurious to his health, and a friend advised him to change his beverage to whisky. The advice was taken, and he "switched off" in earnest. The people present knew what the accursed stimulant accomplished in his case, and he did not propose to make a confession there of its effects upon him. He recognized in the audience at least fifty of the "boys"—friends of his who had often drank with him ["Come up, boys, and sign the pledge," said Mr. Murphy], and he hoped they would do as he had done the night before by subscribing their names to the total abstinence pledge.. During the late war thousands had gathered around the glorious emblem of our country and fought and bled for it. The same would be true in the cause of temperance under the noble color bearer (pointing to Mr. Murphy). The speaker closed by asking the audience to support the great reformer in his efforts.

While the choir was rendering that stirring song "Hold the Fort," and the people were hurrying up to the pledge-tables, Mr. Murphy called for recent converts to speak to the audi-

ence. James Morehead announced that he had taken the pledge and proposed to keep it. Mr. Bane said that he had accepted Francis Murphy's advice, and was determined to join the total abstinence ranks; that he was a working man and instead of spending his money for drink in the future he would carry it to his wife and children. Mr. Dixon declared the speeches he had heard delivered by Mr. Murphy and Col. Caldwell had (to use his own expression) "knocked the drink all out of him." He had been an occasional drinker or "smiler," but he was glad to say he had taken his last drink yesterday. He had "signed the pledge and was done drinking."

Judge W. J. Groo, of Orange county, was introduced by Francis Murphy, and made a fine speech, in which he said he was deeply interested in the cause of temperance, and that it was near and dear to his heart. The evil growing out of the sale of intoxicating drink could not be computed, and it was one which penetrated into every hamlet and village throughout the country. At the breaking out of the rebellion the people, considering it a war against their common country, united; the flag was honored and the land saved. The same might be said in a certain sense of the temperance cause, which included people of every religious sect and nationality. There was more danger threatening the prosperity and welfare of the country to-day from intemperance than has ever menaced it from war. This was clearly proved by the statistics so cleverly presented by Col. Caldwell Monday night. It was simply impossible for language to express the new danger of this evil, and the speaker declared it as his opinion that the damage resulting annually, if reduced to dollars and cents, would be more than sufficient to liquidate the national debt—this, of course, including the maintenance of criminals and the loss and injury of property through the indirect effects of liquor. By computation it had been discovered that in this country 165 drunkards die daily. If all these facts were soberly considered the people would rise up and declare this

evil must cease to exist. Upon the day of judgment each one must answer for the personal responsibility resting upon his shoulders.

A forcible illustration of this point was drawn by the supposition that a man walking along a railroad track, near a bridge, and perceiving a small stone upon the rails does not remove it, considering it unimportant ; but a train coming along is thrown off the track thereby and into the river. Then, after the accident had occurred, the man would have given everything if the past could have been recalled and the obstruction taken off the track before the train arrived. Fathers and mothers should remove temptations from their sons and save them before it was too late. Several years ago, at Philadelphia, a large number of barrels of kerosene were on fire in front of a building. A police officer rushed through the flames to rescue a woman, and, as he reached an apparent place of safety and the assembled crowd were applauding the brave action, the wind changed, and both, enveloped by the fire, perished. A costly monument was erected by the citizens and the heroic officer's name inscribed upon it, not because he saved, but because he tried to do so. In an eloquent manner the speaker closed by appealing to the audience to do what they could towards saving the fallen and rescuing the perishing. Though their names might not be inscribed upon marble monuments they would be written in the "Lamb's book of life and remain forever in eternity."

The "weather clerk" ushered in Wednesday night, December 6, with frowns ; but despite the inclement condition a very large audience filled the City Hall to listen to the eloquent words of Francis Murphy.

It will not be amiss here to remark that the most pleasing, and one of the most interesting features of the temperance movement in Troy was the vocalization of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. Possessors of really excellent voices, well cultivated, and imbued with a deep sense of religion, they were the right persons in the right place. They knew exactly in what manner

to render the simple, yet dear and beautiful gospel songs ; and were instrumental in doing much good. These same old tunes worked magically on many a hardened heart, and aroused many a conscience that had slumbered for years. Francis Murphy believed in the efficacy of music. On one occasion he said with fine effect, and in a thrilling voice, that "song was to moral reform what a band of music was to us in our national difficulty."

J. E. Hoag, of Troy, was introduced on Wednesday evening, and made a manly and stirring speech. He prefaced his remarks by quoting the motto of gospel temperance, "With Malice toward none and Charity for all." There was a time within his own recollection when the spirit of the above motto was never employed by temperance reformers, but instead open war was waged against both saloon-keepers and drinkers, and only vituperation and gross abuse used. Love and charity were never extended the fallen and degraded. But in the march of human progress we are to be thankful that day has passed. The principle advocated by Francis Murphy was the only true one, in his estimation, yet we could not be whipped or forced to observe it and do what was right. Many of those who were engaged in the liquor traffic possessed noble qualities, and were always ready to extend a helping hand to the poverty-stricken and unfortunate. Rum-sellers seldom became affected by intoxicating drink, and for that reason would compare favorably with the men who drank at their bars, though the latter might hold higher positions in society. Thus it was evident that they were men like ourselves, and could only be affected by those means which would produce an effect upon us. Love and charity can alone win them from their vocation. Nevertheless, while these men were generous and possessed many noble characteristics, a warfare must be waged against them. You paid them your money and in return received poverty ; you paid them your silver and in return received shame ; you paid them your gold and in return received broken hearts and a disabled body ; you paid them all, and received in

return a condemned soul. The speaker declared the liquor he had used in his own experience had been doubled with each successive year. This he knew to be a fact. Though he believed he had as much courage as the generality of men, he was obliged to confess he was afraid of rum. He did not have stability of character enough to use intoxicating beverages with moderation, and for that reason he resolved to break off the habit entirely. This he believed the only safe policy to pursue and the only way in which to lead a successful life.

"Somewhere on this earthly planet,
In the dust of flowers to be ;
In the dewdrops, in the sunshine,
Sleeps a solemn day for me."

"A solemn day," said the speaker, "sleeps not only for me but for you all, and when that day comes I hope to leave this world without a drop of liquor in my system, and be clothed in my right sober mind. Sobriety will certainly injure no man, and you are all well aware of the terrible effects of rum."

The Rev. H. C. Farrar then followed in an effective address, in which he said he had never touched intoxicating liquor—hardly knew its different names—nor had it ever affected any member of his family in any way, yet he hated it with all his heart. God had given him a nervous disposition, and he knew his feelings too well to dare to taste liquor, for he was confident if he did so, in five years people would point him out as he passed along in the streets, and say, "There goes the poor, drunken preacher." Yes, indeed, he confessed it was an enemy he did not have the courage to meet, and that by taking the pledge he felt stronger in his good resolutions. He related a story of a mother who stood on a river bank, and saw her son drown in the stream, and was never able afterwards to look at the spot. In the same way mothers in this city shuddered, and could not look at "gehennas" (rum shops) in passing, where they knew their boys had been lost.

The speaker said, several years ago, while attending the university in this city, he made acquaintance of the members of a social club. He was absent ten years, and on returning to Troy, made inquiries concerning the young men, and learned that they were all either dead, or leading low, degraded lives.

Daniel Ellis spoke, and elicited great applause, and not a little laughter. He said he had kept his pledge, and was never going to get drunk any more. ["Louder," shouted somebody in the audience.] "*I tell you I have kept my pledge!*" shrieked Daniel, at the top of his voice, which elicited laughter from all present. He said he had something in his soul now to help him in keeping his pledge, which he never before possessed, and that was the help of God. He thanked God he no longer craved for whisky. He declared the following lines should be placed, as an epitaph, on the tombstones of many of the drunkards in this city :

"He became a perfect bum,
By his drinking 'two for one.'"

Thursday evening, December 6, Mr. Murphy made the interesting statement that during his stay here 20,000 persons had signed their names to his pledge, that is in Troy and its vicinity. He said there were hundreds still to follow, and asked in a thrilling way, "Are you afraid to join this army? Are you afraid to put on the blue when so many have done so before? The color is now the emblem of all that is good and pure and noble. Its wearers are bound together by as strong a tie as brotherly love is capable of weaving. Don't be ashamed to don it. Be true to yourself, be true to your country, be true to your God, and let that alone which brings only evils from the use of it. I know young men say, 'Ah, wait till after New Year's. Then I'll swear off.' But don't let them forget that 'procrastination is the thief of time.'"

Mr. Murphy then led Col. Luther Caldwell to the front of the stage, and after a very hearty greeting from the large audience, that gentleman announced his intention of leaving

Troy for Greenwich, Washington county, saying that so many had been redeemed who could speak that he was not needed here. Mr. Murphy, however, will remain in the city and labor for the advancement of the cause, although he is loudly called to other fields. Washington, the capital of our nation, sends up a cry for him to come. But now, just as he has succeeded in awakening a lively interest among the people, he felt that it would be wicked to bring his work to a close. Soon he must go, however, and that fact was urged upon the audience as one reason why they should join heartily in the reformation and send up the temperance cry loudly, that it might penetrate into the lowest depths, and bring up fallen humanity found struggling there. To the moderate drinkers and "occasional smilers" Col. Caldwell then spoke. He said it was no use to speak to drunkards, for nobody would own that title, so he intended to ask all those who were not drunkards to come and sign the pledge. The drunkards could keep their seats. Concluding, Mr. Caldwell said:

"I have been a drinking man, and have engaged in the traffic of liquor, and when I talk about temperance I know my subject. Dr. Crosby is wrong when he says 'let the fashionable saloons alone, and close up the low resorts.' It is not in the common groggeries that drunkards are made. It is there where a man winds up his career, who has commenced drinking in the gilded saloons and fashionable club-rooms. It is there where you find the red-nosed and blear-eyed specimens of humanity. They totter unsteadily up to the bar and call for whisky, and when it is produced pay for it with their last five cents, then pouring the vile stuff into a glass which they cover with their hands, as if ashamed of the draught even in their degradation, swallow it at a gulp. And what is the stuff which that last five cents buys? Jersey lightning! It is distilled damnation of the worst kind! Let Brother Crosby first close up the club-rooms and fashionable saloons of New York, and then there will be no customers for the lower places."

Mr. Murphy related the story of a western man who had been a drunkard many years. One night he visited a meeting held by Mr. Murphy, and signed the pledge. Since that time he has never tasted liquor, has paid for his house and owns $1,000 in the bank. "And this, my friends, is temperance! Come and sign the pledge!"

Eccles Robinson's success at Hart's Falls was great. He carried the whole place with him from the outset; and in a short while obtained a long list of signers. The feeling expressed by many of the reformed men for their release from the appetite of strong drink, was truly touching. Meetings were held every night, and were very largely attended by all classes, the rich and the poor alike crowding for a seat at the temperance advocate's feet. To say Eccles Robinson labored well would be faint praise; for he went about his Master's work with an energetic, inspired will that set all wondering, and succeeded in conquering all the difficulties before him.

Messrs. Hall and Love were identified with the movement at Lansingburgh. Both being earnest, sympathetic "Murphy boys," they were able to work with considerable success. It was at this point that Thomas E. Murphy, the clever son of the great temperance apostle, showed what was in him. He delivered several addresses at the different gatherings, and made a marked impression on the people by his fervor, sincerity, and eloquence. He proved himself to be a worthy son of a most worthy father.

Throughout some of the adjacent counties the blue-ribbon agitation was conducted to an extent that greatly exceeded any past popular demonstrations in the behalf of the temperance cause. The most noteworthy of these was the one at Glenn's Falls.

C. C. and David G. Frost, brothers, inaugurated the movement. These gentlemen, both comparatively young men, were formerly very hard drinkers. The former had been a lawyer, and the latter, until his conversion, had been a saloon-keeper in Boston.

They advocate the formation of what is commonly known in the eastern States as reform clubs, excepting theirs is termed a "cast-iron pledge," which prohibits buying, manufacturing, or using intoxicating liquors, including wine or cider. These men held similar meetings in the western part of the State of New York, at Clyde, Rome, Syracuse, Rochester, Ilion and Hudson. In the former place they procured 5,000 signatures to the pledge, and at the latter 3,000. One week only at Glenn's Falls secured them fully 2,500 signers.

CHAPTER XIX.

FURTHER SPEECHES.—FACTS AND MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS CONNECTED WITH THE TROY MOVEMENT.—MURPHY'S CO-LABORERS.—ESTIMATE OF THE MAN AND HIS WORKS.

From Troy there radiated powerful streams of influence, like the spokes of a wheel, reaching the outlying range of towns. Here the gallant and enthusiastic subordinates of Murphy labored, and occasionally the temperance apostle himself visited each place, and left behind him burning words like coals of fire, fresh from the altar. In measuring the depth and force of the Murphy movements, we must not forget that the vital meaning of his method is to set everyone whom he can influence, and who possesses the heart and the brain of the public speaker, whether educated or not, to working in co-operation. In accordance with this, each large city has been made, as it were, a giant heart, pumping blood into all the adjacent places. Troy, as a center of reform temperance influence, must be credited, directly and indirectly, with not less than 50,000 pledge-takers, a glorious head-roll which makes it a jewel of honor in the crown of Murphy's honor, not less glowing than Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. It will be of interest to the reader to read some of the more striking speeches made by Murphy and his co-laborers while at Troy, such as we have not hitherto given. The extracts from addresses by the devoted and eloquent Caldwell will be of special value, for he brought to his work not a little culture and experience in oratory, as well as a magnificent enthusiasm for

the work. At one of the Saturday afternoon meetings, he said:

"Since I was a young man I have been placed in positions where it was devolved upon me to address political meetings, but in all my experience I never knew of one man whose political proclivities I had been the instrument of changing, but upon the first occasion of my addressing a temperance meeting, three hundred changed their course, and among them some have taken the work into their own hands and are now laboring to advance the cause of temperance. It is a pleasure to know that some of those men have taken their stand upon the platform of temperance. It is a pleasure to have a wife come and say, 'My husband has signed a pledge,' or to have a mother say, 'My son, who has always been a hard drinker, has been influenced by you to sign the pledge.' I have, perhaps, addressed over two hundred thousand people within the past year. At Elmira nine thousand signed the pledge. The result in Tioga and Chemung counties, Pennsylvania—over twenty-one thousand signed the pledge. It is impossible to stop the temperance work wherever it has been commenced. There are over one hundred men scattered through this State who are earnestly laboring for the cause of temperance. Mr. Murphy is receiving communications from all directions to extend his movement there. The cause is spreading all around Troy, Cohoes, Fort Edward, Waterford, Lansingburgh, Whitehall, and many other places are being awakened by the ravages that rum is causing in their midst. This work is no respecter of party or sex, but with its motto, 'With Malice toward none and Charity for all,' the gospel temperance is fast developing and will soon extend all over the entire country. We have been wonderfully blessed during our labors in this city, both in this hall and in the prayer-meetings which have been held at the Fifth street Baptist church. It is surprising how many of the laboring classes have sacrificed time to attend these noonday prayer-meetings. We feel grateful to the citizens of Troy for the greeting they have given us, and to the press of the city

of Troy, who had given both time and space to the advancement of the temperance work, and many times at great expense. I have been in the newspaper business, and know the worth of a column of space in a daily paper. The people want to know something more than who has got control, Conover or Patterson, down in the Senate. What does it matter who rules in Washington to a woman who has a husband who drinks rum. It is a question with her, will her husband sign the pledge and thus make her home happy, for this world is growing too dark with drunken husbands. But my friends, I can to-night congratulate you upon the favorable outlook as regards the reformation from intemperance. Mr. Murphy intends to 'fight it out on this line if it takes *all winter*.' Last night the proprietor of the principal hotel in this city came to me, and handing me $50, said, 'Put my name on the temperance committee, and if that is not enough I will give more.' So you see these men who sell liquor have hearts as large as a steamboat. If you want a revival of religion in this city you must encourage this cause. If you find it more difficult to keep the motto than the pledge we will keep the motto, 'With Malice toward none' uncontaminated till we overcome the great obstacle."

Again on another occasion: "I like good children, and it has been our custom to hold what is called a children's meeting, in places where we have labored before; so you will not be surprised to learn that the proposition has been made that we hold a similar meeting in this city. As I said before, I like good little boys and girls, but when I see a little boy smoking or swearing, it is sufficient evidence to me that he is not good, and it is but a question of time when he will acquire greater vices. It is strange, my friends, how closely whisky, tobacco and blasphemy, are linked together. The one leads on to the other, and it is best for parents to prohibit the use of either by their children. Boys that swear and smoke soon take to whisky drinking, and then their sole ambition is to tend a bar. I know it is so, for when I drank the bartender

was my admiration, and I delighted to look upon the gilded fixings of the bar-room—gilded, I suppose, to make the path to hell pleasanter.

"I remember last decoration day at Elmira—I was in the army, and so belonged to the G. A. R.—we visited the graves of our fellow-comrades, and decorated them with flowers and wreaths and other devices, and above each grave was planted a tiny representation of the flag under which they had fought so well. And I remember on that day a widow, one of my neighbors, stood by the grave of her son, and I recollect how proud she was to see her loved one's grave beautified by the floral tributes to his bravery. Another widow stood by her son's grave. But no flag marked his resting place—he died a drunkard. I looked at the little mound of earth, and the thought flashed through my mind, 'No drunkard shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven.' There was no joy or pride for that mother; but I doubt not that at one time she was proud of her boy. He graduated at the high school in Elmira. He studied for a profession that would have paid him well, but he began to drink. After a while the gate of despair was opened to his mother, and he died a drunkard.

"How sad! Yet he is but one of 70,000 who die yearly, die as he died, in these United States. What an army! I remember on the peninsula under McClellan, I was sent to lay a corduroy road, over which the army was to pass, and after it was finished myself and men stopped to see the men go by. All day long and the next, the soldiers went tramp, tramp, tramp, and it seemed to me there were men enough there to take a dozen Richmonds. But there was only 100,000. Now in the United States we have an army almost as large, marching steadily and surely to drunkards' graves. Look at them—faithless husbands, fallen business men, prodigal sons—as they go on to destruction. And this army is being recruited in Troy.

"It concerns you, then, to see to it that your friends and dear ones do not enlist. A young man commences to drink in

a fashionable resort, but when death claims him, it finds him in some corner grocery. The drinker after he has reached a certain point finds himself avoided by his former companions, and he seeks others. If he is employed in any business, he is the first to go when trade slackens. His physical condition, too, is ruined. But not only is he injured physically, socially and in a business point of view, but he is injured morally. Whisky fills up your poorhouses and prisons. It seems to me that everybody has a duty to perform in the work of redeeming drundards. But how many of you say, 'I am not my brother's keeper!' Maybe you have lager or cider in your cellar and give it to your children. Tell me you are not your brother's keeper! You are, if you love your children."

The movement was generously seconded and aided by the clergymen of Troy, some of whom became stanch and devoted Murphyites. Foremost among these divines stood, the Rev. Drs. Baldwin and Farrar. Their time and services were freely given to aid Francis Murphy and his noble cause, and it would be an impossible matter to transcribe the great and almost wonderful good they did in the movement. Their earnest and inspiring supplications to the throne of everlasting grace, and their thrilling addresses at the meetings, will live in the memory of thousands for years to come. The laity has grasped the hand of temperance and together they walk amicably, doing remarkable good, in fact, carrying everything with and before them. The beautiful and ennobling phase of total abstinence is its close connection with religion—the powerful and plain evidence that God bends over it, and preserves it. Divine aid is petitioned; and its wonderful success, its startling results are due simply to God's dear kindness and mercy.

One of the most remarkable discourses that was ever heard in Troy was a very fervent address on intemperance and temperance, delivered by the popular pastor of the Unitarian church, the Rev. William Fish, Jr. He said probably more had been attempted for the temperance cause through the in-

strumentalities of the law in two or three American States than in any other part of the world. He forcibly said : "Through the frequent changes to which the law has been subjected, according as the party of license or prohibition triumphed at the polls, the law has been brought into contempt ; the feelings of large numbers of people have been embittered ; artifice and deceit have been directly fostered and encouraged."

In speaking of the influence of education on temperance the gentleman aptly remarked : "Ignorance is one of the most prominent causes of intemperance. An ignorant generation or race, like an ignorant man, seeks in intoxicating drink the stimulus and excitement which, were it more highly educated, it would find in a hundred other and better ways. Intemperance commonly diminishes as education and the moral and social influences accompanying it advance. The general intellectual and moral elevation of mankind is the aim for which the true friend of temperance can labor with the best hopes of permanent success. The school and the church, pure literature, the mechanics' institutes and the workmen's clubs are, when properly conducted, the most efficient temperance agencies."

Discussing the social habit of passing around wine, he said that it was trite to say that many a man dated his ruin to the first social glass, taken because others took it and invited him to do so, or at all events to habits formed under the influence of a desire not to appear singular, and yet it was literally true. He went on to say :

"There has been so much heated controversy over the question of total abstinence, that the plain and simple issue has been needlessly obscured. A great deal of narrowness and bigotry have been exhibited on both sides. They seem to forget that it is a simple matter of self-denial just like hundreds of other, and that every individual ought to determine his duty in his own conscience, according to his own estimate of his responsibilities and obligations. Total abstainers become convinced that many are led to destruction by the example of others, and they are determined to avoid the smallest

risk of doing such a terrible harm by denying themselves a small gratification. And are they not deserving of honor rather than of the scoffs which they so often receive? When we remember how many victims of intemperate habits even the cultivated circles furnish, and consider what a far-reaching influence the customs established in those circles have, does it not seem likely that the gain to the community at large would be much greater than the loss if the habitual use of wine in society were to be abolished? I am convinced that the cause of temperance, which is the cause of order, decency, and of general virtue and happiness, would be very materially promoted if all persons in the community who aim to act from conscientious motives would unite in discountenancing the use of dangerous stimulants at parties and on most of the ordinary occasions of social intercourse. But these are questions on which no one should dogmatize—'Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.' Let us be actuated by reason and conscience and not by mere impulse or recklessness, and let us not forget our responsibilities toward others—especially toward those who, perhaps, through an inherited or otherwise inherent physical predisposition, are as weak morally as a little child tottering on the edge of a dangerous precipice is physically."

In conclusion he said in a masterly manner:

"No one with a spark of genuine manhood in him will hesitate to sacrifice his own comfort when the clear alternative is another's destruction. To avoid temptation may be cowardly; but to thrust it upon one whom we know to have no power to resist, is diabolic. In all such cases let us take our stand on the noble and unselfish declaration of St. Paul, and say, in his spirit, if not in his exact words: "If wine make my brother to offend, I will drink no wine while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

On one occasion the Rev. Dr. Daniels, of Chicago, made a glowing little address, addressed with peculiar eloquence to the *last* man. He said as a pastor of a Christian church he

had known a great deal about drunkenness and its effects upon households, and related a vivid narrative of personal experience with a dissipated parishioner who suffered from an attack of *delirium tremens*. In an eloquent manner the speaker declared he wished to address himself particularly to the *last* man, who, faltering in purpose, had failed to sign the pledge that night. There was still an opportunity offered, and he entreated him to embrace it before he left the hall. People were inclined to be too uncharitable to the confirmed inebriate. One of that class was certainly entitled to more credit for being sober one-half of the time than he himself should receive for leading a perfectly temperate life, because he never had any temptation to overcome. The clergy and all temperance reformers in the past had been working upon a wrong system, and the policy or idea introduced by Mr. Murphy rather staggered them, but they would soon see its wisdom and practical way of treating the question. Referring to the children of drunkards, he said it would be better for their future good that they die young, while they are untainted, than to grow up and follow the example of their fathers. In a striking way, he compared a drunkard's life to a pane of window glass, which on a wet day was blurred and obscured. "Oh, you *last* man," exclaimed the speaker, "wouldn't you be glad to live your life over again? Would you begin as a moderate drinker? [Mr. Murphy cried out 'never.'] You can be born again and now is your chance. 'He will save unto the uttermost all who come to Him in the name of Jesus Christ.' You are forever lost unless you take hold of the hand of heaven that is extended to you." Turning to Mr. Murphy, the Rev. Dr. Daniels said, "Invite him, Brother Murphy, you have such a persuasive way, and I do want that '*last*' man to come up and sign the pledge."

During the Troy excitement over the cause of temperance reform, an open letter from Benjamin H. Baldwin, of Whitehall, N. Y., to Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York city, on this great subject, was published; and it was so frequently

alluded to and made the text for discussion both from the platform and the editor's sanctum, that in referring to the miscellaneous matters of interest involved in the campaign in Eastern New York, we feel impelled to give it in full. Its strength and pungency make it a valuable contribution to temperance literature :

"'If wine make my brother to offend, I will drink no wine while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.'

"WHITEHALL, N. Y., Nov. 30, 1877.

"Rev. HOWARD CROSBY, D. D., New York city.

"*Reverend Sir:*

In September last I addressed you an open letter through the public press, expostulating with you against your public advocacy of the indiscriminate use of wine and strong beer as a beverage. In pleading with you to abandon your open hostility to the doctrine of total abstinence, I brought to your view, I thought quite plainly, the great temptation you were presenting to reformed men to tamper with intoxicating drinks, and I pointed out the danger of doing so, even with those of the mildest forms. As an exact case in point, I cited my own, which was based upon an experience of thirty years of inebriation, and I stated to you truly, that after four years of strict total abstinence, the old fires were not quenched, nor the old appetite obliterated, but were merely lying dormant, held so by the restraining forces brought to bear upon them, such as strict total abstinence, the singing of the pledge with its constant reminder, a determined will, proper social surroundings, freedom from temptation, etc., and always including the mercy of God. I stated to you truly, sir, that but a single taste from the fascinating cup which you are holding out for acceptance, as if in mockery against the better intelligence of the country, would unchain the insatiable monster within me, and lead me straight down to a drunkard's doom. On October 2 last, I addressed a letter to you through the mail; and in it informed you that my open letter above (a copy of which I enclosed), had been published in several news-

papers, which I named. I also enclosed a photograph of a man who is 63 years old to-day, and who has almost been destroyed by the use of intoxicating liquor, and upon the fly-leaf I wrote as follows: 'Ruined by strong drink—now sober—do not, I pray you, tempt me back to death, by offering me wine and ale.' I should have supposed that the wrinkled and sorrowful countenance beneath the whitened locks of that picture, coupled with the piteous appeal accompanying it, would have moved your heart to at least have sent me a word of encouragement—that you would have wafted a prayer even to my ears bidding me be of good cheer and to stand steadfast, notwithstanding the temptations which your theory and practice subjected me to. I was charitable enough to believe that you did not intend that your advocacy of moderate drinking should apply to reformed inebriates, enticing them back to dissipation, and that you did not realize the danger which would attach to that class by the promulgation of your doctrine; and I had so much faith in the honor of mankind, that I believed you would retract the dangerous heresy in which you had become involved, as I appealed to you in the most earnest manner to do.

"The alarming increase of lager beer saloons throughout the country, stimulated and encouraged by your countenance and support, together with your late public opposition to the healthful restraints sought to be imposed upon the large hotels of New York city in regard to closing their bars on Sunday, and abstaining from the sale of liquor between the hours of 1 o'clock and 5 o'clock A. M., as the law requires, as also your late public recommendation through the New York press, that liquor licenses be granted to all hotels and respectable saloons, and that beer licenses be granted indiscriminately, justifies me, in my own behalf, as well as that of oppressed humanity, to again enter my solemn protest. That I may not seem to be alone in this feeling of disapproval of your course, I can assure you that such feeling is very general, and I will cite a case in point, as follows: On the 25th inst., an entertainment was given in New York by the American

Temperance Union to the English temperance advocate, William Noble, on the eve of his departure for England, and Mr. Noble was presented with several valuable presents as testimonials, and while acknowledging his thanks in a short total abstinence speech, he boldly criticised your course as follows: 'To him (yourself) I say, you came before the *public* in an interview with the *Tribune*, and you say you keep wine upon your table. I tell you the *devil is in that wine*.' I agree with Mr. Noble, sir, and I now make the same assertion. I have reason for doing so, and have better proof than he, for 'I know how it is' myself. From 1850 to 1860 I was a total abstinence man, and was so rigid and straight in my observance that it might be said I fairly leaned over backward. At this last period, fortune drove me into a hôtel, and seemed to drive me also to stock its cellar with a small quantity of wines and liquors, supposed to be necessary for guests at its table. The *tempter* could not force me to keep a bar, as I once had done, but at an opportune and fatal moment, while I was suffering from exhaustion, *he did tempt me* to partake of a little simple claret wine, a beverage scarcely more intoxicating than cider. The devil was aroused *on the instant*. I was that moment lost. In less than an hour a bottle of champagne was swallowed, and before twenty-four hours had elapsed I had resorted to brandy. Thirteen consecutive years of inebriation followed, without any cessation, and my rescue at last was brought about by means something akin to a special interposition of Providence. In self-defense, therefore, as well as in behalf of imperilled humanity, and especially of reformed inebriates generally, I now repeat my protest, as I have a right to do, against your insidious and most pernicious doctrine. Although God's forbearance may be for a long time extended, I now give you warning, sir, that your doctrine and its following will surely come to grief; not perhaps until after thousands shall have fallen, and have been slain, but yet, not the less surely, for God in his mercy is even now raising up 'an army with banners,' whose glitter-

ing swords and spears have been dipped in the divine essence of charity, love and good will, and this band of invincible heroes and heroines, marshalled by such captains as Francis Murphy, are rushing forward to raise the fallen, to 'rescue the perishing,' and *dry up the founts* from whence their miseries flow. When the last wail of anguish shall come up from the besotted and their beloved ones, when the last coiled worm of the distillery, the last mash-tub of the brewery, and the last cider mill and wine press, or other kindred device of the enemy, shall have passed away forever, then will this army of blessed Christian knights declare their forces disbanded; but never before, Dr. Crosby, never, *never*, NEVER!

"BENJ. H. BALDWIN."

A man, named Frank Brady, was led forward on the platform one night by Mr. Murphy, and he said that he felt like a lost boy glad to see his father. He said that it was the kind words of Francis Murphy that had made him what he was. He was in an intoxicated condition when he took the pledge, but he had kept it so far and he was certain he could always keep it.

Mr. Murphy related a touching anecdote of the reformation of a man out West who, once wealthy and respected, had become poor and disgraced through the use of intoxicating liquors, and finally by kindness was induced to sign the total abstinence pledge, and became a respectable citizen. With an earnest appeal to the people to come forward and sign the pledge in the presence of the audience, their wives and their country, and be saved, Mr. Murphy wished them all good-night.

The following incident will be read with interest:

"Three old, long and lean drinkers of this city joined the Murphy movement just one month ago, and were weighed a day or two ago. One, the longest and leanest, had gained exactly ten pounds, the others eight and a half pounds each. The first figured up his account with the temperance cause about thus: Cash saved, $75; flesh gained ($5 per pound), $50; in feeling, $500; to his family, $10,000; total, $10,625."

A frequent customer before the Rochester police courts for drunkenness was Thomas Jones (or rather that was his alias), who was once chaplain to one of the most powerful monarchs of Europe. He had just been suspended from a flourishing pastorate because of his uncontrollable appetite. While undergoing examination the other day a glass of whisky was given him to enable him to "brace up." What a temperance lecture was such a life!

In the Syracuse *Journal* an article appeared, which well described the life of a drunkard, from the rosy flush of a life full of glad promise, to the dark and terrible end. It is as follows:

"Fifteen years ago, there were few more prominent or prosperous young men in Onondago county. He moved in the first circles of society, was prominent in an orthodox church, and was financially prosperous. He was popular with the public, and enjoyed the esteem and confidence of all who knew him.

"He was one of the first to volunteer in the war of the rebellion, and afterwards occupied the position of Provost Marshal for this district. Subsequently he was elected treasurer of Onondago county. While in office, he became addicted to the use of intoxicating beverages, and from that time till to-day, he has known no contentment of mind and has gradually sunk deeper and deeper into the terrible abyss, which has finally utterly engulfed him.

"To-day he was sentenced to prison for fifteen years; sentenced for life unquestionably.

"It is with sorrow and pain that we reflect upon his career, and we call it to mind only that it may prove a warning to young men. He is more the victim of intoxicating drinks than of evil inclinations; the strait in which his appetite placed him influenced to the commission of evil. There is a sad lesson in this sentence."

Mr. Alexander Cooper of Port Jervis, a convert and strong advocate of total abstinence, was on one occasion introduced by Mr. Murphy, and made the following speech, which re-

ceived great favor from the large audience to whom he addressed it:

"*My Friends:*

"I feel a great pleasure in being present with you to-night, so near to my dear brother Murphy, and I consider it a glorious privilege that we are all enabled to take part in this grand work of reclaiming the fallen. One year ago to-day I was a poor drunkard in the city of Pittsburgh. But you will forgive me if I do not dwell long on that period in my life, for the recollection is too horrible almost to be endured. I will simply speak of my reformation. I was traveling down one of our principal streets one evening, when I saw a large crowd in front of an opera house. Inquiry brought the answer that there was a temperance advocate lecturing inside. Now, I had never before experienced a desire to hear a temperance lecturer, for with them were associated in my mind thoughts of vituperative denouncements of all drunkards, including myself. But somehow an irresistible impulse urged me to enter the hall, and I did so. Still expecting nothing but abuse, you can imagine my surprise at the words of kindness which fell from Mr. Murphy—for it was he who was addressing the meeting—and when he concluded I was deeply touched. I still lacked the power to sign my name to the pledge, however, and I waited for somebody to invite me forward. But I had fallen so low that the *good* men and ladies in the aisle where I stood avoided me, as if I were contamination, and my good resolutions were wavering, when Mr. Murphy advanced towards me and grasping my hand, urged me to break off my evil ways, as, he said, there was hope for me yet. I could not resist the appeal. I signed the pledge, and asked God to help me keep it. When I had done so, I felt as if I had at last done something, which, if I could keep my resolution, would make me a man again. I went home and there battled with my awful appetite, battled as only those who have passed through a similar experience can have any appreciation of. But God gave me strength, and after I had conquered with His help, I felt as if I had a duty

to perform. I felt that in this world there are thousands who are like I was, and they are lost if Christians refuse to aid them. Go out and tell them they are not despised. Don't shun them as if their very touch were pollution, but by kindness raise them to a higher level.

"When we speak of intemperance, we usually refer to the vice as it prevails among the lower orders of society, but to-night I shall speak of it as it exists everywhere, among the high as well as the low. When you think of intoxicating liquors, you think of saloons and bar-rooms, but I mean to go to the fountain head, where liquor drinking is made a feature of fashion and social respectability. We must first drive the deadly cup from such places if we would redeem the land from intemperance. In hundreds of thousands of first-class families, side-boards are just as respectable as the table whereon the Bible lies—the family altar, if you please. Gentlemen take pleasure in showing friends who visit them their cellar well stowed with alcoholic liquors. In this fashionable drinking originates the major part of the evil of intemperance. People that would abhor taking a friend to a saloon to drink are not ashamed to make bar-keepers of themselves. I know about this business, and I say that those who keep saloons are often more manly, and less dangerous to society, than these patrons of the vice in its gilded forms.

"I say that to-day you can go into saloons and raise more money for charitable purposes than you can get in the prayer-meetings. This is because these men, so low down in the social scale, have hearts as big as steamboats. I mean to say they are men, and you must go to them in the spirit of the sermon on the mount, if you would do them good. James Parton says that for forty years total abstainers have made no advance, and Dr. Trall still further declares that while this class of temperance men have been giving their sole attention to their theories, the practical work of reform has been neglected. They have not gone into the highways and hedges after the lost."

Col. Caldwell paid the following glowing tribute to the Western crusaders, the bands of temperance women whose work is yet, and always will be, the romance of all temperance movements:

"The great good they did was in demonstrating the efficacy of prayer. It is fit that women should work in the temperance cause. They are the principal sufferers from the evil, and their influence is especially potent with erring fathers, husbands and sons. No one feels more than Francis Murphy that this work is of God. Was it the touch alone of the little girl to the key of the electric battery that scattered the submarine rocks at Hellgate, in the East river, and that deserves mention in connection with the event; or, rather, was it not the thousands of days' work laid out in honey-combing the rocks, the toil for years of diggers and other laborers that made the explosion possible, that should be remembered and honored? So it is with this work here to-day. We are only reaping the fruits of the prayers and the labors of temperance men and women for years past."

Thomas E. Murphy delivered his first speech in Troy in the following felicitous fashion, eliciting considerable applause:

"*Mr. Chairman and my dear friends:*

"As already stated by my introducer, Col. Caldwell was the first to present me to an audience, and never will I forget the trepidation and anxiety I experienced in making my first speech, but I thank God I was permitted to enlist my efforts in this noble cause of temperance. I can look back and remember our pleasant and happy home, which was afterwards ruined through the medium of rum and intemperance, but I trust, now since we have consecrated ourselves to the work of temperance reform, we have all been pardoned by the heavenly Father who forgets and forgives the truly penitent and reformed. Each and every one of us are capable of exerting some influence, and it is our duty to direct our efforts and extend a helping hand towards the amelioration of our fallen brethren. Let us employ kind words alone, for they certainly

go a great ways, and when you meet a man in your streets who has unfortunately become a victim of intemperance speak kindly to him and endeavor to accomplish his reformation. Looking at the matter from a financial standpoint, it costs a great deal to indulge in intoxicating drinks, and few men can afford to do so. Let us then make up our minds to abstain, sign the total abstinence pledge, and unite our efforts in strengthening this gospel temperance, and labor with noble action in the blessed cause. The fact that a man is instrumental in saving a soul will cover a multitude of sins. Let us work bravely on, with the motto ever in mind: 'Malice towards none and Charity for all.' Good night."

Another brief address, delivered by young Murphy, who has shown himself to be the genuine son of his father, contained this well put passage:

"I thank God for what I see and hear and know of the blessed work of temperance. It is a grand thing to be a young man who has resolved to lead a life of righteousness, and interested in a cause from which only untold benefit to the masses can accrue. It is a cause in which every body can labor, and do something good. Young man, never start out in life, by drinking ale! You all know the story of Richard Yates. He was a man whose abilities at one time were the pride of the nation, and had he never contracted the habit of drinking, would have a reputation for himself second only to the names of Washington and Lincoln. But he fell, and only through his confidence in himself—supposing that he could tamper with the serpent without being stung."

On one occasion Mr. Murphy made an interesting speech, in which he referred to the educational facilities of our country. He said there was no reason for poor people to say they could not afford to educate their children, for an equal advantage was given to rich and poor, and the poor boy might, if he chose, acquire an education equal to the son of a prince. Every man has the ability to educate his children. He said that if a man did not put anything in his mouth which would

take away his brain he would be able to educate his children. The speaker said that the people of to-day were too anxious to amass fortunes, and after they had accumulated several thousand dollars they were not contented with it.

Fashions, he said, had a great tendency to make a man poor. He believed that it lay in the power of every man to make himself honorable and independent, but no man would ever arrive at that standpoint till he was willing to help himself.

Mr. Murphy told at one of the meetings of the reformation of a poor drunkard who, while intoxicated, signed the prohibitory oath because he thought it would do somebody else good. In the immense audience which greeted Mr. Murphy on that occasion were the man's wife and three small children, and as he tottered along the aisle toward the stand the anxiety upon the woman's face was almost painful. Reaching the stand, William—that was his name—took the pen in his hand and affixed his name at the bottom of the page. While he was writing his wife moved from her position and when he had finished, threw both her thin, white arms around his neck and kissed him. Subsequently Mr. Murphy was invited to dine with the now happy family, and while at the house, the wife told him how terrible had been her struggle. At one time she had determined to die, but while on her way to the wood-shed with suicide in her mind, she was met by a little infant child, who asked her where she was going. For a while resolution wavered, and at last natural instinct prevailed, and she determined to live to fight for her children. "Oh, husbands, men !" said Mr. Murphy, concluding, "let us redeem the past ! Come forward and sign the pledge !"

We must bring our record of the Murphy movement at Troy, in its details, and its overflow into the surrounding towns, to a close. It has become the devotion of a life-time with this great missionary of temperance truth, and the striking results of his efforts are continually accumulating. Hardly a week passes without adding new and startling phenomena to the sum total of his life ; not new in the essential principles,

but striking in the dramatic forms in which they shape themselves. The worst passions of humanity form the back-ground on which the glorious results are set; into it enter the tears alike of despair and joy, pouring from the eyes of mothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts and children; the misery and repentance of strong men wrested from the clutch of the fiend of rum, and made to feel that they are once more men with the right to look their fellow-men frankly and clearly in the eyes.

Other strong-minded and strong-willed enthusiasts in the cause of good have done this in certain measure also. But there is but one Francis Murphy, and the work he has accomplished is so extraordinary as to make him a hero and a giant among his fellow-workers. In dedicating his life to this duty of rescuing his fellow-men from the infamous degradation of drunkenness, Murphy has recognized the supreme necessity inherent in the social life of to-day. Alcohol in its various forms destroys more men than war, plague, pestilence and famine, slaying the soul with the body. The lunatic asylum and the prison draw from its powerful aid, as a recruiting sergeant, the majority of the army of wretches that fill them; and, strange to say, among the refined and intelligent classes we find a deep obtuseness on this subject. Clergymen and physicians even yet palliate the use of wine and spirits as a beverage; though, thanks to an enlightened public sentiment which is daily becoming stronger, it is far better than of old. Gough, in one of his temperance lectures, tells a thrilling story, which illustrates the tremendous responsibility imposed on those men whose profession and intellectual culture make them public guides. Mr. Gough's recountal is as follows:

"At a certain town meeting in Pennsylvania, the question came up whether any persons should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, the physician, strange as it may now appear, all favored it; one man only spoke against it, because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when there arose from one corner of the room a miserable

woman. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment's silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called to all to look upon her.

"'Yes!' she said, 'look upon me, and *then* hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience, declares its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison, as a beverage in health, is *excess. Look upon me!* You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in the town. You all know, too, I had one of the best—the most devoted of husbands. You all know that I had fine, noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder churchyard; all—every one of them filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe—that excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you,' pointing with her shred of a finger to the minister, deacon and doctor, 'as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and its prospects, with dismay and horror. I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell, in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed; but the odds were against me.

"'The minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the deacon who sits under the pulpit there, and took our farm to pay his rum bills, sold them the poison; the doctor said a little was good, and the excess only ought to be avoided. My poor husband

and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape ; and one after another were conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time. My sands have almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—your poor-house—to warn you all ; to warn you, deacon ! to warn you, false teacher of God's words !' And with her arms flung high, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed, 'I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God. I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all !' .

"The miserable woman vanished. A dead silence pervaded the assembly ; the minister, the deacon, and physician hung their heads ; and when the president of the meeting put the question, 'Shall any licenses be granted for the sale of spirituous liquors ?' the unanimous response was 'No !'"

Again, Mr. Gough says, in illustrating the danger that lurks in the seductions of liquor, even for those who, we would fancy, are the best fortified against it :

"A minister of the Gospel writes me : 'I was deposed by my church for drunkenness ; some of them had confidence in me and they gathered together and formed a little church, and we worshipped in a hall ; I preached for them six or eight weeks ; I then came down to Boston to buy hymn-books ; I met with a friend who asked me to dine, and I drank a glass of wine, and for three days I knew nothing, and now I am ruined for time, and I fear for eternity.' I have a letter from a minister of the Gospel who says this :

"'My grandfather died of delirium tremens, my mother died a drunkard ; I have inherited an appetite for liquor. When I went into the ministry I sought the hardest work I could get, and went as a Home Missionary ; I am now broken down ; I have covered my whole life with prayer as with a garment ; I have spent hundreds of dollars at water-cure establishments to wash this devil out of me ; I have gone without animal food for two years, yet I tremble every day on the

awful verge of the precipice of indulgence.' Now mark me. I don't say that the grace of God cannot take away every particle of that appetite, as the infinite power of God can cure every disease, but what I want is this : that no man shall go away from these meetings filled with the new sensation that comes to a changed man ; when the battle face to face comes, he is away from such influences as these, and says : 'I have the grace of God in my heart ; I have no appetite now.' But let one of these men who have been drunkards and who have abstained for ten years, take one glass, and see if he hasn't got the appetite there. Like the slumbering fire of a volcano, that one glass will rise into fury, drenching, perhaps, body and soul in the lava of drunkenness. Now, then, if I have any grace in my heart—I know that that has been taught in this Tabernacle—if I have any grace in my heart it prompts me to pray, 'Lead me not into temptation.' I have His word for it I shall never be tempted more than I am able to bear, for there is a way of escape for me from every temptation ; but if I have such views of the grace of God that will induce me to say, 'I have so much grace that I can now walk into the temptation, and that grace will save me from falling,' it is very doubtful to me whether such a man has the true idea of the grace of God. Therefore, I say to reformed men, Christian men, your hope is in Jesus to keep yourselves unspotted. Touch not, taste not, handle not, meddle not with it."

There is no safety except in total abstinence, and even then the appetite is so strong, that only the help of the Almighty enables the struggling victim to emancipate himself. Again let us quote from the eloquent temperance orator whom we have already alluded to :

"Some of us remember when we fought a hard battle for temperance ; some of us remember the riots in Faneuil Hall, when the liquor sellers declared that we should not occupy that platform, and for three successive nights they beat us off, put their own chairman in the meeting ; we remember very well when it was a reproach to be a temperance man, and

temperance men were persecuted. Now it seems as if—I was going to say it was becoming popular, but I don't like that word popular. I believe the principle is becoming universal from Maine to Louisiana, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific slope, and it is because it was begun in prayer, and it will end in thanksgiving. The women of Pittsburgh before Christmas met together for prayer; it was the outcropping of the women's crusade movement; that phase of it has passed away, but the foundation of the movement was prayer, and they continued praying even when they gave up the saloon visiting, and what is the consequence? From 60,000 to 70,000 in Pittsburgh and Alleghany city alone, the past three months, have signed the pledge! It is in Cleveland, in Omaha, in all the West, away down in Maine, it is reaching to San Francisco, it is everywhere, and Christian men and women are being raised up to do battle against this fearful enemy."

It is true the temperance wave is rolling like a flood, but the strength of the enemy is deep-seated, with almost an invincible hold on the passions, prejudices and appetites. Its roots and fibres run all through the social system, and it has a thousand false and smiling faces with which to deceive the unwary. How many great men have fallen under its insidious temptation! The brilliant lights in literature, art, politics, and law, have in many cases been snuffed out in an untimely end by their weakness for this most dangerous of appetites. What a sigh from the depths of his dispair is breathed out by Charles Lamb, the gentle and gifted "Elia," in these words:

"The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will; to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all

the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to hear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking forward for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the death, out of which I cry hourly with feebler outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation."

To the false teachings in times past of medical science (so called) is the difficulty of dealing with the question of alcoholic stimulants to some extent due. Physicians have blindly accepted sophisms and falsities, and taught them as scientific truths. Could we know the numbers of drunkards of both sexes who have formed the fatal appetite in consequence of physicians' prescriptions, we should be startled at another instance of the devil transforming himself into an angel of light. But the change of opinion among the better class of physicians to-day is working a salutary influence. Let us offer a few of the testimonies on this subject:

Dr. Carson, an eminent physician of Philadelphia, writes these wise words: "The profession teaches that it is a valuable remedy for disease. The graduate passes into the community, and in dysentery, typhoid and typhus fevers, cholera, and in every phase of real or apparent weakness, prescribes it for his patient; thus not only fostering that fierce appetite for alcohol, which ceases only with death, but impressing the community with the belief that alcoholic drinks are absolutely essential to the preservation of health and the cure of disease. What can moral suasion do? What can the Maine law effect in opposition to such a sentiment among the masses of the people, founded, sustained and encouraged by the medical profession? Is there a disease of the heart, the head, the lungs, the liver or the kidneys, that has not been produced a thousand times by alcoholic drinks? Is there a single one of these diseases which demands their use as a remedy? Alcoholic stimulants

are not necessary in the treatment of any disease. Think, gentlemen, of the five hundred young physicians being annually sent from this city (Philadelphia) to the various States of the Union to practice their profession, placing the brandy bottle in tens of thousands of the families as a remedy! Who can calculate the mischief that they will produce? It were better for mankind that they had never been born."

In the *Medical Journal*, of Boston, Dr. Fuller thus very pointedly remarks: "The use cannot be separated from the abuse, either as a beverage or as a medicine. We cannot prevent the use of alcohol as a beverage without discarding its use. I think that the profession cannot but perceive that while alcoholic prescriptions are so universal, and while it is recommended as a domestic medicine, it will continue to be used as a beverage, and its lamentable effects will follow."

The well-known medical writer, and founder of a successful medical college in New York, Dr. Trall, thus reflects: "The effects of intemperance may be summed up in a few words—vice, crime, pauperism, social corruption and national decline; and the root of the evil is alcoholic medication. It is true now, as it has ever been, that just to the extent that medical men advise and prescribe alcohol as a medicine will the people drink it as a beverage. The use of alcoholic drinks always did, and always will, follow in the wake of alcoholic medication."

The *Medical Times*, of New York city, an ably managed and influential journal, thus appeals to the good sense of the medical profession: "The alarming extent to which alcoholic stimulants are being resorted to as a beverage, by the public, should attract the serious consideration of physicians. The opinion is becoming prevalent that stimulus is beneficial. The various quacks who trump their 'bitters' into the market, are beginning to understand this, and have already reaped a golden harvest from a very extensive sale of their nostrums."

"On one occasion," said Dr. Blakeman, in narrating the in-

stance of a young lady, before the Academy of Medicine, "in consequence of the prescription of a physician, she was led into habits of intemperance to such an extent that in the course of eight months she was accustomed to take two and one-half pints of brandy daily. She died a drunkard."

Professor Benjamin F. Barker, of the New York College of Medicine, said: "I have known several ladies to become habitual drunkards, the primary cause being a taste for stimulus, which was acquired by alcoholic drinks being administered to them as medicine."

In the "Materia Medica," of Dr. Chapin, the following words have escaped the editor's pen: "It is the sacred duty of everyone exercising the profession of medicine, to unite with the moralist, the divine, and the economist, in discouraging the consumption of these baneful articles; and, as the *first step* in the scheme of reformation, to discountenance the baneful notion of their remedial efficacy."

Before the Academy of Medicine, in New York, Professor Post instanced the case of a patient—a young man—who was hereditarily predisposed to consumption of the lungs. Acting upon the advice of a physician, he freely took to the use of alcholic stimulants, became an inebriate, and died of delirium tremens. In this we have the peculiar wisdom of a class of physicians set before us. Better had he fallen by his pulmonary affection, a thousand fold.

Dr. Post also employed these words: "Even as a medicine alcohol is 'a mocker,' and all the bitters, tonics, etc., which men use who would scorn to enter a rum shop, are disguised assassins in Satan's service."

Professor Mussey of the State Medical College of Ohio, says: "I deny that alcoholic spirit is essential to the practice of either physic or surgery. So long as it retains a place among sick patients, so long will there be drunkards."

The venerable Dr. Porter, of Portland City, Maine, after an experience of sixty years in his profession, declared as follows: "I exceedingly regret the exception (in favor of ardent

spirit as a medicine) in the constitutions of temperance societies."

Professor Emlen, of the Philadelphia Medical College, uttered these words: "All the use of ardent spirits is an abuse. They are mischevious under all circumstances."

Dr. Johnson curtly said of alcohol: "I have known it to do much harm, and never any good."

These and a thousand other strong and intelligent witnesses, who have made a specialty of the subject, might be adduced to prove that, to use the forcible language of Dr. Bostock, "Alcohol is a blind experiment on the vitality of the patient; and supports life in precisely the same way that a wild hyena would, if let loose among a crowd."

It is true that many otherwise excellent physicians, who themselves do not use alcohol, prescribe it in various diseases. They do this because they have been trained to do it, just as they were once trained not to use cold water or allow free ventilation of the sick room in many ailments, where a better science teaches them to be absolutely requisite. The opinions of the wisest scientists to-day on the subject of alcohol are that it aids the system, just as a goad and heavy plow give the tired ox more ease and rest. The system frets under it, tries to throw off the terrible burden, and suffers in consequence, no matter how slight the quantity taken. Any of the well-known poisons may be used in certain forms of disease with just as little jeopardy as alcohol.

So the intrenchments, with which the "rum" power has fortified itself, have been built by the hand of a pseudo-science, as well as by the appetites and lusts of the ignorant; cemented by the social elegancies of life as well as by the coarseness and crudity of the lower classes. The most subtile agent of evil, it has entwined itself through every branch of the social system from highest to lowest.

It is in vain to tell men in studied phrase that they are ruining body and soul by the practice of drinking stimulants; to prove analytically that alcohol is a poison, has all the effects

of a poison, is nothing but a poison. Where habit has taken its tyrant hold on the nature, the intellect alone is slow to respond to the calls made on it. The crust of custom must be broken by some powerful emotional shock. It is just here that the grand usefulness and value of such a man as Francis Murphy come to the fore, and stamp themselves in an undying record on the page of society.

A man of the people, who himself has passed through the degrading and brutal experiences, from which he would now wean his fellow-men, he appeals to the masses with that magnetism and sympathy which sweep everything before them. Simple, earnest and uneducated, his words come straight from the heart, and go straight to the heart. He is a man moulded by nature and circumstance for the peculiar work to which he has dedicated himself, and he has shown a deep insight into the hearts of men and the conditions involved in moving them by the very novel and remarkable methods he has adopted. The results accomplished by such men as Moody the evangelist, and Francis Murphy the temperance revivalist are very significant phenomena; and show that in spite of the materialism, the cynical, critical intellectuality which have been imputed to our age, the popular heart is as much to-day a sensitive instrument responsive to the intense earnestness and enthusiasm of the reformer and the orator, as it was in the days when Peter the Hermit and St. Bernard aroused the people of Europe to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the hand of the Saracen.

CHAPTER XX.

THE TEMPERANCE CAMPAIGN AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—A WEEK'S LABORS AND ITS RESULTS.—MURPHY AND HIS CO-LABORERS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—INCIDENTS OF CONVERSION AND MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS OF INTEREST.

After leaving Troy, where he had had so remarkable a season of temperance revival, Murphy proceeded to open his work in Springfield, Mass. This important railway center and manufacturing town, like other similar places, was terribly infested by rum-shops, and society felt the great need of just such an electric shock as Murphy never fails to give by his eloquent tongue and the indefinable magnetism that always radiates from the born leaders in great movements. A committee of citizens was appointed and met Murphy on January 4 at the Massassoit house. Sunday the 13th of the month was set for the opening of the meetings. The temperance orator told his little audience on this occasion that he was so exhausted by his ardent labors that he should do little more than direct the work, and that the main part of the speaking would be done by his helpers. But as usual it proved that he went into the task body and soul, and did not spare his already overtaxed strength, when he was placed face to face with the work itself. It was arranged also that Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, who had done the singing previously at his meetings, should continue to co-operate with him, and a large choir was engaged to assist them in singing the sweet Gospel and temperance hymns, with which the Murphy meetings have always been enlivened. A committee

of consultation was also selected, to act as a council of war in carrying on the coming fight, consisting of Revs. E. A. Smith, E. H. Reed, Dr. C. W. Anable, Rev. Mr. Perry, and W. B. Crook. At this preliminary meeting, the remark was made by a gentleman present, that the city would require a great deal to wake it up; that the city authorities would raise a great cry over mad dogs, and muzzle every cur as big as a muzzle, but that the grog shops would be left unmuzzled to spread destruction through the city. This indicated a degree of coldness on the part of the city authorities very discouraging, but the friends of temperance buckled on their armor to work the harder. The newspaper press gave their cordial co-operation, and as an example of the hearty feeling of commendation with which the Murphy work was received by the Springfield papers, we give the following editorial extracts, which, written after the movement was well under way, shows the spirit of the journalistic world.

"This movement is worthy of attention, not on account of the special qualities of Francis Murphy as an orator, or of any others of the leaders who have successfully conducted these temperance reform meetings. Men have spoken as eloquently as Murphy before, and as sincere Christian men have labored in this cause with no appreciable results. Why is it that at this time every effort in this line succeeds? It does not answer the question to say that the ground was ready. Of course this must be true, but to our notion the ground was ready yesterday as well as to-day. That a good deal of the success is owing to the spirit in which the subject has been treated by the press is certainly true. In this immediate section, for instance, the daily accounts of the Troy *Times* of the progress of the work in that city, did a vast deal to prepare the way in towns in this county. But back of all this lies the power of this movement. The real secret of its success is due to the fact that its methods are correct, and its foundation is the one laid nearly nineteen hundred years ago by the Saviour of mankind. Men and women are urged to do right because

it is best for them. Each individual is made to feel that on him alone rests the responsibility. No one is asked to indorse the views of any one but himself to be a man. The effort is to induce men to stop and consider their course, and to seriously ask themselves the question, does it pay to drink? It is believed that each individual can reform himself if he will but try. The work of the directors of this movement is to make easy the way for him to try. In this city, all that has been necessary was to open the way. Those who have signed as a rule came to the meetings with a determination to sign. Men have not been over-persuaded by the excitement incident to such meetings, and, judging from all appearances, the work accomplished will be lasting. The effort to drive men away will always fail, but the appeal to reason is sure of success. The Murphy movement has been one of kind words, it has been a mission of peace, it leaves no sting of controversy behind.

"One great secret, the important element, in fact, of Mr. Murphy's wonderful success, is the spirit of charity and good will—'malice towards none'—with which he prosecutes his labors. There is the charm of benevolence in the very manner of the man. It beams forth from his frank and open countenance; it is reflected from his eyes and expressed in his hearty, earnest, impassioned speech. He indulges in no abuse; he stigmatizes and denounces not at all; he draws men to him by the magnetism of love. When it has been reported that vituperative epithets have been applied by this or that person to the reformer and his work, Francis Murphy's only response has been, 'God bless him!' There was no such thing as obtaining foothold upon any ground whatever to fight this man in his work; and so he has gone on conquering and to conquer. He has met men engaged in the liquor business daily, clasped them heartily by the hand, and said, 'God bless you!' He has publicly said of them that the large majority of their number would be glad to abandon their business for something else that should afford them a chance to earn an

honest living; and he has earnestly advised the workers for reform to help these people to find that 'something else' to do. In a hundred ways that philanthropy would suggest, he has appealed to men of all classes to take the important step to save themselves, their families, their neighbors, and elevate their common manhood to its God-given sphere of usefulness and honor. An humble man, with no pretensions to scholastic culture, the fervency and much of the genius of true eloquence are possessed by this apostle of reform."

Right heartily did the clergymen of Springfield take Francis Murphy by the hand and second his noble work. With tongue and pen, by prayer and address did they battle in the good cause under this great general in the campaign of virtue and sobriety against the devil of rum, that hydra-headed cause of ten thousand vices and crimes. Some of their eloquent testimonials are given below, as showing the impression made by the temperance orator on all good and philanthropic men:

Rev. Dr. Twombly said: "I think Francis Murphy a modest man, possessing natural genius and the various organizing talents to constitute him a leader. From all that I have seen and heard of him, I consider him a man of sincere and honest Christian piety. As a speaker he ranks very high, having imagination, aptness, a readiness of utterance and an electrical force which enables him to completely control his audience. The durability of the work must depend very much upon the attention given to it by the professed friends of temperance. I approve his methods, though every man could not work as he does. I believe the effect of the movement will be to produce union among the friends of temperance, and while it may not lead any to renounce civil law as an agent of reform, it will conduce to more earnest moral suasion than we have recently had."

Rev. E. A. Reed said: "Francis Murphy appears to be a sincere, earnest, Christian man. He has a good deal of the dramatic and oratorical power which Mr. Froude says is the natural inheritance of the Irish race. The Christian spirit of

his work, and his endeavor to make it completely reformatory and to rest on the almighty grace of God through the vicarious atonement of Jesus Christ, is the great hope of its efficacy. There may be objectionable features to his methods, but we should let them pass. The permanency of the work will depend altogether upon the fidelity of Christain people in helping those who profess to be reformed. Mr. Murphy shows a very catholic spirit which is much needed in the temperance cause."

Rev. Dr. Rice wrote : "I am thoroughly in sympathy with Mr. Murphy and his methods, and think he is doing a grand and good work, in which I wish him all success. He has evidently great magnetic power over people to move the masses, partly growing out of his thorough earnestness in his work. We see him in one business into which he throws all his powers. He has elements of strength in him beyond all question. The permanency of the results of his work will depend largely upon the amount of labor on the part of those in sympathy with it when he departs, and upon the support given the pledge-takers in their efforts of reformation."

Rev. Washington Gladden said : "I believe in Francis Murphy through and through. I think he has got hold of the right end of the temperance problem. The work he is doing cannot be estimated too highly. Of course there will be some discount to it ; some converts will go back, but many will hold out. I believe in moral forces as the only ones that work permanent results. Mr. Murphy's bringing in of the religious element is putting it upon the right basis and the only basis upon which it will stand. The aggregate result must be good, as in many cases the reform will be permanent. I think the sale of liquor is prevented a great deal more effectually by the means which Mr. Murphy employs than it can be done by legislation."

Rev. W. T. Eustis wrote : "Francis Murphy is evidently a man of thorough honesty and integrity, and of a deep religious nature and feeling. I heartily approve of his methods

and style of accomplishing his work. I have known of this movement being in other places a permanent reform, but it is yet too early to predict how it will be in this city."

Rev. Dr. Anable said: "Francis Murphy is a man of great honesty of purpose, whose warmth and sympathy are calculated to reach the hearts of the people, and whose earnestness must impress itself upon the public mind. He is one of the best temperance reformers I have ever met. I have no doubt God sent him to Springfield to prepare the way for Mr. Moody's coming. I believe in him thoroughly, and think his work is invaluable. The prominence of the Christian basis of his work is to me the best evidence of its permanence."

Rev. E. A. Smith wrote: "I thoroughly approve of Francis Murphy's work and indorse him as a Christian gentleman and sincere, honest and a very efficient temperance worker. He is a man of wonderful power."

Rev. Dr. S. G. Buckingham said: "I admire Francis Murphy. His simplicity and the religiousness of all his work secures the sympathy of all Christians. I regard his work here as the best preparation for Mr. Moody's coming that we could have had. I cannot conceive of anything so permanent as the religious motives which are elements of Mr. Murphy's work are to make it."

Rev. Dr. Upham wrote: "I think Francis Murphy is a glorious Christian man, and that his temperance work is on a solid foundation and will be permanent."

Rev. A. K. Potter said: "I enthusiastically indorse Francis Murphy as a Christian man and temperance worker. Dr. Baldwin, an intimate friend of mine, told me that when Mr. Murphy was in Troy, certain men employed a detective to watch him, to see if they could not find something in his practice at variance with his preaching, but they couldn't do it. One other point. Some people have the idea that Mr. Murphy must be making money out of his work. His pay in this city is very small and not one half of what it should be."

Francis Murphy commenced his Springfield work on Sunday,

January 13, at the City Hall. The auditorium was filled with a very large audience, including many people who had driven into the city from the surrounding towns. The large chorus, who assisted Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, occupied seats on the platform, as also did the protestant ministers of the city. Several of the reverend gentlemen inaugurated the exercises with scriptural reading and prayer.

The Rev. Mr. Smith introduced the great temperance apostle as "Francis Murphy, of the United States."

Much of Mr. Murphy's inaugural address was the same as that which he has always been in the habit of delivering in commencing his work at any particular place. In some respects, however, the orator has learned to vary himself in spite of the somewhat cynical criticism which has frequently been offered by his opponents, "that he could but make the one speech." As a specimen of Mr. Murphy's art of differentiation we give the *exordium* of the first Springfield lecture, which the reader may compare with the same lecture, as before given in this work, and find in it an illustration of the growth of the lecturer in oratorical resource, in fertility.

"My theme will be real life; I shall talk principally of myself, and if any hard word escapes my lips, you will excuse it. Osman Pasha surrendered Plevna because his supplies were cut off, and when the supply of liquor drinkers is cut off, then the liquor-dealers will stop selling and not before." He pictured his humble life in a cottage three thousand miles away. "Though separated from it for twenty years yet in imagination I can see it as it was in my youth. Well do I remember kneeling with my mother in that cottage, the sloping hills kissed by the morning sun, the stately elms waving in admiration of the view; the grand old ocean singing its deathless hymn of praise, that bids a thousand ships sail over it and leave no furrow on its brow. I had read that they sailed to that far off land of freedom, and I longed for the time when I, too, should sail for a free land. We were particularly favored with poverty in the land beyond the sea, and in beating out

barley I first earned a living. Never be ashamed of honest labor. Whatever you find to do, do with all your might. Work to-day is the macadamized highway to honor. Take the hand of honest labor and stand upon your honor. Then you have the strength of ten men, because your heart is pure, and you are not mortgaged. We are seated in the grand gymnasium school of the ages. There are mountains to be tunnelled, rivers to be bridged, and these things can only be accomplished by honest toil. Oh! that I could inspire you to-day with the thought—I am a man! I stand before the Hoosac tunnel and see the light through the mountain, it was work that did it! Well, after years of work moderate wealth came to us and with wealth fashion. There are more kinds of intoxication in this world than through rum, and don't you forget it. The secret of a happy life is work and living within your means. If you are in debt to-day set yourself to work and set yourself at liberty."

The orator then proceeded, as usual, to describe his life, his coming to America, his manifold experiences and temptations, his slavery to the demon of rum, and his final conversion.

In closing, Mr. Murphy said: "I stand here to-day, saved by the kind touch of a Christian hand. I dash the wine cup to the earth to-day with all its mantling temptation. Be brave and perfect liberty awaits you. I stand free. Who shall take my freedom from me? Rum? Never! God helping me, never! Beyond this hall on the wings of fate, my immortal soul soars, beyond the constellations to the pearly gates, where it can behold the river of life and, standing by its side, the trees laden with fruit for the redeemed. Oh! the worth of a redeemed soul! God help us to-day to give to the Commonwealth a greater monument than that at Bunker Hill."

The same day the series of Murphy prayer-meetings were commenced, the spacious vestry of the Trinity Church overflowing with a large attendance. Mr. Murphy presided at the meeting and read Christ's sermon on the Mount, after which he gave a short address.

"If a man came to him," he said; "and exclaimed 'What a splendid speech you made! and what a glorious work this is!' it was very easy for him to love that man; but if he said, 'Murphy's a scab; I don't take any stock in him, any way,' it tried his Christianity pretty severely to love such a man. But there was Christ's command—'love your enemies;' and they should all engage in temperance work with love for all men." These remarks were made in discussing how much reformers were obliged to crucify the old Adam, and scourge their own sentiments of pride and vanity, to endure meekly the scoffs and sneers of the worldly-minded.

Early in the movement the Catholic church as an organization did not specially show a disposition to sympathize with the Murphy work. Father McDermott, a prominent priest, took occasion to warn his congregation against attending Mr. Murphy's meetings any more than they would other Protestant meetings. He had nothing to say against temperance or against Mr. Murphy, only as he would disapprove of his people following any speaker, who had Protestant hymns sung at his service, besides conducting them under Protestant auspices generally.

Many of the more intelligent Catholics, however, took a hearty interest in the work, and gave it a strong support in the city of Springfield, as may be seen from the following letter addressed to a Springfield paper:

"No man with ordinary common sense, could have listened yesterday to the apostle of temperance, Francis Murphy, without being deeply impressed with his eloquence, sincerity and desire to help his fellow-men; more especially his fellow-countrymen. Why it is that certain clerics attempt to antagonize their followers towards this gifted son of the Emerald Isle, is one of those things ordinary mortals fail to comprehend. Murphy's platform is a good one, free from prejudice or sensationalism, and no man could receive but benefit by aiding this good cause. Many a man, no doubt, went to hear Murphy yesterday with a prejudice against him, who came

away from the City Hall converted. No race of people in the world so much need reformation in regard to their drinking habits as those of the British Isles, and when a former subject of Great Britain so gifted as is Mr. Murphy, rises up, and proves himself capacitated for a leader, why should any one cavil at his methods? So far as Ireland and the Irish are concerned, their state of thralldom has been maintained for these hundreds of years by their foolish dissensions and the curse of drink, and when an opportunity offers to do them and all men good, why throw obstacles in the way? 'He who would be free, himself must strike the blow,' and whenever a solid blow is struck for Ireland's freedom it will be when her people are united and sober. That such a race, gifted and generous, that has furnished the nations of the earth so many leaders, should still be under the domination of such a cold-blooded race as the English, is a blot on the civilization of this enlightened age. I am one of those who believe the English officials should be kicked out of Ireland, but it can only be accomplished by unification; a thorough temperance reform is one the means that will assist unification. Let the Irish take unto themselves the moral in the fable of the 'Lion and the Bulls.' B.

"SPRINGFIELD, January 14, 1878."

Mr. Murphy took occasion in several of his speeches to disclaim any religious propagandism, and urged any of his hearers, or those that might read reports of his lectures, if they were attached to the Catholic faith and had conscientious scruples, to sign the pledge under the auspices of their own pastors. It is believed, however, that a just proportion of the Catholic population were not influenced by the feelings of their religious chiefs, but became Murphy pledge-takers.

A Springfield paper, in commenting on the Murphy movement, has the following:

"For six years past Mr. Murphy has been one of the most effective temperance speakers this country has ever known. He first spoke throughout Maine, New Hampshire and

Rhode Island. Going West he aroused the great States of Illinois and Iowa. Returning to the East, he began on November 26, 1876, at Pittsburgh, Pa., the agitation that has since become so widely known as the 'Murphy movement.' Since that date Mr. Murphy has averaged two addresses daily and moved tens of thousands of people to sign the temperance pledge. He has an army of aids, his plan being to put every man to work who has the ability and will. He wears a gold badge that was presented to him in Pittsburgh. It is a heart of beaten gold, pendant by a small chain from a head band. On one side is inscribed the pledge, as follows: 'The National Christian Temperance Union. With malice towards none, with charity for all, I, the undersigned, do pledge my word and honor, God helping me, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, and that I will, by all honorable means, encourage others to abstain.' On the obverse are the words, 'Trust you in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. From Thomas McFadden, Jr., Pittsburgh, January 20, 1877.'

"Mr. Murphy's work is strictly unsectarian and non-political. He is as deeply interested in behalf of the Roman Catholic, to emancipate him from the power of strong drink, as for the Protestant. In his own words, 'The work is a common good, and all men should unite against the common enemy. The days of the rum traffic are surely numbered. The simple object of the whole work is to destroy the power of intoxicating liquor, to impel men to live for the record of an upright life. Meanwhile let every man vote to suit himself; let every man pray to suit his own conscience.'"

The audience at Mr. Murphy's first meeting was about 3,000, and of remarkable respectability, including the foremost people of the place.

As a specimen of the impression made by the Irish orator on the more intelligent classes, we may take the criticism of one of the foremost papers of the country, the *Springfield Republican;* without giving this in full, an allusion to some of the salient

points will be of interest. The address was characterized as well-planned for the opening of a campaign, as it made the audience feel acquainted with him by a recountal of his own experiences. The well-timed words of praise for the Father Mathew societies were of a character to conciliate the Catholics. The reviewer commented briefly as follows:

"One of his elaborate passages about the commerce between the East and West passing through the Hoosac tunnel was evidently designed for the latitude of his recent labors at Troy and North Adams, and when, in speaking of the dignity of labor, he declared there were cities yet to be built and rivers to be bridged, some people interested in local public affairs 'smole a little smile.' When, however, Mr. Murphy dropped this conscious effort to be impressive and came to his great and particular theme, the effect could not be surpassed. In speaking of the ravages of drink, of his own downfall and rescue, he was much moved himself, and the climax was reached when he exclaimed 'The pledge has brought me honor, manhood, integrity, self-respect. What shall take these from me? Rum? Never! I swear it.' At the close of the speech an opportunity was given to sign the pledge, the manner being for each signer to place his name on a card which he takes away with him, after giving his name to the secretaries and receiving his blue ribbon. The record was not kept quite accurately yesterday, but about 500 signed."

The second day showed a large increase of interest, there having been 300 additional signers at the evening meeting. The short addresses were made by some of his co-laborers in Western Massachusetts towns. The character of this audience was largely representative of the working classes, the portion of the community in which the reformer seems to be specially interested. He took up the story of his life where he had dropped it at the first meeting, and carried on his autobiography.

Suddenly he disgressed and referred to his pride at being an Irishman; he alluded to the bright names in Irish history,

Burke, Grattan, O'Connell, Flood, Phillipps, and, as illustrating the services rendered by Irishmen in the late war, he gave a dramatic account of the gallant little Irishman, Phil Sheridan, who turned the tide of battle by his famous ride. Turning then for a peroration to the war in which he now asked them to enlist, he appealed to all with strong arms and heroic hearts to engage in cutting down the upas tree of intemperance, and banishing the demons of rum, not resting until the last fire in the last distillery should be extinguished.

It is proper at this point to refer to a peculiarity of Mr. Murphy's addresses, which excites the wonder if he does not at times talk of other matters, rather to the exclusion of temperance. It must be remembered, however, he is obliged to plan his oratorical campaign conservatively. He has adopted the plan of giving the story of his life in installments, interpolating continual hints and suggestions on temperance, and also contributing such an interesting narrative as secures confidence and sympathy. His illustrations, episodes and outside visitations are interesting and well put, and these, with the artless narrative of his own life-history, insure the repeated attendance of his hearers, who absorb temperance instruction at each meeting. Like the serial word of the magazine this plan stimulates interest and insures a continued patronage.

It became evident that the Murphy movement was rolling over the population of Springfield in a wave of popular enthusiasm. The crowd which greeted the orator gew greater nightly, and it was feared that overflow meetings would have to be held.

The attendance consisted of the representatives of all branches of society, the respectable church-going people, the operatives and workingmen, and that portion of the community, so expressively known as "loafers and bummers."

The contagion was common to all these different classes, and the pledge-takers showed alike people dressed in broadcloth and in rags.

At another meeting the temperance chief commenced the

exercises with a telling little address, of which the following are specimen sentences:

"We have not begun to measure the worth of a pure life." "Some one wants to know why such a man doesn't succeed; he doesn't pay the price of success; he doesn't attend to his business." "With truth by our side in this conflict we have nothing to fear. The man whose heart is consecrated to truth is destined to triumph over every difficulty, with manhood restored and all the graces that constitute a man." "Springfield seems to me a valley of springs, and the stream of life flows down through its midst. Though the surface is just now locked in death, yet the current of life flows strong underneath." He referred to Northampton as the Athens of the Connecticut valley, where they had been warmly received in the afternoon. "It is a blessed thing to be sober, sound and living for the right. If you are only true to yourselves and the right, there is no question of doubt that every saloon shall be closed." "The whole thing has to be done in love. Beautiful word! I thank God I know what it means, and I pity the man with as gray hair as I have who does not. If you want to see total depravity in all its natural condition, find an old bachelor, with a cat for his housekeeper. I never believed much in this doctrine of total depravity till I saw a man in this condition." "To my Irish countrymen I say the Americans are the best friends we ever had."

At the end of the speech, Edward Foot, one of the recent converts, spoke briefly and effectively. He said his good friend Murphy had insisted upon his going with him to Northampton that afternoon. He had hoped he would have nothing to say there, but he found the town hall filled with a thousand people, representative of the most respectable class, many of them mechanics. He knew what good mechanics were, having stood by them in the shop; and he had always found a good mechanic meant a gentleman, good husband, and a loving father. He had only one disappointment since taking the pledge, which was that many of those who had promised had

failed to sign the pledge. People didn't know how much time they were wasting. He had hung around Mr. Murphy's coat-tails so long that he was afraid of being a nuisance; but he had pretty nearly made up his mind to go with him. In a saloon recently an old associate had made an excuse for not backing him up on account of the doctor's having told him to take a little.

Mr. Murphy, at the end of this address, called upon the people to come forward and sign the pledge, which was answered by several hundreds, including every member of a prominent fire company.

At the prayer-meeting held on the same day, Mr. Murphy, among other good things, said the following:

"I believe in being saved to the uttermost; there is no salvation short of it. I believe the Lord gives us to know that we are saved. If we can know that we are sinners, we can know that we are saved. I don't mean by that that all inclination to sin is taken out of our lives, for this is a life of warfare." "Those of us who have itinerated, know what a clean, comfortable chamber is to the tired body. There are places that a minister meets with in travel that he never wants to come back to. Be sure you provide a comfortable place for the visiting man of God. Let nothing but what is God-like or Christ-like come near him." "I never saw my father, but I sometimes think when I shall see him in heaven I shall know him. I shall know his voice, though I never heard it, because he is my father. It is a pleasant thought to me that my father and mother have something to do about preparing the mansion up there for me." "I wonder if I have done my duty since I have been here. I want to say now to the men who have signed the pledge to give their hearts to Christ. Connect yourself with some church. I don't care which one; that is none of my business. Give my dear brother Moody, who is coming, your hearts, and God will give you a great blessing."

As an eloquent acknowledgment of the effect of the Murphy

movement in Springfield, the testimony of a prominent liquor-dealer, Ben Jobson, is significant.

In an interview with a newspaper reporter, he made the following statement:

"When I see six or eight men wearing blue ribbons and passing by my door, who have been regular patrons of my bar, I begin to think it's hurting business. No man with a blue badge has asked for a drink in my place yet. The contrary statements published in Saturday's *Union* show that a good many liquor-sellers are contemptible liars. There are just as honest men in the business as ever stood under the canopy of heaven, but two-thirds of them are not fit to associate with prostitutes. I sell to any man as long as he can stand at my bar, and so they all do; I don't think any of them would flinch before a ten-cent scrip. The only exception is John Madden, who is bringing up a family of children in his place, and won't allow a drunken man there. Not five liquor-sellers in Springfield will ask for a $250 license when their present licenses expire, for business is flat. Three things have killed it—the hard times, the license law, and now the Murphy movement. The hard times have cut down men's wages so that they need all their money to support their families, and they can't afford to drink. It isn't true, as Mr. Parker says, that any men have been spending from $1.50 to $3 daily for drinks, for they can't do it and buy bread and clothing for their families. Then the license law has proved a bad thing. The licenses have been put so high as to eat up all the profits, especially when any number of men are selling without a license. If the licenses were put low, and the law was strictly enforced, it would be different. Under the prohibitory law, we all made more money. It used to cost me about $50 a year for lawyers' fees, and the only fine I ever paid was $75; so it was much cheaper for me than this $250 license. And now business is falling off from the Murphy movement, and unless it improves I am going to get out of it when my license expires. I don't think it is affecting the Irish much as yet; they

drink over my bar about the same as usual. The rum business is not an agreeable one anyway, and no man enjoys being in it. I shan't sign any pledge, and I shall continue to sell and get back the money I paid for a license ; but I have no doubt Mr. Murphy is doing good, and that it would be a benefit to a great many men to stop drinking. I had as lief see the devil coming down Harrison avenue as a drunken man."

At another meeting Mr. Murphy introduced Eccles Robinson, who had just returned from Pittsfield, stating this man was reformed after squandering a fortune of $70,000, and bringing himself to the verge of the grave. But he had been since instrumental in securing 60,000 names to the pledge, of which 10,000 were obtained in Elmira.

Mr. Robinson then alluded to his own life, and related how, from being a man of fortune, he had been obliged to work in a rolling-mill to obtain a livelihood.

It was not in the city of Springfield alone that the Murphy movement was leavening society. In the concentric circles of towns clustered around the city of Springfield, in that most thickly populated part of Massachusetts, the Murphy orators were moving in full force. The movement once inaugurated grew with great rapidity wherever it was planted.

In the town of Great Barrington within half an hour after the hall was opened it was packed to overflowing. Night after night eloquent speakers impressed the importance of total abstinence on the people. One of the speakers, Hindman Barney, a one-armed man, told his auditors the thrilling story of how a companion, in a drunken frenzy, seized a broad-ax, and severed his left arm from his body.

There was an enormous depression in the rum-selling business as a result of the movement, as all of the best customers had signed the pledge and become active workers in the cause. Out of twenty-one saloons in the town, two proprietors had already signed and three more announced their purpose to quit the business and join the ranks, before the agitation was

three days old. In a week's time 2,000 names had been added to the temperance roll.

A week's meetings at Thompsonville, Connecticut, witnessed the addition of 250 names per night, many of those signing being moderate drinkers, who were induced to take the step through the desire to set an example to their children.

At Northampton, Mass., audiences of a thousand people gathered night after night with very encouraging effects. At several of the meetings 300 names were added to the total abstinence list. An executive committee, consisting of the most prominent men, was organized for the purpose of continuing and perfecting the temperance work after the first effervescence of interest was past.

At the first Murphy meeting in Easthampton, over which Messrs. Booth and Smith were the presiding spirits, nearly 500 pledge-signers came forward, exhausting all the blanks.

These are but examples of the radiation of the Murphy movement, from Springfield as a center, through all the outlying towns and cities.

Among the many drunkards of Springfield was one especially notorious for his love of liquor—a "bummer," *par excellence.* He was induced to attend one of the Murphy meetings, and as he entered the door of the City Hall his fiery red face attracted considerable attention. "Have you any reserved seats for inebriates?" he frankly inquired. Now the room was crowded to a jam, but the good-natured humor of the new comer was a passport to good society, and with the assurance of one of the ushers that his face was worth five hundred dollars to the meeting he was escorted to a prominent seat on the platform, and signed the pledge. "There's a lesson to be learned from the good-natured man," as Mr. Murphy would say.

Mr. Murphy's operations were not confined personally to Springfield. Though he trusted the work in the outlying towns and cities largely to his corps of enthusiastic lieutenants,

he himself would go off on daily tours of inspection and lend the weight of his personal presence. In this way at least a dozen towns were made to feel the power of this man, who became, as it were, a Briareus with far-reaching hands, that gripped strongly at the hearts and consciences of those who, perhaps, never saw him. One important feature in the Springfield campaign was the organization of prayer-meetings everywhere, so that the full flood tide of enthusiasm was never allowed to ebb or abate one hair's breadth. All the aim of the temperance reformer bends toward the one great purpose, redemption from strong drink, and even in the moments of social relaxation the goal is never absent from his thought.

Mr. Murphy in private conversation estimates his work as merely the beginning of the moral improvement of a community. He considers the signing of the temperance pledge as most generally the entering wedge toward a general moral bracing-up of the signer. The next step, he hopes, will be into the church, but, if not, the signing is likely to lead to a marked improvement in respect to frugality, honesty, generosity, domesticity, and other qualities that tend to make good men and good citizens. Not the least of the benefits he thinks to be the furnishing to the courts of justice of a better class of jurors and witnesses, while the families, employers, neighbors, the church and the community at large are benefited in all the thousand relations they sustain to the reformed men. His talk in public and private is marked by that charity and lack of malice taught in his motto, taken from President Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, and he declared last night that, if the movement could not be a success without denunciation, he proposed to get out of it. If anybody wants a controversy or quarrel, Mr. Murphy steadfastly refuses to gratify him, and his arguments are such as cannot be found fault with, such as advising men to be kind to their wives and children, describing the delights of a peaceful home, and describing truthfully and pathetically the evils liquor brought to him and his family. He will not allow his movement to become a de-

nominational affair, either, but states that every man is welcome as he was to the army during the rebellion, with no questions asked as to whether he is a Roman Catholic, Congregationalist or Unitarian.

It was acutely remarked in one of the Springfield journals that the spread of the movement was due to the prominence of the subject of temperance in the minds of the people fully as much as to anything which may have been said at the meetings. A large number of the men that signed brought others to take the pledge, and at the end of the fourth day the temperance roll showed 2,500 signatures. The evening audiences continued to fill the auditorium to the very edge of the platform, while hundreds were turned away and held meetings elsewhere, addressed by some of Murphy's enthusiastic converts. A dramatic feature of not a few of the meetings was the conversion of old topers, who brought with them bottles of liquor, as if in contempt of any possible influence, and once struck by the force of conviction, they gave up the bottles of seductive poison in presence of the whole congregation. Such facts as these have immense effect, and stir up the popular feeling more than the most eloquent and startling words can effect. The fifth evening meeting was one of remarkable enthusiasm, owing in part, perhaps, to the presence of the great evangelists, Moody and Sankey, who, however, did not take any part in the proceedings of the occasion. Mr. Murphy said that it seemed proper that the Redeemer should be the center of this movement, and that the church of God should rise in its majesty and shoulder the work. But he never had allowed it and never would would allow it to drift into sectarianism. He was laboring for no church, but for the cause of humanity, and by the help of God he would succeed. So long as he was reforming men, how could any man be unchristian enough to refuse to help him, even asking whether he worked as a Protestant or a Catholic? The ground of humanity is the foundation that all the churches should rest on, and join forces for victory. The soldiers of the Revolution did not ask each other

their religious faith, but fought with one impulse for the cause of justice. He took pride in saying that he never denounced the rum-sellers. He never called them hard names, but he would ruin their business, and would fight his way in spite of them. Villification never would reclaim the erring one; love was his conquering signal.

He wanted the testimony of some of the men he had saved, so he called on W. A. Nichols of this city. Mr. Nichols was an habitual drinker until three days ago. He strolled into a noon prayer-meeting out of curiosity, and Mr. Murphy had roused the manhood within him to assert itself and lift him from his disgrace. He signed the pledge, donned the blue, and he meant to keep it. Here Mr. Murphy jumped up, saying, in his enthusiastic way, "I know you can keep it, brother," and he gave him a shake of the hand that he never ought to forget. Mr. Coburn, of Pittsburgh, said that he had followed Mr. Murphy to entreat drunkards to forsake their ways or to take warning from his experience. He had been a miserable drunkard, but Mr. Murphy's kindness had won his heart. He implored the drinkers in the audience to come forward, sign the pledge and begin a new life. "George W. Childs will now speak to you. May God bless him," said Mr. Murphy. The new speaker had also been a drunkard and was deserted by every friend he had, even his wife, but he was a reformed man and he put his trust in the Saviour. Rev. Dr. Daniels, who happened to be in the city, was called on, and he said that he had examined all the late evangelical movements and he thought that the saving of drunkards was the best work of Heaven at the present time.

Mr. Murphy closed the meeting with a magnificent peroration that cannot be reproduced. The best men of the country are sober men, he said. It pays to be sober. It adds to a man's health, his property, his happiness and his prosperity. He begged those who had not signed the pledge to come forward and do so then. A large number came forward as the chorus struck up "Hold the Fort." Mr. Murphy kept calling

upon the audience during the singing to come up and take the pledge. "Come, on my friends," rung through the house, and any one who hesitated or was struggling through the crowd to reach the stage was greeted with, "Come on, brother; give me your hand; God bless you!"

The prayer-meeting of the same day was made specially enjoyable and stimulating by the presence of the distinguished evangelists Moody, Sankey, Whittle, and McGranahan.

Mr. Moody first expounded in a characteristic manner a portion of the 1035th Psalm. "The Lord forgiveth *all* our iniquities." If you are going to be his child, it is not enough to give up one sin, perhaps the sin is drunkenness; we want all our sins forgiven and the Lord makes thorough work of it. Some say the appetite for drink is inherited; no doubt it is, sometimes, but God healeth *all* our diseases. You may bind up a wound, but the wound is there until it is healed; God heals. Next, He "redeemeth thy life from destruction," (who can say that like the man who has been down into the ditch?) then "He crowneth thee." There are many crowned heads that are uneasy: but Christ "satisfieth" us, and what more can there be than that? See the five precious promises compressed into three verses of the psalm—God will forgive, heal, redeem, crown and satisfy us. After Mr. Murphy had read numerous requests for prayer, a fervent petition was offered by Mr. Moody, followed by prayers by Rev. A. K. Potter, Mr. Sankey, and Mr. Murphy. Mr. Sankey then sang a touching little song by the late P. P. Bliss, which recalled to Mr. Murphy a sad incident in his own life—the death of his child. He also told how he first heard of Moody from an outcast, who exclaimed, "Oh! I wish you could hear him. He didn't graduate, but he preaches!" And when he did hear him in Portland, it almost seemed to him that Christ had returned to earth, there was so much of Christ in his words. After Mr. Murphy had spoken, Mr. Sankey sang very tenderly, "The Ninety and Nine;" and, succeeding several short addresses, Mr. Moody was called up again. He said he

was heartily in sympathy with every man who is seeking Christ; tired and sick of all the forms and paraphernalia that don't bring men to Christ. He had no faith in half-way reformations; men must make an unconditional surrender to Christ and lay hold of His strength. We have heard of reform in politics, reform in temperance, reform, reform, reform, reform, reform. Let us have a new word—regeneration. Heaven is filled with Christ; born people. May God bless this work, and convert to Him all whose hearts are touched by it. The meeting closed with a few eloquent words by Major Whittle and Rev. W. H. Daniels of Chicago.

Among the especially interesting features of the Springfield revival was the conversion of a young man named Edward Foot. When it was announced that Edward Foot would speak to the audience, uproarious applause continued until he arose and advanced to the front of the platform. His speech was very effective. He said he had been a hard drinking man for some time. He had heard of Murphy before he came to Massachusetts, and the booming of his doings in the West had excited his derision. He had considered Murphy a mere fanatic. After he had arrived in Springfield, he thought he would drop in and hear him. So last Wednesday night he went into the hall.

Mr. Murphy gained his sympathies. He was persuaded by his urgent appeals, and he signed the pledge, renouncing forever the no longer tempting cup. He attended the noon prayer-meetings, and every one strengthened his new life. He said he could be depended on to stand firm and stick to his pledge. "If any one tells you," said he, "Ned Foot has been seen hereafter to take a glass of intoxicating drink, tell him, from me, he is a liar." Not even Murphy himself could draw forth so much enthusiasm as that which greeted the pugnacious young convert. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs. One of the clergymen proposed three cheers for him, and the entire audience responded, Mr. Murphy adding a "tiger" and waving his hat. The impressment of Mr. Foot in the tem-

perance ranks had a powerful effect on other young men, he being the youngest son of one of the prominent men of Springfield.

At the same meeting Dr. Rankin, an Elmira convert, told a witty anecdote. He was walking through the streets shortly after signing the pledge, with a blue ribbon in his button-hole, when one loafer asked another who he was. The reply was: "Oh, he's one of Murphy's babies!" "I am one of Murphy's babies," said the doctor, "but I have been weaned from the bottle."

As a pleasing illustration of Mr. Murphy's ease and power of adaptability we give the points of an address made at one of the noon-day prayer meetings:

He read the parable of the prodigal son, and his subsequent address was a familiarly told picture of the career of such a prodigal now-a-days. He first described a young couple beginning life in moderate circumstances. The father feels the need of a better education and is determined his son shall have one. But the boy developes an astonishing antipathy to work —a great inclination to sit down, to lean up against buildings, and that is the first sign that he is graduating towards a liquor-saloon. Mr. Murphy described the gradual widening of a breach between the boy and his father, till the former is given his share of the estate and sets out for himself—leaves, perhaps, for California. At almost every point Mr. Murphy was able to suggest a moral lesson. There was one to be learned from the persistency of the hackman, as the young man stepped from the train. "If they have anything to do, they do it, and they attend to their business at the right time. There is no use crying 'hack' at the depot when there are no people there." Well, the young man goes into a hotel, and then into the bar-room. There is a lesson to be learned from the bar-keeper, too, always good-natured. But the prodigal's money was soon all gone; then his friends go. With no friends, no one wants him. The door of honest labor is shut against him. Without friends, without employment, he puts

on a high collar, the representative of a clean shirt, but it doesn't go very far down. He makes an effort to be somebody again. He goes out on the street, a man with the livery of rum on him, making the best appearance he can, a spirit too proud to yield, with a will that cannot be conquered. The chains of the accursed fiend are upon him; he is a man yet, but laughed at. You have passed him by without help. While there is bread to spare in Springfield, men have gone out to feed the swine. He came to himself. Think of it, men! There is manhood and honor left to you to-day, and if you will you may return and be saved.

At another of these prayer-meetings, Mr. Murphy spoke as follows:

"When I was going to school it was distasteful to me to find the answer to a sum the teacher might give me. That is the reason I was never worth a cent in figures. Those things in God's word that ask us to deny ourselves are distasteful to us and we say they are not meant for us, they are meant for some one else. We will never be worth anything as Christians till we take these things home to ouselves." "I welcome any discipline that will make me a faithful Christian, I do. When you see a block of granite just blasted out of the rock you think it can never be fitted for use, but chisel and square and compass will do it, and when it is ready it swings perfect into its place." "There are men who say, 'keep temperance out of religion;' you never offended anybody by pure religion, you have offended by your hypocrisy."

Prayers were requested for a young man, who, having signed the pledge, was tempted to drink a glass of claret at a private house, and Mr. Murphy said, "I hope you will remember there are saloons in your houses. Give the saloons on the streets a rest and fight these home saloons. You expect people to come from the East and West and save your sons, you must do it yourselves. I used to spell the Lord's name in small capitals and my own in large ones."

The full fruition period of the temperance excitement on

the last day of the week's campaign, made it clear that not less than five thousand names would be the harvest reaped by Mr. Murphy.

Saturday night's audience was a magnificent one, full of enthusiasm, and made up largely of mechanics and railroad men.

Edward Foot, who had already been a prominent figure in the Springfield work, was the first orator of the evening. He appealed especially to the men, whom he characterized as the "finest men in the world—mechanics," and enlarged on the powerful influence that temperance would have in their own worldly and social life, as well as the solid force which they again, as a class, would exercise in extending and fertilizing the roots of the temperance cause. He told his friends that he never had so good a time before, and he was anxious to see the forty or fifty men who had promised him they would sign, come forward and redeem their pledges. At the close of these remarks the audience was excited to a high pitch of enthusiasm by seeing a solid little battalion press forward to the pledge-table.

Later in the evening Mr. Homer Foot, father to the previous orator, said he was glad to sanction the work by his presence and influence, and that he felt particularly grateful to the great temperance evangelist, who was doing more for temperance in Springfield than any man had ever done before. He wished him success in his labors elsewhere, and hoped the people of the city would carry on the work in the spirit of love, relying on help from above.

Francis Murphy's closing meeting was a magnificent ovation, and the City Hall was uncomfortably packed by an excited audience, to pay their parting respect to the man who had wrought so glorious a work in their midst. It was then announced that he would leave Springfield to open his work in Washington, but that he would return to Springfield. Mr. Murphy expressed the hope that the temperance interest would not be allowed to die out with his departure, but that they should continue earnest in prayer and work.

It was also stated that Mr. Murphy's lieutenant, Eccles Robinson, would remain in the vicinity to organize further the temperance movement. A tribute, drawn up by the Rev. Dr. Buckingham, and signed by all of the ministers who had been connected with the work, was enthusiastically adopted.

"As citizens of Springfield, we desire to express our grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Francis Murphy for his temperance work in this city.

"'With malice toward none, with charity to all,' with kind and winning manner, with an eminently Christian spirit and Christian motives and Christian modes of working, and, above all, with the manifest blessing of God attending his labors, he has secured the profound respect and lasting gratitude of this community, so that his will always be a cherished name among our citizens, ministers and churches, and a household word in many a home. With this expression of our gratitude to him for his work among us, and gratitude to God who has so richly blessed it, we commend him to other communities and churches wherever in the providence of God he shall be called to labor."

Rev. Dr. Twombly made a brief address, congratulating Mr. Murphy and rehearsing the cause the city had for congratulation on his visit. He closed by the remark that Mr. Murphy could say, in the sententious words of Caesar, "I came, I saw, I conquered!"

Mr. Murphy replied: "I had not been prepared for such a splendid reception, and words of commendation that I have received from the clergymen of your city. I have been wonderfully surprised by the grand demonstration you have given us of your appreciation of our work. We came strangers and are now friends. I am sorry to go, I am. [A voice—'Stay with us.'] I want to.

"'My willing soul would stay
In such a place as this,'

"In its flight through the upper deep. God must prepare the

soul for greater capacity of enjoyment, else Heaven could not be more enjoyable than this. Since I have been here I have hardly wanted to go to bed, so interested was I in the work. Now, after listening to these Christian giants, these men of skill who have stepped out and gathered up every head of wheat and stamped it and garnered it, I hardly feel as if there was anything left for me to say. There is nothing like the song of a redeemed man, and I will introduce to you Charles Graham."

Mr. Graham related his experience. How by drinking he had lost his friends, his reputation, his money and a good position, as engineer on the Boston and Albany railroad, making a once happy home unhappy. But he had signed the pledge and he and his wife are once more happy. He hasn't drank for five days. When Mr. Murphy came to the city he heard him, and told his wife that it brought tears to his eyes. She said: "If there is a man in the city that can bring tears to your eyes, don't miss a meeting." And he hasn't, and signed the pledge and will keep it, and retrieve all that he has lost—with the help of God.

Again Mr. Murphy said: "We have no word of quarrel with any man who sells liquor. If he wants to sell, let him, but we have got through buying. Who would have thought this man could have made such an eloquent speech? Why, if I wanted Ned Foot to take Richmond, he would take it!" Calling up Mr. Foot he spoke briefly, saying that it would be one week by Wednesday night at half-past 10 o'clock since he signed the pledge. He had enjoyed every moment of the time, and had gathered strength. He had visited several men and boys during the day that wanted encouragement, and had had several mothers urge him to speak to their sons. He preferred that work to public speaking. He closed with saying: "If I fail to accomplish what I wish, it is not for want of the heart, but of ability."

The reformer's farewell address opened with Longfellow's lines. "Life is real, life is earnest." He returned thanks to

all who have aided his work, especially to the press and to the ministers for the completeness of their arrangements. "It is easy for a man, when his team is hitched up and standing at his door, to jump in and drive through your streets. This is what I have done. Your ministers had the thing completely arranged, and all I had to say was 'Come on!' and they came. In my experience of seven years of travel, I have sometimes been committee, chairman and speaker. There is such a thing as a day of small things, as when I was travelling through this country with a pair of shoes not made for me. I never stopped then more than one night in a place. I had no capital. The day came when God increased my capital. Let me say to young reformers that they need not be discouraged if they cannot start out with four or five addresses; all you need is one single address. Read the people your own book, and if you are humble and are often on your knees, God will help you. Through Chancellor Wood's invitation I went to Pittsburgh. The police court there used to have a daily attendance of 75, and we got it down to two and three a day. From Pittsburgh we went to Philadelphia, and then to Troy, and from there to Springfield. I am glad I came to Springfield. It has been the happiest week of my life. It is a wonderful field. Connecticut, Vermont and New Hampshire are opened up to us. You have had a week of prayer, and everything has been done to help. This audience is the most remarkable one I ever witnessed for a paying audience. Why shouldn't I feel well? As long as I live, Springfield shall be precious to my heart. I shall miss the noonday prayer meetings, most of all. I am somewhat tired, and I know you love me well enough to excuse me from speaking to injure myself. I was ill all last night, and am not yet strong.

"There are some things we remember more than others. One of the most touching things in my experience occurred at the noon prayer-meeting to-day, when a little twelve-year-old boy came to me and said: 'I want you to pray for me and my father.' I can never forget it—it will be an inspiration to

me wherever I go. On Sunday evening I went by invitation to the home of Edward Foot. I shall nevet forget his noble mother, as she came forward and said to me, 'Mr. Murphy, you are welcome to my house.' Then his father gave me a warm welcome, and we retired after tea to the parlor and sang, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' That is one of the handsomest pictures I can present to you of the beauties of a sober life. Edward was there, with his pledge in his pocket, saved by the grace of God, I hope forever.

"It seems sometimes to me as if I hadn't long to stay; I should like to have all these ministers near me when I die. If I should die on the platform, there is no place I should rather die in than on the platform, doing the best I could for the right. It is worth something to me to receive such an indorsement as this here to-night. It would take the genius of a Michael Angelo to draw the pictures that have come to me by a life of sobriety, and opened to me a life of honor and usefulness. The last words of my wife were, 'Don't separate my children; meet me in heaven.' For five months after her death I struggled along to keep the family together. Sometimes we had two meals a day; sometimes not so much." He further pictured his poverty at that time, but added, "Through all these dark days I had Christ in my heart. It pays to sign the pledge. To-day I am able, by the grace of God, to see something of the beauty of the world around us because the scales have been taken from my eyes." He described his going to the White Mountains when his trunk was a regular bar in its supply of liquors, and when he got there he knew nothing of what he saw. But upon a subsequent visit, three years ago, when sober, the foundations of his soul were thrilled with the view, and, drinking from a cool mountain spring, in which was reflected the verdure and flowers about, he exclaimed, 'Blessed be God, I am a sober man, and can see its beauty!'"

Over two hundred people of all ages and classes gathered at the depot the next day to bid good-bye to Francis Murphy, who took the train to New York, *en route* for Washington.

The people sang, "In the Sweet By-and-By," and "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Mr. Murphy shook hands with many, kissed some, and the cars bore him out of sight, leaving him a fragrant memory in the minds and hearts of thousands of people.

The following miscellaneous incidents and extracts from addresses will be of interest to the reader:

John C. Love of Philadelphia spoke on one occasion, and his address was also a bit of personal history—the history of a reformed man. For twenty-five years he had been a drinker, and for fifteen years a moderate one, but the latter ten years of the twenty-five were full of bitter fruit, the natural consequences of a cultivated appetite for strong drink. He had consulted physicians in vain, when he went to hear Murphy and signed the pledge. He did everything to keep the pledge, even to drinking lime water, and he kept it. Murphy left 110,000 signers of the pledge in Philadelphia, and he was one of them, and his was one of the 20,000 happy families on that account.

At another meeting, Rev. A. D. Mayo said that he would have helped in the Murphy efforts but for want of time. However, he deprecated the sectarian tendency of the movement, and the relating to an indiscriminate crowd of repulsive experiences. The prodigal son didn't go into the reminiscence business after he had dined from the fatted calf; St. Paul rarely referred to his earlier career, and then only in a clause or so. The press is at fault for publishing murders, robberies and licentious descriptions, whereby children get the idea that it is quite the thing to be wicked, and then repent and reform. Murphy does not so much offend in this respect, but other lecturers do, effecting more harm than good. The speaker didn't take any stock in a man's being reformed because he joined the church. Praise and prayer-meetings bore a man after a while. What we need is a reading-room in every ward, where books, papers and simple amusements may be had. We should infuse temperance into our children as they grow up and show them its beneficent nature. Seven-

eighths of the children now are brought up in such a way as to tend toward sensuous habits.

The following happy and sensible bit is from Murphy himself:

"There is no man," he said, "who is not convinced that it is wrong to drink, but many will take a little. I am not here to bombard the respectable drinkers. Perhaps some men can take a glass and never be hurt. I can't. You say I am a weak man. Well, I am strong enough to get along without it. To deny himself anything because it does his brother hurt is the grandest good a man can do. A Christian man, with glass in hand, says he only takes a little, but he takes all he wants, and that is all the drunkard takes. Do away with the social glass for your brother's sake. Instead of spending money for liquor for diversion, have your diversion at home. It doesn't cost much to make home happy."

On one occasion, at Northampton, Mr. Foot began by saying that when Mr. Murphy asked him to speak, he replied he didn't want to, but he said he must. "I thought he was cruel," he continued, "just as when, the other day, I asked him to let me break off easy, and he said I couldn't, I must break square off at once. I didn't mean to be captured by Mr. Murphy till he was about ready to go away, but he got me. Never in my life have I had such an ovation; it is a great deal more than I deserve. As I was going up State street after the meeting I met Charlie Wright, one of the policemen, who appeared to be getting ready to arrest me. I exclaimed, 'I haven't been doing anything wrong.' 'Yes, you have been doing something,' he replied, 'you have signed the pledge; you are a good boy, and I respect you for it; I heard of it up by the armory.' And I had only just got out of the hall. Then I began to take in the noon prayer-meetings, and I felt better every one. Now, boys, you were only waiting for me to start out; you called me a good fellow; now I want you to step up and sign and prove that you think so. Since I took the pledge my gray-haired father, who is pretty well known in this town, is

the happiest man on earth. Everything is growing pleasant to me. I have made up my mind that I have turned over a new leaf, and, with the help of God, I am going to stick. If I have set an example for any one that is as miserable as I have been for the last ten years, I thank my Heavenly Father for it. Now, I hope that people will put all the detectives on my track they please. If you are going to fight the enemy, you must go where the enemy is. So, if you see me going into Morey's restaurant, or the Massasoit house, or the Belmont, and any one says they saw Ned Foot taking a drink there, you tell them they are liars." In conclusion, Mr. Foot said that since he signed he had got a large number of recruits, commercial travellers and others, noble men, every one of them, who were ready to sign ; and he thanked the noble men and women who had been so kind to him. The attention of the great audience throughout was almost breathless, the silence being broken frequently by Mr. Murphy's pious ejaculations. At the point where Foot thanked God for being able now to set a better example than he had set, at Murphy's suggestion, three rousing cheers were given him ; and at the close there was an outbreak of applause and hurrahs, with the waving of many handkerchiefs, that marked the most enthusiastic point yet reached.

Frank Brady, of Philadelphia, a man who was reformed by Francis Murphy's efforts, spoke manfully and well at one of the meetings, giving a glance at his past life. As a boy of fifteen years he began work in a saloon, setting nine-pins, etc. For nearly twenty years, till last April, he had been in the saloon business, and it had brought him to the gutter. He went into the civil war and came out without a scar, but his war with King Alcohol had left him with the marks of a drunkard. He was suspended from office three times for intoxication, and finally was removed. He became a deputy United States marshal, but lost that position, too, by drunkenness. He was on a grand drunk when Mr. Murphy came to Philadelphia, and he went in a drunken condition to hear him. He had not been

to church four times in twelve years. Mr. Murphy saw him at the meeting, called him to the front, and by his personal urging he signed the pledge. He pictured his suffering the next day when he felt his old thirst for liquor, but he kept the pledge, and Mr. Murphy sent his son Edward to be with him day after day to see that he kept his pledge. He closed by comparing Murphy to Washington; the latter saved his country from England's grasp, but Murphy has saved his thousands from the rule of rum and brought them to sobriety and to God.

Mr. Johnson, a glass-cutter, well known in Springfield as a notorious drunkard, addressed a meeting as follows:

"I am well known in this city, and perhaps not with any great reputation other than a drunkard. The rich men of this city are not richer than I am to-day. Though the coat I have on is ragged, I shall not wear another till I earn it. I have planted evil and reaped misery for twenty-five years. Yesterday I planted the seed of a better life. You must not look for the fruit yet, but in time you shall be your own judges whether it was done for effect or not. This little badge of blue that I wear is not on the breast of a drunkard to-day, but on the breast of a man, and it is not only a badge, but a shield." He was loudly applauded and took Mr. Murphy by the hand as he closed, saying, "Bless you, my father." Mr. Murphy said, "I would rather have this honor than all the honors of Michael Angelo." "You people ought to come up to the support of your ministers. I will come back from Washington to lecture you about that."

Temperance was the theme at the jail-meetings. Under the auspices of the chaplain, Rev. Dr. Rice, assisted by several of Murphy's men, more than half of the entire number of prisoners, sixty-eight in number, signed the temperance pledge.

The *Springfield Union* published a communication from an Irishman, full of sly humor, which is worthy of quotation:

"*To the Editor of The Union:*

"You see, sir, I am a very patriotic individual. Yes, sir, I

love the great republic—the land of the free, the home of the brave. The land that was baptized by the blood of the fathers in olden times, as well as of the sons in later years. I love the color of the flag, its red, white and blue, its stars and stripes; yes, sir, it is the loveliest banner that floats on the habitable globe. I love to see its coffers always full, and debts paid as per agreement. But do you see, sir, there are breakers ahead? From what source does the government derive its greatest revenue? The answer is from whisky and tobacco. And what class of men use the most of these? The poor. What class, then, does the most to support the government? The poor toper. O dear, O dear, if Francis Murphy keeps on with his work, the support of the government must be transferred from the shoulders of the poor, to those of the rich, a terrible thing to contemplate. Mr. Murphy, I say, sir, do you see what we are coming to if ye keep on? MIKE."

We cannot close our account of the work which radiated from the city of Springfield without some reference to what occurred in the outside cities and villages.

Great Barrington displayed a most remarkable interest in the movement. Lots of men were seen every day on every corner, discussing the previous evening's meeting, and men of well known drinking habits became so zealous in the cause that they spent their whole time going into the highways and byways to gather up their old companions to bring them into the temperance atmosphere. The most effective discourse during the Great Barrington excitement was delivered by the Rev. O. P. Gifford, of Pittsfield. During the course of his remarks he narrated his experience with temptation when a clerk in Lampson, Goodnow & Co.'s New York store, and how two young ladies tried to get him to drink wine. He warned young ladies against placing the intoxicating cup in the way of young men. Gen. Love said that they proposed to make Great Barrington the banner town in the temperance cause in Berkshire county, and the way the thing looked a larger list would be obtained there with 5,000 population, than in Pitts-

field with 14,000. One liquor-seller had said that it was no use for the trade to say it made no difference in their business, as they all felt it, and that the temperance work was making sad havoc in the traffic. A liquor-seller left a bottle of whisky and some glasses upon his bar the other evening, and went out, leaving the door open, saying "he would see if the place could do any business alone." An impromptu council of war was held on the street, Tuesday morning, by several dealers; but they were at a loss for a plan to circumvent the movement, though no end of venom was exhibited.

The temperance excitement struck Easthampton with a force which thoroughly surprised friends and foes alike. For years past there had been various spasmodic attempts at temperance work, all of which, being unorganized and sometimes not conducted with the best judgment, had no lasting effect. While the town had always had the reputation among outsiders as a model moral New England village, many of the inhabitants had a sad realization of the fact that the general public morality, especially among some of the youth, was at a decidedly low point. Intemperance had been prevalent, certainly, in the lower classes, and had extended to the young men of better position, while gambling was not entirely unknown. There were, at the time of the commencement of the Murphy agitation, nine licensed places in town, and various unlicensed places. None of these, however, with the exception of one small beer saloon, and the drug store, which sold almost no liquor except for medicinal purposes, were situated in the center, the remainder being in the factory villages. Some of the places, it is well known, violated the law constantly, by selling over hours and on Sundays, but no official complaint had ever been made against them, and they were permitted to do about as they liked. In consequence, the sight of drunken men on the streets had become common, and the dwellers on a respectable street leading from the center to the "New city" complained bitterly of the discomfort caused them by these fellows. The Murphy movement differed from

all preceding efforts in the cause here in being thoroughly well backed and organized. The leading merchants and manufacturers had become deeply interested, and did all they could, by personal work and influence, to aid the work. The ladies also took hold of it with good heart, and in fact, the Women's Temperance Union first proposed it. The movement started off with immense enthusiasm, and, although they could hardly expect to keep the meeting up to the pitch of the first one, when nearly a tenth of the town's total population signed the pledge, yet they confidently expected to secure over 1,000 signatures during the week. Among the signers so far were some of the hardest drinkers in the town, and several young business men, who had been accustomed to take a social glass occasionally.

The series of meetings in Easthampton justified the hopes of its sponsors, for more than a thousand were induced to take the first step in a new life.

The Northampton work had in it many encouraging and unique features. Notwithstanding the attraction of George Rignold, the actor, at the Opera House, several nights, the meetings were thronged.

At one of these meetings Mr. Foot, who wore the epaulets of one of Murphy's best captains, made a bright little speech, of which the following is an extract:

"I stand here one of Brother Murphy's converts. I rejoice that I am now a free, untrammeled man; I feel, I know, that I am such. When Mr. Murphy asked me to come to Northampton I had no idea I should face such an audience. I used to be here a good deal when I was a boy at school at Easthampton. I ran away from President Clark in those days over here to get my grog. I suppose I drank as much grog in Northampton then as in any other town. If there are young men here who are in the habit of taking something, I urge you to give it up. Your fathers and mothers and sisters will rejoice, and those whom, perhaps, you think more of than all others—your sweethearts—will think more of you. A week

ago I would not believe I should be addressing an audience on temperance to-day. I went to hear Mr. Murphy, and I said, 'He can't get me.' I told him I was a hard nut to crack, but he has cracked me thoroughly, and don't you forget it. If I can do you any good here in Northampton, I am willing to come up every day. And I wish to remind the ladies that they have a great part to play in this work. I could hardly work my way up Main street in Springfield this morning, so many people stopped me to congratulate and encourage me, some of them gentlemen who had not spoken to me for years. A glorious work has been done in Springfield; many have been brought into it, and there are others who are bound to come to it. I shall hold out, by the grace of God, and I want all the boys to back me up. At first I missed my little punch, but I find a glass of water will answer. A man in Springfield who does a large business met me a little while ago and said: 'You ask the boys to back you. I heard you say you had been out of business for two years. I will back you by giving you $100 per month and your travelling expenses to work for me from the first of February. And I won't drink a drop of liquor myself till you do.' And I tell you, my drinking friends, if you will sign the pledge you can expect a similar backing from the business friends of this community."

The harvest of the week gathered in six hundred names, including many of the worst drunkards in the place.

At Westfield the series of meetings were addressed by the most prominent citizens of the place as well as by a number of the most well-known Murphy men. An interesting incident was the conversion of Jack Freed, a great pet of the cigar manufacturing community, which makes such an important element in Westfield. Freed kept a popular saloon, and he offered to assist in fitting it up as a temperance reading and smoking-room for young men.

During the ten meetings that were held, the list of names swelled to twelve hundred. The liquor-sellers felt the result of the movement to such an extent that one saloon-keeper

frankly acknowledged that "he did not average over five cents an hour."

The little town of Hatfield illustrated the importance of the movement in rather a significant way. During the previous fifteen months the temperance work had been quite thoroughly organized through the agency of a Reform Club, a Father Mathew Society, and a Woman's Temperance Union.

It was supposed that all who could be induced to sign the pledge had given in their signatures. Yet a week's meetings under the leadership of N. D. Parsons, of Hartford, resulted in gathering in nearly two hundred men, including not a few who had been given over as beyond the relief of possible cure.

At Thompsonville, Conn., the first meeting, under the direction of Eccles Robinson, gathered in 446 pledge-takers. During a week of work, nearly a thousand people were added to the blessed list of total abstinence men.

These casual statistics will indicate the depth and force of the brief Massachusetts campaign; an influence which has been working persistently since Mr. Murphy's departure, and adding fresh trophies to his remarkable abilites, both as an agitator and organizer. It is safe to estimate, that from twelve to fifteen thousand pledges were taken as the immediate result of the Murphy campaign in that section. A work fully as remarkable as any which had preceded it, when we consider the brief period during which the temperance reformer himself was present in the field.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE IN WASHINGTON, D. C.—MURPHY AND HIS DETRACTORS.—DEPARTURE AND RETURN OF THE EVANGELIST.—INTERESTING CHARACTERISTICS OF THE WASHINGTON WORK.

Mr. Murphy began his work in Washington the latter part of January. His first meeting attracted a very large crowd; and the impression he made was a very favorable one.

He opened at Lincoln Hall. On the night of February 1, there was an immense concourse of people to hear him, and the experience of the others aiding him.

Professor Burlen's choir was out in full force, and rendered Gospel songs in excellent style. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, known as the "sweet singers," also contributed their services.

Mr. Murphy's talk was short, but very impressive. He introduced Mr. Cunningham of West Virginia, who gave a thrilling experience, and was immediately followed by Miss Frances E. Willard, of Chicago, one of the most successful workers and most eloquent speakers in the country.

The Kentucky giant, Col. James Gray, was then called for, and responded in an able and most dramatic manner. He was loudly applauded, and spoke again, and was followed by the temperance apostle, who made a most earnest appeal to all, to come and sign the pledge. A great many answered the call.

On February 4, Lincoln Hall was a perfect jam. Many who were unable to enter went to the Methodist Episcopal Church on Ninth street, which was soon crowded in every part; and those who could not gain admission here, went over

THE ROAD TO RUIN.—INTERIOR OF A CONCERT SALOON.

to Temperance Temple, where a third meeting was organized.

Mr. Murphy's address at Lincoln Hall was exceedingly interesting and effective. He was followed by his son Thomas E. Murphy, who, in a very graphic manner, pictured his early life. Over two hundred people took the pledge.

The noon-day meeting was largely attended. Mrs. Lizzie Pope sang several solos in a very acceptable manner, and was much applauded. Mr. Murphy read and commented on a selection of Scripture, speaking particularly on love, faith and charity.

In the afternoon he and his son called upon the President and Mrs. Hayes. They were presented by O. F. Presbrey, Esq., and were cordially welcomed by the host and hostess of the White House. Mr. Hayes said Mr. Murphy had struck the keynote in the reform line, because he preached the saving grace of God. He thought no reform amounted to anything unless it increased the roll of church-membership. He also thought Mr. Murphy was right because he denounced no one, not even the rum-seller, and concluded by saying that if men could only be brought to stop drinking the rum-sellers would have to shut up their shops.

On the evening of February 5, Lincoln Hall was literally crammed to overflowing. The appearance of Mr. Murphy and his son was a signal for uproarious applause. They were followed by Charley Nye, the convert, who was received with more than vociferous cheering. On the right of the stage a large basket of elegant flowers stood with the words, "welcome, Charley" woven along the top.

Mr. Murphy read a part of the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah.

Mr. Nye received his handsome flowers and replied amidst deafening applause.

Mr. Murphy remarked that he trusted all would now unite in one grand onslaught on the common enemy, until every rum-shop in the city closed its doors, and thus do away with

the necessity of legislation on the subject. He referred to Messrs. Nye and Dunning, whom he had heard of before he reached the city, the latter of whom he had worked with in New England. He rejoiced when he heard of the life and conversion of Nye, with whose work he was conversant, and he bade him God-speed. He then made an earnest and telling appeal to all present to come with the help of the Lord and fight against the mighty enemy. He spoke of the Rev. Dr. Newman, whom he met at Chatauqua Lake, when the doctor reminded him so much of Daniel Webster that he called him by no other name. He then introduced Dr. Newman, who was in one of his happiest moods, and kept the great audience convulsed with laughter for ten minutes, and closed by hoping that Murphy would speak from the eastern portico of the Capitol on Sabbath next, where he believed at least twenty thousand people would gather to hear him.

Charley Nye then took the stand, and gave briefly his experience as a drinking man, and then he drew a few vivid parallels between his former and his present life, and now his wife and even his mother-in-law are happy. The Hon. Mr. Brascombe, of Missouri, gave a stirring five-minutes talk, and said as he closed that the temperance advocates must remember that they had the law as the last resort, and if love failed, the law would succeed.

Mr. Murphy then made one of his earnest exhortations, and related two or three experiences of poor fallen men, who had reformed, and had been restored to homes that were desolate, but now are homes of refinement and comfort. He then urged everybody to come and sign the pledge, because it would pay them in the end. Mr. Murphy, with his characteristic earnestness, went down from the stage and mingled with the people, and by personal conversation and pleading, induced scores to add their names to the great list of total abstainers, the choir keeping everybody in excellent spirits by singing sweet songs, ceasing a few moments to allow Colonel Gray to make some remarks. As many had been compelled to go away because

of the crowd, an overflow meeting was announced for the future at Temperance Temple, to be addressed by Messrs. Edward Murphy, Nye, Dunning and others.

Hundreds were turned away from Lincoln Hall the following night before seven o'clock.

Mr. Murphy arrived at the usual hour, and the exercises were at once opened by a Scripture lesson from Isaiah lv., followed by prayer, offered by the Rev. Mr. Bonham. Mr. Murphy soon took the stand, and in his well-known, earnest manner spoke of the many evils that cursed society, independent of intemperance ; and after handling without gloves those that are careless and indifferent, he made a grand and eloquent appeal to all to rise in the majesty of full manhood and womanhood and aid in the cause of universal liberty.

After singing from "Crystal Songs," Mr. Bonham, the Episcopal evangelist, was introduced, and made an excellent address, replete with grand truths. The audience then united in singing, "O, to grace how great a debtor." Young Mr. Murphy spoke at his father's request, and said that many in the assembly had probably never touched or tasted the unclean thing, yet they did not wear the blue ribbon. He believed that it was the duty of every man to show his colors, that his position might not be mistaken.

The following report, taken from the Washington *Republican*, under date of February 8, will give the reader a good idea of Francis Murphy's work in this city :

"Mr. Murphy packs Lincoln Hall at every meeting as no man ever did before. He is awakening dormant Washington, and the effects of his reform are being felt all through its thoroughfares and by-streets. Hundreds of men are daily enrolling themselves in the great army of temperance reform, which receives its greatest impulse from Mr. Murphy's earnest manner, his boundless charity, and his pathetic life-story. 'With malice toward none, and charity for all,' is his motto. He never assails any one—not even the rum-seller—but tries to show drinking men the sinfulness and error of their ways. His

own life-story has and will yet convert thousands. Mr. Murphy is a king, made so by his own will, and hundreds of thousands throughout the land bless his name and rejoice in their fealty to so noble a liege lord. It is with regret that Mr. Murphy's friends here will hear that his stay is to be shortened, and that he will deliver his farewell address on Sunday afternoon. He is to go to Hartford, Conn., and follow up the good work done there by Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

"Last evening the hall was packed as close as a sardine-box. Standing-room was not to be had inside the doors. The meeting was of unusual interest, the programme consisting of speeches and music. The overflow meeting was held at the Opera House, and this place also was packed to its limits. The exercises were opened by prayer offered by Mr. Pendle. Addresses were made by young Mr. Murphy, Mr. Dunning, Colonel Gray, Mr. Cunningham, and others. Mr. Murphy, Jr., is a chip of the old block, and has won hosts of friends here. His enthusiasm is boundless, and last night, after the meeting had closed, the audience were unwilling to leave their seats, and the loud cries for 'Murphy! Murphy!' continued until he appeared and made another stirring address. Miss Daniels and Mrs. Pope each sang solos during the evening, and altogether it was a happy occasion. About five hundred signed the pledge at both of the meetings."

Under date of February 9, a Washington journal speaks graphically, as follows, of a Murphy meeting:

"The K street market house presented a novel appearance last evening. Its brilliant illumination and crowded interior formed a scene which impressed itself with indelible firmness upon the minds of hundreds who were present at that great ovation to Mr. Francis Murphy. For an hour before the time of meeting the thoroughfares leading toward it were thronged with men, women and children. Through the doors were heard the inspiring strains of music from the band inside, and everything tended to add a charm to the unique nature of the event. Once inside the building, a strange sight presented

itself. The aisles were packed with people; instead of legs of mutton upon the butchers' blocks, human legs stood closely packed. On the tables, and back of them, men and women stood as close together as the Siamese twins. Upon the racks of the stalls 'ye festive small boy' climbed, and looked down from his exalted position upon the less lucky ones with a sardonic grin, which made one almost wish he were a boy again.

"Everything gave way to the vast crowd. The great storehouse of things eatable donned its holiday attire. Beef steaks, mutton chops, veal cutlets, sausages, vegetables, butter, eggs, poultry, ginger bread, candies, and all such necessities had to yield their places for the nonce. In the centre of the hall, about under the large boot-clock, the stand was erected. In the west gallery the band was stationed, and it did good service at intervals throughout the evening by playing airs which thrilled and gave impulse to the almost boundless enthusiasm of the audience.

"The exercises of the evening were commenced by singing, after which Mr. Dunning was introduced. No sooner, however, had he commenced, than a shout went up that 'Murphy is coming.' The band here struck up 'Hail to the Chief,' and, amidst the greatest excitement, Mr. Murphy and son, Colonel Gray, and Mr. Cramer were lifted upon the platform. Without any delay, Mr. Murphy, laying aside his coat and hat, stepped forward and said:

"'How can I make myself heard by this great audience? I fear it will be impossible. This is a grand spectacle. A mighty demonstration of hearts which beat for a cause destined to win. One that will go on, grandly on, redeeming men and making them whiter than snow through the saving grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. When I accepted the invitation to come here I expected no such demonstration as this, and if I live to be as old as Methuselah this grand picture will stand vividly before my mind. Let us go forth and fight in this grand cause until every saloon, every distillery, and every rum-shop shall stop its destructive work, and give way to the

pure, sparkling, majestic spring, the gift of God himself. God bless Father Mathew, the Women's Temperance Union, the Rechabites, Sons of Temperance, the Dashaways, Good Templars, and all of them. Let us stand hand to hand, shoulder to shoulder, until the dark throne of intemperance shall be thrown over. Our oath is sealed by God's holy blessing. Let us never falter until the work is completed. God bless you all.'

"The 'Kentucky giant,' Mr. James M. Gray, was then introduced, and spoke for some time in his own inimitable and stirring manner. He said he thought the murmur of this vast audience was like to the sound of many waters. He said he wanted to say a word of this hero, this champion who came here in the hallowed remembrance of seven years' warfare against intemperance ; who bore upon his escutcheon not a single scar or blemish, and who had won his battles among the granite hills and on the distant prairie, who had carried joy to thousands of hearts not only in the houses of the poor, but in the lordly mansions of aristocracy. The speaker said that throughout the length and breadth of the land, the cause, with the impetus given it by Francis Murphy, was gaining ground, and he wanted to see it continue until every hopeless drunkard, every genteel drinker, and every tippler wore the blue ribbon.

"He said that this man Francis Murphy, unaided and unheralded by the trumpet of fame, without aristocratic or moneyed friends, had started out alone, with no preparation except his faith, and that his success had been so boundless that to-night this vast audience would unite in placing upon his manly brow the garlands and chaplets of never-dying affection.

"After Mr. Gray concluded, Mr. Charley Nye made a few remarks, wishing Murphy 'God-speed' in his good work.

"Mr. Nye was followed by his colleague, Mr. Dunning, who continued his speech, which was broken off at the commencement of the meeting by the appearance of Mr. Murphy.

"After some refreshing music by the band, Mr. Cunningham, of West Virginia, spoke for a few moments, and was followed by Budd Eggleston and Dr. Bonham.

"After the latter finished, Mr. Murphy and son, preceded by Colonel Morgan, Chief of Police, made their way slowly through the crowd, Mr. Murphy shaking all the hands within reach, and exchanging smiles with his hundreds of unknown friends. At this part of the programme order gave way to enthusiasm, and round after round of cheers chased each other through the arches of the building. This part of the programme was greatly enjoyed by the numerous small boys, who, from their lofty perches, yelled and whistled in the true Young America style. While Mr. Murphy was making the detour of the hall addresses were made from the platform by Dr. Noble, Dr. Cramer and others.

"After several songs the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Newman, and the largest mass meeting that Washington had seen for many a day was over. At least 10,000 persons were in attendance during the evening, and, considering the great number, the order maintained was excellent."

The following article appeared in the Washington *Republican* of February 11, and will be found highly interesting:

"The announcement last week that the farewell Murphy meeting would be held yesterday afternoon caused the spacious Lincoln Hall to be packed to its limits. Nothwithstanding an admittance was asked, every available foot of room in the hall was occupied, and the stage was also packed with the clergy and choir. The preliminary exercises of song at three o'clock yielded place to the reading of a portion of the Sermon on the Mount by Mr. Murphy, with a running comment on the same. Rev. Mr. Bonham then offered an earnest and fervent prayer for the Divine blessing on the cause and the meeting. As he closed, Mr. Thomas Pendel stepped up to Mr. Murphy, and handing him a beautiful basket of flowers, said that flowers were typical of purity of heart, that the hand of God had made them beautiful, and that the purity of Mr. Murphy's

heart extended round about him as the fragrance of the flowers which he held in his hand. He closed by expressing a wish to meet Mr. Murphy in the New Jerusalem, whose streets were of jasper and pure gold.

"Mr. Murphy replied that he returned his heart's best thanks and kindest regard, and hoped that when life's work was complete they might dwell eternally in the fields which were always green, and whose flowers never fade.

"No sooner had he finished than Mr. Cunningham, of West Virginia, stepped up and handed Mr. Murphy another beautiful basket, which he presented in the name of the Crystal Fount Division, Sons of Temperance, with the hope that when life's work was o'er he (Murphy) might cull fadeless flowers on the banks of the eternal river.

"Mr. Murphy answered in a happy manner that a man could make a good reply when presented with one basket, but when it came to a second one his ammunition was about used up. He, however, thanked the Division again and again, and hoped they would continue their good work until every dram-shop was closed.

"After these pleasantries Mr. Burlew, the leader of the choir, sang 'By-and-By We Shall Meet Him,' the audience uniting in the chorus. Mr. Murphy, at the conclusion of the song, said he was heartily glad to see so many present, as he proposed to speak on a theme near and dear to every one of them. He thought all were interested in saving men and women. It was Dr. Johnson who said it was easier to be a total abstainer than a moderate drinker. In the temperance cause there is a chance for every one to work. The surest earnest of a reform is to prepare the people for it. Legislators ask at once, when urged to make laws in this direction, if the people are ready for them. It is a poor officer who goes so far ahead of his men that he can't be heard by them. People now have a great responsibility resting on them. It does not belong to one political party. Unlike former evils, it is not sectional. It extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Re-

publicans and Democrats can stand shoulder to shoulder in this cause of temperance without being ostracised. The moment you draw lines you will have trouble. A Republican's son is just as dear to him as a young Democrat is to his father. There is another thing: God's ministers must come to the front. In every city Mr. Murphy said he had been faithfully seconded by the clergy, or he would have had no success. He thought it was possible to save any man by loving kindness and tender mercy. The fault was that people didn't try that remedy. The moment a man got to drinking too much he was read out of society and the church, while others who drank just as much, but could stand it, remained. Nothing but kindness will save the inebriate. There's a noble life for every man. It is impossible to break up the divinity in a human being. Christ-like sympathy will always save. The speaker said it was a noticeable fact that when a man's riches took wings and flew away, his friends generally left about the same time. He then rehearsed the story of his life in prison, when he prayed God that he might have a chance to show the world that he was a man, and that since God had saved him he never doubted His willingness to save any man. He thought there were too few Good Samaritans and too many who went by on the other side. He thought he could count on his fingers all the men in the audience before him who would be willing to put their arms around a poor drunken man in the street and help him get home.

"He denounced the present laws against drunkenness, and said they didn't do the moral status of society any good. The speaker here related the case of a man in Sterling, Ill., who was doing an extensive liquor business, but who finally signed the pledge. He concluded by hoping that all would unite their efforts against the accursed evil, rum, and that there would be no North, no South, East, or West, but a united country, all fighting in the grand cause of temperance. He wanted all to take courage, and assured them there was a way out of the

darkness, if they would stand hand to hand and shoulder to shoulder, preferring death to bondage.

"As Mr. Murphy concluded and took his seat a storm of applause greeted him, and continued until he arose again, remarking as he did so that their welcome made his Irish heart glad, and that he wanted his son to make a few remarks. Mr. Thomas Murphy then said that he was thankful for an opportunity to speak to such an audience in the cause of freedom. He said he could not add anything to what his father had said, but that he was glad to say that he had stood by him in his hours of misfortune, and now stood at his side in the hour of prosperity. This was a proof that it paid to sign the pledge, and to be in the gladsome obedience to the dictations of one's conscience. He thought help was in the reach of every man if they would only ask for it. A great many did not see the necessity of signing the pledge, and this class he wanted to warn. He concluded by urging the audience to do their duty, as the bell of time was ringing away their years.

"As he concluded his address he was presented with a beautiful bouquet, for which he bowed acknowledgment.

"Mr. Edward Townsend then read a poem, written for the occasion by 'Daisy Dell' (Mrs. Marie Barton Green), and dedicated to Mr. Murphy:

"'Underneath the cross the faithful find a crown,
And a smile of kindness dissipates a frown;
So love's gentle mission in this world of ours
Makes the heart grow lighter—strews our way with flowers.

"'Underneath the clouds the silver linings shine;
So cold water sparkles 'neath the deadly wine.
It is always darkest near the dawn of day;
Thus the blessing's nearest when we watch and pray.

"'Underneath the leaves of winter's withered sod
Lie the treasured blessings of a loving God;
Thus, beneath the burdens we are called to bear
Pearls of grace are hidden in the power of prayer.

"'Underneath the frown of winter's rayless night
Lie the snowy mountains, clothed in spotless white;
Thus the Land of Promise, through a cloud of tears,
Waits the ever-faithful, through the mist of years.

"'Underneath the wrong the banner floats for right,
And our brave commander takes the field to-night.
'Neath the starry emblem of our country's fame
We will sing the praises of this patriot's name.

"'Underneath the cross he marshals help divine
In his hero worship at cold water's shrine;
While the golden harvest just before him lies,
And the bow of promise shines from yonder skies.

"'Underneath the gloom of many shadowed homes,
Lo! a light is gleaming—lo! a conqueror comes;
Man of many sorrows—saved by blessed grace—
Teaching Gospel temperance to the human race.

"'Underneath the cross our Christian hero comes,
See the thronging thousands hast'ning from their homes
To receive his blessing as they pass along,
Bearing temperance badges—singing sacred song.

"'Underneath the dome of heaven's cloudless sky
We have met together—met to say "good-bye."
In this Sabbath stillness we have come to pray—
"May our Father guide thee on thy toilsome way."

"'Underneath the cross our Christian hero stands,
While his work is spreading over many lands;
Take our prayerful blessing for thyself and son,
May thy crown be waiting when thy work is done.'

"Rev. Dr. Rankin was the next to speak, and he said that when Murphy came here, two weeks ago, Washingtonians knew him by the ear, but now by the eye. He thought that they couldn't afford to let him go so soon. He thought not enough preparation had been made to care for the men whom Murphy rescued, and if they were not cared for, the tide often came up and swept them out to sea again.

"The doctor expressed himself pleased with the manner in which Mr. Murphy tried to bring men under the cross. It was the true way to save them. He thought the man who could save the rum-seller, and the young man who was tempted, was wanted here in Washington, and he didn't propose to let him go. He then put the question to the audience: 'If Mr. Murphy stays here two weeks more, will you sustain him?' and it was answered by long and hearty applause, loud enough to awaken the echoes. The speaker then said that there was a material burden resting on the committee, and if Mr. Murphy staid they must be supported.

"Mr. Murphy said that the movement ought to extend through the churches. In Pittsburgh they had thirty churches packed every evening; that he was tired and worn out, but that he wouldn't say good-bye yet; and that he should always remember the people in Washington, and hoped that they would not forget him.

"Mr. O. F. Presbrey, stepping up, took Mr. Murphy by the hand, and, turning to the audience, said that the committee didn't propose to let him go; that they had done the best they could, and wanted him to go on in his great work of saving men, as nearly 10,000 had signed the pledge since he came here."

At a meeting of representatives of the various temperance and church organizations of the district, held on the evening of February 13, it was decided that the Murphy meetings should be continued for at least two weeks longer.

A committee of twenty-five was appointed upon finance to raise funds to continue the meetings, as follows: Hon. A. M. Gangewer, Hon. John D. Defrees, A. S. Richmond, Dr. E. S. Corbin, F. M. Bradley, A. P. Lacey, J. W. Reynolds, W. R. Davis, R. S. Graham, Thomas Hamilton, J. F. Dobbyn, A. N. Ham, W. H. Norton, Major H. A. Hull, James H. Vermilya, A. E. Ashburn, George P. Noble, W. B. Hawes, Colonel J. M. Grey, Dr. Thomas Calvin, Samuel Kramer, J. C. Wall, Charles M. Nye, and John B. Dunning.

At a meeting of the finance committee the following officers were elected : Hon. A. M. Gangewer, president ; Hon. A. S. Richmond, vice-president ; F. Marion Bradley, treasurer ; A. N. Ham, secretary, with the following as an executive committee : James H. Vermilya, E. S. Corbin, J. C. Wall, John F. Dobbyn, and William H. Norton.

The following article taken from the Washington *Star* will fully explain and settle all controversy on Francis Murphy's work and pay while in Washington :

"There is considerable gossip about town about the difficulty between certain temperance and church people on one side, and Mr. Murphy, the temperance lecturer, on the other, over the division of money collected at the late Murphy temperance meetings. It appears to have originated from a want of plan at the outstart. Previous to Murphy's coming to this city, both Dr. Newman and the managers of the Y. M. C. A. were negotiating with him to visit here, and his letter of acceptance to come was addressed to Dr. Newman. The question of pay had been discussed among the members of Dr. Newman's church and among the managers of the Y. M. C. A., but no definite understanding was arrived at. In Mr. Murphy's letter to Dr. Newman he signified his willingness that in case his terms could not be complied with, that he would come, trusting to their best efforts for his renumeration. During his visit several large collections of funds were made, but it is alleged they were not used as he expected, and, previous to his departure, he did not hesitate to express himself freely and emphatically about it, asserting that he had not been paid his fair proportion by the managers. At a meeting Monday night of the Y. M. C. A. committee, having charge of the meetings, a report was made showing that the receipts during the two weeks Murphy lectured here were $716.01, and disbursements $701.15. Of this $225 was paid for rent of hall, $98.38 for board of Murphy and his son and daughter at the Ebbitt House, board for Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, who came with him, $50, and Mr. Murphy was paid back $12 which he contributed

to the poor, and he also received $103.43, leaving about $230 unaccounted for. It is said that on his return to-day he will deal altogether with Dr. Newman in relation to payments for his services, and that arrangements have been made to his entire satisfaction."

Mr. Murphy reappeared in Washington in the Metropolitan Church, on the evening of February 15, before an immense audience. Seated upon the rostrum were Judge Snell, Captain Cyrus Sturdivant, Dr. Clarke, Dr. Rankin, F. M. Bradley, Dr. Taylor and Edward Murphy.

When Mr. Murphy entered the audience applauded loudly.

Mr. Murphy said that he was very glad to have the honor to be here again to work together with them in the cause of total abstinence. He had had a very pleasant time in Philadelphia. He had also stopped in Wilmington, where they had had a splendid meeting.

After speaking further of his trip, he gave a beautiful account of the conversion of a lawyer who had been a hard drinker. Mr. Murphy said that we cannot fail if we put our trust in God. At the conclusions of his remarks he was presented with a beautiful basket of flowers and a volume of music.

Rev. Mr. Taylor read an original poem, welcoming Mr. Murphy. Dr. Clarke, of Pittsburgh, delivered a very pleasing address. Mr. Gray, a great temperance worker of Kentucky, delivered a very eloquent address. Captain Cyrus Sturdivant, of Portland, Me., who is the gentleman who converted Murphy in the jail at Portland, was introduced.

Speaking of Mrs. Hayes, he said that he thought God would bless that lady of ladies who cast from her dinner table that universal curse. The captain was presented with a very beautiful bouquet of flowers. The congregation sang, "Hold the Fort," and seventy-five new signers were added to the list.

Metropolitan Church was filled to its utmost the next evening. Upon the platform was seated Rev. Drs. Newman, Gray and Rankin; Captain Sturdivant, A. S. Richmond,

Colonel Davidson, Mr. Cunningham, Judge Snell, and many others. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Gray, after which Dr. Newman read a very encouraging article, showing the progress of total abstinence in England. Mr. Murphy, being introduced, said that the future was full of interest in churches. In legislatures in this great capital the minds of men are turned to the consideration of this great cause as never before. Yea, throughout our land, thousands of churches are open to the public, and Christian ministers are united to make common cause against the use of intoxicating liquors, seeking to save men through the power of the Gospel. He made a most earnest appeal to all present to sign the pledge and don the blue ribbon. Rev. Dr. Gray next addressed the meeting. In the course of his remarks he made mention of the fact that the man into whose hands his father's property fell refused his mother credit for a portion of the cost of her mourning dress, and that from this unkind act, perhaps, his mother kindled in his heart a hatred for rum, and that at the early age of nine years he signed the pledge, and thanked God he had kept it.

On February 19, the Murphy meeting was conducted in the Congregational church, and that spacious structure could not hold all who desired to attend. At least eight hundred went away who were unable to gain admittance.

Dr. Rankin presided, and opened the exercises with prayer.

Charley Nye then spoke, saying that twenty-two months ago last night he was converted in that very church, and that since then it had always been a cherished spot to him.

The next speaker was Major Morgan, Chief of Police. He thought that the fruits of the Murphy movement were manifest in his department, as only three arrests for drunkenness were made Sunday night, and thirteen men who were notified to pay for their licenses had withdrawn their papers and changed their business. He hoped the good work would go on and the harvest would be a blessed one. Mr. Warren Choate, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., then spoke of the battles

that were being fought and the victories that had been won. He hoped all would join hand in hand and heart to heart in this work, and the triumph would be sure.

Murphy's presence in Washington had the effect not merely of stimulating fresh enthusiasm, but of awakening into vital force some of the old dormant organizations which had languished long under the peculiarly unfavorable surroundings of society at the national capital. As the center of political life, the focus of not merely the most truthful and noble elements, but the most noxious and dangerous features of social economy, Washington has a glittering pre-eminence. Perhaps nowhere in the world, except in Paris, is evil masked with such a glittering and delusive show, and temptation sugar-coated with those sweet deceits that stupefy the consciences and cheat the hearts of men. In such an atmosphere as this, reformatory clubs and institutions are apt to degenerate into "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." The Murphy meetings awakened several of these into a robust and active life out of their Rip Van Winkle slumber. Many of the most interesting features of the Washington revival got their significance in this connection. One of the representative clubs of this character in Washington is that known as the Washington Reform Club, and its gatherings were full of enthusiasm and effective work. At one of these meetings Col. J. H. Davidson, of St. Paul, Minn., was introduced.

He said the subject was one in which his whole heart was interested. He alluded to the fact that he was a member of the Reform Club of St. Paul, which numbered some six or seven hundred men. Its object was similar to the Washington Reform Club—to aid those who desired to aid themselves. In his city, of the many who had been reclaimed from intemperance, he could sight them in positions now of trust and honor; their families were now happy. To those who had recently signed the pledge, he said: "Stand firm!" They must not expect to be exalted at once into high places. Be firm, and true friends would come to them.

He compared the life of the drunkard with that of the temperate man, and asked the question: "Where is the man who would be slow to decide upon which side he would prefer to be?" He paid a high tribute to the laboring classes, and appealed to them to sign the pledge, and make the reform club a terror to those who dealt in strong drink. The beautiful hymn, "Pull for the Shore," was then sung, after which Judge Snell was introduced. He said he much preferred meeting this large audience here than at his usual receptions; that the hope of the country depended upon the sober young men. He had not himself been addicted to the use of strong drink.

He was not here to-night as a temperance lecturer, but he proposed to do now, as he always had, his whole duty as a temperance man. In his State no man could sell liquor with a license, as they did not grant them, and if he attempted to sell without he was fined $100, or sent to jail. He was here to-night as a representative of that profession whose duty it is to see the law enforced. He should see, so long as he was judge of the police court, that those who violated the license law, and came before him, received a warm reception. During the eight years he had been judge of the police court he had tried 60,000 cases, a large majority of which came directly or indirectly from the use of liquor. No man had the right to do that which would injure himself, his family, or his neighbor, and this he thought the drinking man did. He had endeavored to try all prisoners who came before him "with malice toward none and charity for all."

He had never punished any man with a feeling of pleasure. He alluded to the poor women who had been to him for warrants for husbands who had beaten them while under the influence of strong drink. He would send these men to jail, and in a few days the wife would come and beg them out. He spoke of a mother who called upon him a few days ago in behalf of her son—a bright-looking young man—who, while under the influence of strong drink, had attempted to

take the life of another. He also made mention of a boy who was brought before him a few days ago drunk upon whisky sent for by his mother. He then mentioned the case of Judge Nelson, who was related to a gifted member of the Supreme Court of the United States, and who himself had filled high positions under the government. He had seen this man fighting his hat in the gutters of our streets.

From intemperance he had gotten so low that he would go into lawyers' offices and steal the books and pawn them for liquor. He at last went into private houses and stole clothing, for which offense he was now in the Albany Penitentiary. He made a beautiful appeal, in closing, to all who had not signed the pledge to do so and give the world the benefit of a sober life. Short addresses were made by Colonel Gray, of Kentucky ; William Vermilya, of New Jersey ; Mr. Jester, of Baltimore ; George W. Francis, and others. Colonel Davidson recited, by request, a poem, entitled "The Flowing Bowl." A large number signed the pledge.

Mr. Murphy was aided in his Washington work by a corps of able coadjutors, not only "his own boys," as the men reformed by his influence proudly called themselves, but distinguished professional men. Among the latter were such men as Rev. Drs. Newman, Domer, Rankin, Parker and Mason, Rev. Mr. Bonham, Prof. Moffat and Cunningham, of West Virginia. Night after night the churches in which the meetings were held were so thronged that overflow meetings were held, and hundreds of men signed the pledge every night. In a city like Washington, where the interests of life are complex, and intense political feeling is continually raging, it was not to be expected, of course, that temperance would so absorb public thought as to be the talk of every knot gathered on a street corner, as had been the case in Elmira, Troy, Springfield, Pittsburgh ; even, indeed, in the great city of Philadelphia. Yet there was a powerful and deep undercurrent that not the less made its power felt, and stirred society at its roots, for the growth and fructification of good.

Washington's birthday was celebrated with a grand temperance parade, which was one of the most notable events of the Murphy season in that city. Every pains was taken to make the procession a representative one, and as a showing of the widely-extended and strongly-rooted sympathy with the total abstinence cause in Washington, it had a great interest for the temperance people of the nation. Although the intrenchments of the demon of rum are strong in Washington, owing to the great complexity and ferment of the political elements, yet the good fight was waged under Murphy, with an enthusiasm full of promise in the future. His visit was like Sheridan's famous ride; it restored the battle fainting into defeat and weakheartedness. The morning of February 22 opened with rain, and it was feared that the day would be so inclement as to make the parade a failure. But at noon it had cleared away, and an immense throng gathered in the vicinity of the City Hall, whence the procession was to start.

The scene in the neighborhood of the City Hall was a very lively one, as the different societies, with banners flying and drums beating, came upon the ground, and the aids to the chief marshal were kept busy assigning them their places in the line. When the procession started, the district artillery, which was stationed near the Capitol, fired a salute. The line was formed in the following order:

Detachment of mounted police, chief marshal and assistants.

Pistoria's Band—First division, composed of the Junior Rechabites, Independent Order of Rechabites, Eagle and Junior Eagle, Phœnix Tent, No. 12; Capitol, Washington, Heber, and Friendship Tents—in all, 530—under the marshalship of William Jones, assisted by A. M. Sprague and William Hall. This division wore red scarfs, and presented a very neat appearance, although the majority were rather young reformers.

Second Division—Sons of Temperance—Crystal Fount, South Washington, Equal, and Howard Divisions, and the

Grand Division Sons of Temperance. The subordinate lodges wore white collars, and the Grand Lodge, red. Junior Order of Good Templars, with several banners and flags, and the Grand Lodge of Templars. In all, 590 men.

Third Division—Headed by a full drum corps, East Washington Reform Club, wearing blue rosette; Franklin Legion, headed by a large flag; the True Blue and Home Dashaway Clubs, of Baltimore, headed by a blue banner, on which was inscribed the date of the organization of the club, December 30, 1877, and the motto, "In God We Trust," and the South Washington Reform Club, which bore several handsome flags and a banner with the following: "Peace and Happiness at Home;" "Good Name and Character Abroad;" "We Will Not Follow the Paths in which Our Fathers Fell." This division numbered 560 men, marshalled by A. J. Bowen, of the Baltimore Dashaways, assisted by Noah Gill, C. B. Ballard, and Edward Romosier, and was the finest body in line.

The fourth division was headed by a full band, and comprised the Union Chapel Temperance Society, Dashaway Reform Club, Independent Order of Jonadabs, Pioneer Council, with white silk banner, several flags, and the representation of an iron-clad, Centennial Junior, Centennial and Purity Councils. This was the largest division in line, consisting of 780 men, under the direction of Joseph Williams, who had as aids Oliver Leich, G. Nelson, Columbus Clark, and C. E. O'Conner. The rear of the procession was brought up by a large four-horse wagon, in which was seated some of the older members of the different organizations who were unable to walk, and twelve open barouches, in which were seated the officers of the different societies and a number of ladies. The procession reached the executive mansion about three o'clock, and was reviewed by the President, who seemed highly pleased with the temperance army of the District. The streets through which the procession passed were thronged with spectators, and a great many private houses and stores were decorated. Altogether it was a very imposing display, and reflected great

credit on the projectors. After passing over the route prescribed, the procession returned to the City Hall, where it was dismissed, and the streets in the vicinity were particularly lively as the different societies dropped out of the ranks and marched to their respective lodge-rooms.

The Dashaway Club was preceded by Charley Nye, Joseph Williams and J. M. Gray, marching arm-in-arm, while in the rear was "Bud" Eggleston mounted on a gray horse and holding aloft a large bouquet, of which he seemed very proud.

A section of one of the societies was represented by about twenty-five young ladies, who "marched like veterans," and were enthusiastically cheered along the whole route.

The only visiting delegation in line was the Baltimore Dashaways, about one hundred strong, who were the recipients of many complimentary allusions for their soldierly bearing and fine appearance.

The majority of the societies wore their regalias, and presented a very neat appearance.

The Blue Ribbon Boys, although not in uniform, called forth many remarks as some face which had been long familiar as a bar-room denizen was seen helping the cause of temperance by his presence, and showing that something good *can* come out of Nazareth.

The Franklin Temperance Legion, composed of "typos," turned out sixty men, under the marshalship of George Pierce. They carried a large banner, which was inscribed on one side, as follows: "Franklin Temperance Legion, organized January 8, 1878—We will *stick* to the pledge, *binding* ourselves to total abstinence, and *press* on to victory;" on the other side, "Temperance will purify the press."

When the procession passed Secretary Sherman's house on K street, they were treated to water. The Secretary and Mrs. Sherman invited all to come in, and the yard was filled with thirsty mortals for a long time.

The evening of the same day was a magnificent era of temperance feeling and talk—one long to be remembered in

the annals of the cause in Washington. Three immense meetings were held and many hundreds signed the pledge.

The largest gathering was at the K street market house, where several telling speeches were made. Mr. Charley Nye presided, and the following gentlemen acted as vice-presidents; Silas Boyce, of the Sons of Temperance; Samuel Boyce, Rechabites; W. H. Norton, Jonadabs; Joseph Williams, Dashaways; J. S. Gurley, Good Templars; Rev. Dr. Noble, South Washington Reform Club; T. H. Marsh, East Washington Reform Club.

Mr. Charles M. Nye opened with a short speech, in which he stated he was very tired after the marching of the day. One of his friends asked him this morning if there was going to be a procession, and he told him yes, if only he and the Marine Band went over the course; but four thousand five hundred seemed to be of the same mind, for when the time came fully that number were found in the procession, and he was glad that to-night there were four thousand five hundred happy homes—homes in which the drunkard's uniform was thrown aside, which was a linen duster in winter and an overcoat in summer. He had seen a man in this uniform, and he did not look well in it. In conclusion, Mr. Nye said he was glad to introduce one whom they would be glad to hear—the Rev. Father Kane.

This gentleman then made an interesting address, after which Mr. A. J. Bowen, president of the Dashaway Club of Baltimore, was introduced. He related the interest taken in temperance in Baltimore, and thought every one should work with the Bible in one hand and pledge in the other. Let every one take the motto "In God we trust." There is in every man's heart, the speaker said, a better nature, and it should be brought out. He exhorted his listeners to come forward and be men; to sign the pledge and receive the help of the temperance and Christian people. They should first, however, ask God's help. His last words were: "God bless the temperance cause. Let us go on in the great work."

The next to speak was Mr. D. P. Holloway, who referred to the day and its associations. He thought that if the great institutions of this country were to be carried on it would be necessary to carry on also the temperance work. When intemperance gets the upper hand, our institutions will go under. Great empires have fallen through this, the greatest evil that ever existed. He hoped, in conclusion, that the battle-cry of temperance would ring out all through this land, like steel to steel when armies meet.

Mr. Budd Eggleston, popularly known as "one of the boys," made a splendid appeal, too short by half. He referred to his past life, and told the men who wanted to reform not to put their trust anywhere but in God.

Mr. Ned Humphrey then added his interesting testimony to what had been given. He said if every one felt as strongly on the subject as he did they would all be out-and-out temperance men.

Justice Mills, in a short address, said that where the temperance cause needed a soldier there he would always be. He hoped the demonstration of the day would not be in vain, and that great good would follow it.

At the Congregational church the meeting was one of the most successful yet held. After an eloquent address by Mr. Murphy, a large number of gentlemen stepped forward and signed the pledge, after which Mr. James H. Vermilya was introduced and made an excellent address, followed by T. M. Wilkins, Captain Sturdivant, and others.

The overflow meeting at the Ninth street Methodist church, was an exceedingly large one. Addresses were made by Charles A. Harvey, Jr., Rev. W. H. Daniels, of Chicago, and Mr. Thomas Edward Murphy.

The harmony of the Washington revival was somewhat rudely disturbed by the imbroglio between Mr. Murphy and some of the local temperance leaders. The reports of the trouble, flashed over the wires throughout the land, and freely commented on far and wide, exaggerated the importance of

the matter very largely; but it proved one thing most conclusively. Aside from the immediate results of the difference in Washington, the interest and discussion the news provoked in all parts of the land showed triumphantly the strong hold the great temperance evangelist has on the hearts of the nation, and how eagerly each step in his progress is looked for by all those interested in the welfare of their fellow beings. Without entering into the details of this provoking affair, a brief statement will interest our readers.

There had been among the local organizations for some time previous to Mr. Murphy's arrival a feeling of inharmony. A temperance revival had already been under way in the city when the evangelist was invited to come, and it is not uncharitable in the light of all the facts to guess that more than one of the resident leaders in the temperance cause felt a secret irritation in the anticipation of Murphy's coming, as a thing likely to lessen the honor and dignity of the local orators and workers in the light of the overshadowing importance and strength of the visitor. It is not the first time that selfish and unworthy motives have marred the harmony of a great and philanthropic movement.

When Mr. Murphy accepted the invitation to come at $200 per week, which had been his regular salary for many months, the managers proposed to raise the funds by two pay nights at Lincoln Hall each week, the surplus to be used for paying off the debts of the Young Men's Christian Association. This proposition to raise money caused the first immediate outbreak, though the feeling of dissatisfaction had been long rankling.

It was urged that the free meetings had been very prosperous before Mr. Murphy had been called for; that an admission fee to a temperance meeting was bad policy, and subjected the cause to the sneers of its opponents, and that those members of the committee who professed to be so philanthropic could do fully as much good by helping the meetings under the central organization.

As Mr. Murphy himself was opposed to an admission fee

the matter was dropped, and things ran smoothly for a while.

The second outbreak seemed to be a personal quarrel between Messrs. Nye and Dunning, who were the principal organizers of the local work under the auspices of the Central Temperance Union. As a consequence, Mr. Dunning left Washington to pursue his work elsewhere, and Mr. Nye took occasion to indicate some feeling of dislike toward Mr. Murphy. He commented very sharply on Mr. Murphy's absence from the great Market House meeting on the night of Washington's birthday, as large numbers of the auditors were deeply disappointed in not seeing and hearing the great temperance reformer.

Mr. Murphy claimed, on the other hand, that he was to have gone in a procession; that a carriage was to have been sent for him, and that he received no formal invitation to the evening meeting.

Mr. Nye's argument was that Mr. Murphy accepted the invitation to the Market House meeting, and that it was understood to walk in the procession like the others.

We will not follow up the details of this little difficulty further. It is enough to say that the mass of the temperance people in Washington sustained and indorsed Mr. Murphy, and severely deprecated the course of his opponents.

Not the least important event that occurred during the Murphy temperance season at the national capital was the forty-fifth anniversary meeting of the Congressional Temperence Society, Senator Ferry presiding. The secretary, Rev. Dr. Chickering, presented a report with an interesting outline of the origin and history of the society since 1833, when Lewis Cass, Secretary of War, was its first president. Earnest and eloquent addresses were made by the presiding officer, and Hon. Hiram Price, of Iowa, and Rev. A. M. Powell, of New York. The secretary said he had just received the signature of President Hayes, the fourteenth in succession, to the following:

PRESIDENTIAL DECLARATION.

"Being satisfied from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirits, as a drink, is not only needless, but hurtful, and that the entire disuse of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue, and the happiness of the community, we hereby express our conviction that should the citizens of the United States, and especially the young men, discontinue entirely the use of it, they would not only promote their own personal benefit, but the good of our country, and the world.

"James Madison, Andrew Jackson, J. Q. Adams, M. Van Buren, John Tyler, James K. Polk, Z. Taylor, Millard Filmore, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, U. S. Grant, R. B. Hayes."

While Washington was thus stirred up by the temperance reform, its neighbor, Georgetown, also felt the workings of the same glorious influence. A series of meetings were held concurrent with those in Washington, and as an example of the work done in this city, we give a brief account of one held at the Dunbarton Street Church under the immediate direction of Mr. Murphy.

Mr. J. T. Murray, pastor of Congress Street Methodist Protestant Church, offered up a fervent prayer. The congregation sang with great effect, under the direction of Mr. Wilson, "What Shall the Harvest Be?"

Mr. Murphy then introduced Mr. Dewey as one of "his boys." Mr. Dewey made an address of about ten minutes' length, and was frequently interrupted by applause.

Mr. Murphy was introduced and made an address replete with eloquence and wit, and was frequently interrupted by applause. During Mr. Murphy's remarks the singers from the overflow meeting at the Curtis school-building arrived, and as they passed up the church aisle they were received with applause, while the vast audience sang "Hold the Fort." An invitation was then extended to those present to come forward and sign the pledge, and 110 went forward and subscribed to

the pledge, during which the congregation sang an appropriate hymn followed by the chorus, "Harvest Home," and the hymn "Rescue the Perishing." Colonel Gray, of Kentucky, was next introduced, and made a stirring speech, which was frequently interrupted by applause.

The hymn "Hold the Fort" was sung with telling effect.

Ed. Murphy was then introduced, and made a very effective speech. He was followed by Mr. Francis Murphy, Mr. Harris, and Dr. Murray, of the M. P. Church, who earnestly thanked Mr. Murphy for coming to Georgetown, and for the good he had effected. Afterward Mr. Murphy made another interesting address. The benediction having been pronounced, the congregation was dismissed, and as the vast audience passed out the hall the church choir, which was located within the altar, sang "Draw me Nearer."

The last regular meeting held under Francis Murphy's auspices at Washington took the shape of a complimentary testimonial. The Congregational church, in which this pleasant affair occurred, was ornamented with the American and Irish flags. At intervals were the inscriptions "Prohibition," "Hope," "Faith," "Charity," etc. Directly in front of the organ loft was a magnificent arch with the mottoes "Glory to God," "Good Will to Men," and "In God We Trust." Seated on the platform were Messrs. Francis Murphy, Sturdivant, Gray, Edward Murphy, Hon. William P. Frye, Drs. Rankin, Parker, Dorner, Hon. Mr. Ellsworth, and others.

The leading event of the evening was the address of Mr. Frye, who had been the prosecuting attorney in the trial of Mr. Murphy for murder at Portland, Maine. This address was of great interest. The orator sketched in a most dramatic and sympathetic style his connection with the early life of the great temperance evangelist.

He related the history of the trial of Mr. Murphy in a manner which brought tears to many eyes, and deep sobs were heard throughout the entire congregation. He also said that he had the honor to be the first man who ever sent a man to

jail for selling whisky, and that man received ten months. He said that if God would fill this land with such convicts as Mr. Murphy, it would be a land of rejoicing instead of sorrow, murder, drunkenness, criminals, &c. During his remarks he was frequently interrupted by bursts of applause. At the conclusion of his remarks he was presented with a beautiful bouquet.

Francis Murphy delivered an address. He related his life; the manner in which he became indicted for murder; his trial; his separation from his family, his stay in jail, and the kindness of the jailer and family; his conversion, through the influence of Captain Sturdivant, and finally his release and restoration to his family. He spoke in such a manner as to thoroughly arouse the sympathies of his audience, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the house. At the conclusion of his remarks he was presented with an abundant supply of bouquets and a beautiful testimonial from the Sons of Temperance. The centre-piece was made of pink silk, in the shape of a shield, wrought in flowers. Upon the face were the words, "God bless you." The shield was set in a panel of deep blue, forming a square. Above the shield upon the panel were the words, in gilt, "To Francis Murphy." Below were the words, "From the Sons of Temperance, Washington, D. C., March 1, 1878." This was the handiwork of two ladies, and was inclosed in a neat, black frame.

On the day following the last of Mr. Murphy's stay in Washington, he presided at a grand mass meeting of temperance people, the object of which was stated to be the organization of a Washington branch of the National Temperance Union, whose united membership reached 9,000,000, and 500 active workers in the field. The following officers were elected: President, Rev. J. E. Rankin; Vice Presidents, Rev. David Wilson, J. W. Reynolds, A. H. Vermilya, —— Dewey, and Col. J. W. Gray; Corresponding Secretary, Henry S. Berlin; Recording Secretary, F. M. Bradley; Treasurer, Elphonzo Youngs; Executive Managers, Thomas Hamilton, R. M.

Stoddard, T. F. Pendall, O. F. Presbry, and Rev. E. G. Gray. A constitution was adopted, and the organization perfected under the name of the Washington Christian Temperance Union.

On the same night there was also an organization on the part of the ladies of a Christian Temperance Alliance, with a purpose of co-operating with the other society by rendering aid to the families of reformed men, and the rendering of those acts of systematic charity which are so helpful in building up the cause of temperance.

The adjourned meeting of the Congressional Temperance Society, on the same evening, showed the desirableness of perpetuating the movement, notwithstanding the variety of movements in the same direction. Hon. L. W. Ballou, M. C., from Rhode Island, vice-president of the society, made an admirable opening address, followed by the secretary, Dr. Chickering, with some suggestive statements as to the results of his canvass of the 45th and previous Congresses. He read an extract from the journal of the first Continental Congress, 102 years ago last Wednesday, recommending "to the legislatures of the United States immediately to pass laws the most effectual for putting an immediate stop to the pernicious practice of distilling, by which the most extensive evils are likely to be derived if not quickly prevented." Hon. T. J. Henderson, of Illinois, gave a brief and earnest address, followed by Col. J. F. Hoy, in an extended and eloquent appeal, founded on his own sad history for seven years of the time since he commenced practice in the same court with President Hayes.

In thus recording the temperance work in Washington, it has been thought desirable to sketch the different branches of reformatory work, though they may not seem to be directly connected with the special mission of Mr. Murphy himself; for, as before stated, there had been a local revival before the advent of the now celebrated temperance apostle. The presence of Murphy had the effect of building what would probably other-

wise have been a temporary and spasmodic action into a permanent and deep-reaching work. From the national capital Mr. Murphy proceeded to Philadelphia, where he was to conduct a brief series of meetings, and thence he was engaged to open the great work in the Boston vineyard.

Among the recent phenomena of temperance reform there is nothing to compare in picturesqueness, intensity, enthusiasm and sweep with the Francis Murphy movement, which we have described in detail in the foregoing chapters. A backward glance at this will reveal it in its grand entirety. It had been progressing quietly for some years in different parts of the country, and attained but little more than local celebrity. During the fall and winter of 1876–'77 it reached Pittsburgh, Pa. Commencing quietly, it grew apace, and finally culminated in one of those extraordinary uprisings of the moral sense which sometimes convulse great communities as with an earthquake, reaching down to the very roots of society, and effecting results in a short time, which otherwise many years would fail to achieve. Mr. Murphy was about three months in Pittsburgh, and during that time the astounding number of eighty thousand men signed the pledge. All classes of society felt the impetus of the Irish reformer's eloquence and enthusiasm. Wealth and fashion locked hands with squalor and misery, and in the Murphy meetings, night after night, could be seen silks, diamonds and seal-skin cloaks rustling on the same seat with the rags and tatters of the poor. People of wealth gave freely of their abundance to advance the movement, and the milk of human kindness poured freely from the fountains unlocked by the voice of the temperance orator. This was the inaugural point of Francis Murphy's celebrity, and since that time his name has rung from one end of the land to the other in connection with the great cause of temperance reform. The next great field of his efforts, after a short visit to the West, was Philadelphia, were six weeks of labor were attended with results hardly less significant and extraordinary than at the great manufacturing city at the junction of the

Alleghany and Monongahela rivers. Great throngs signed the pledge of reform, hundreds of saloon-keepers among them, and the hearts of innumerable wives and mothers were made glad.

Thence, sweeping onward with resistless impetuosity, it reached Elmira, Troy, Springfield, and Washington, reaping a grand harvest of reformed lives in each city, and leaving behind a permanent and healthy force for the redemption of social life from its greatest curse.

A summary of the results wrought by Murphy, during the last four or five years, measuring these as nearly as possible, would indicate that over a million of people have been induced, directly or indirectly, to sign the pledge of total abstinence through his influence. Some statements have been made doubling or even trebling this amount. But there is always somewhat of exaggeration in the enthusiasm which underlies the admiration of mankind for a great work of this nature. The more moderate figure, while certainly within the truth, is a result so great as to place the Murphy crusade against rum as one of the grandest achievements in reform during the last century. Nothing is gained by exaggerating that which is in itself so great. Francis Murphy has been and is a mighty torch, flaming with enthusiastic devotion to a grand cause, and lighting up the hearts of humanity with an illumination, which exposes the heights and depths, the infinite misery, suffering, and wickedness involved in the love of stimulants. Others, perhaps, have been more successful in organizing results, in systematizing feelings once kindled into a permanent and steady glow ; in surrounding the reformed drunkard with restraints and conditions that assist him in fighting the battle, which has only commenced when he signs the pledge of total abstinence, through to a final victory over the love of drinking. But to every man is given his special power and function. "Paul may plant and Apollos may water, but God alone giveth the increase." And it is by the power of God that these men work so successfully. If a praying, earnest Christian heart were not at the foundation of their efforts, if

they did not draw their inspiration from a profound conviction that they were instruments in the hands of a Higher Power, we should look in vain for the wonderful achievements they have wrought.

"God bless Francis Murphy!" is the sincere cry of thousands and hundreds of thousands of men and women. That he may long live to continue his mighty work, and advance the cause of which he is so splendid an exponent, is the prayer of every one that loves humanity, and looks forward to that regeneration of society, so beautifully pictured in the Biblical figure of the millenium.

PART IV.

THE

LIFE AND WORK

OF

DR. HENRY A. REYNOLDS.

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CHAPTER XXII.

THE EARLY CAREER OF A REMARKABLE MAN.—THE OCCASION OF HIS REFORM AND CONVERSION.—FIRST ORGANIZATION OF REFORM CLUBS.—WORK IN MAINE AND MASSACHUSETTS.

No history of the recent temperance movements in the United States would have any completeness without doing justice to the splendid results attained under the leadership of Dr. Henry A. Reynolds. This laborer in the reform vineyard is not so universally known in the Eastern states, though Maine and Massachusetts were the early field of his labors. His most remarkable work, that which has given him a national reputation, has been in Michigan and Illinois. His efforts in detail, owing to his methods, have not in them that popular and picturesque interest which attaches to the Murphy movement. But a study of the Reynolds work exposes matters of interest to the more thoughtful student of social phenomena, not less than that of his more eloquent and magnetic compeer, and stands equally on its own basis as an astonishing fact. Like all the men who have accomplished

great things, Reynolds passed through a terrible personal experience, for the roots of strength are nurtured in suffering. His power was born of his own wretchedness and misery in those days, when he was a slave to the fearful love of alcohol, and a constant sufferer from its effects.

In spite of all the extraordinary factors that have moved in it, the history of temperance reform has no feature more important, or more interesting, than that which bears the soul-stirring and appropriate watchword—"Dare to do right!" The thousands upon thousands that have enlisted themselves in the mighty lists that carry this banner, and proudly wear the red-ribbon badge, are bent upon one aim, a fight against intemperance and in favor of total abstinence. The success these people have achieved is very great, and by their means temperance reform has been made firmer, surer and more certain.

In places where but a few years ago temperance movements were never thought of, the entire community has become a branch of the reform, and has turned out zealous workers in the noble cause.

The reform clubs were inaugurated by men who were addicted to intoxicating liquors for many years. These men, aroused to their condition, the fearful risks they ran, and the awful fate that awaited them, saw the necessity of a change and a decided reformation. They placed themselves in the care of God, and besought His merciful protection and guidance. Earnest supplication is heard and answered by Providence. In God this movement finds its best and truest advocate; in prayer, its greatest help and stronghold. In this instance it and the woman's crusade are alike. This dependence upon Divine assistance helps those who are too weak to control their appetite, and they go readily to Him for the strength and power, by which alone they can be saved and preserved.

Mr. J. K. Osgood, of Gardiner, Maine, started a movement among drinking men of his native town in January, 1872.

He himself was a reformed man. He belonged to a family of high social standing, but fifteen years of incessant indulgence in intoxicants brought him as low as any man ever fell. The year previous to his reformation found him out of business, friendless and entirely moneyless. His description of that time and what followed is highly interesting and very pathetic. It appears that on his return home late one evening he saw, through the window of his house, his wife waiting for him, as was her wont. Her patience and devotion, as well as her pitiable condition, went right to his heart, and made him feel so very badly that then and there he made up his mind to abstain forever, God helping him.

This noble resolve he was able to keep, earnest and devout prayer sustaining him in it ; and some months later he entered public life as a temperance reformer. He was led to this step by the reformation, through his means, of an old friend, an attorney-at-law, who had been addicted to the use of liquors fully as long as himself.

Mr. Osgood drew up the following call for a meeting, signed by his friend, and had it inserted in the newspapers :

"REFORMERS' MEETING. — There will be a meeting of reformed drinkers at City Hall, Gardiner, Friday evening, January 19, at seven o'clock.

"A cordial invitation is extended to all occasional drinkers, constant drinkers, hard drinkers, and young men who are tempted to drink, to come and hear what rum has done for us."

The hall was crowded by curious people. Mr. Osgood and his friend spoke with great power and eloquence, born of suffering and deliverance, and impressed the crowd in no slight manner. This initial meeting was very successful, and considerable enthusiasm was aroused in the people.

The result was the immediate organization of the "Gardiner Temperance Reform Club." In a very short space of time the club numbered one hundred men, all of whom had been, more or less, habitual drunkards.

The great success of the movement and the excitement and

enthusiasm of the people travelled all over the country, and in a few months reform clubs had sprung up here, there, and everywhere, their membership numbering thousands.

From Maine Mr. Osgood went to the State of Massachusetts, and here did noble work under the auspices of the Massachusetts Temperance Alliance. Fully forty clubs were organized in this State alone.

At the head of the mighty army, wearing the red ribbon, stands the man that everyone loves and honors—Dr. Henry A. Reynolds.

It is beyond dispute that often when the shadows are darkest, and when the despairing heart well-nigh breaks with intense grief and long suffering, and it seems utterly useless to live another day, light comes to us—making all things bright and full of hope again. Well has that sweet singer said:

> "Grim clouds precede the brightest morn;
> The darkest hour's before the dawn."

We are apt to succumb to what, to us, has the stern bearing of fatality, and weakly bowing under it, let loose our hold on life, and float down the swift current. A way is sometimes then pointed out to us, which we unhesitatingly follow; for we know He has marked it out with an especial meaning, and we are bound to follow. We take our cross and gladly bear the burden, no matter how heavy it may be.

Henry A. Reynolds had stood in dark shadow for many years. Not many men have gone through as much degradation and adversity as he; and not many have had such an experience as that which now crowns him, and makes him a beacon light to thousands upon thousands of men coiled in the folds of that vicious and terrible evil we call alcohol. It was quite early in life that the desire for intoxicating drink took possession of him, and it is only of late years that he has been successful in destroying it.

This awful appetite grew with his growth, and eventually brought him to the brink of a frightful abyss which yawned

before him, and threatened his life. He was born in Bangor, Maine, in the year 1839. He entered the Medical College of Harvard University, and was there well known and respected for his studious application, his fine natural abilities, and the remarkable ease with which he mastered every branch of education he undertook. He graduated with high honors, and left the classic walls of old Harvard with many wishes and wise predictions relative to his future success.

His life was cast in circles where the use of wines and liquors was regarded as a matter of course. He was entirely left to the influences of fashionable life; and, like so many young men of talent and promise in the same circumstances, he began to dissipate. A strong desire for drink took possession of him, and giving way to it he sank lower and lower in the social scale.

The late war broke out, and following the bent of an ardent inclination, he enlisted in the Union army as assistant surgeon in the First Maine Regiment of Heavy Artillery. He served during the last two years of the war, and at the close of the long struggle he returned home honorably discharged, and entered upon the professional practice of a physician in his native city. He commenced very successfully; but the growing habit of intemperance increased with him to such an extent that his practice was seriously injured. "Dr. Reynolds' practice," one of the leading physicians of Bangor says, "if attended to, would have been worth at least five thousand dollars a year." For a time he occupied the high position of city physician. His downward course was rapid, and he soon became a slave to his awful appetite. In telling the story of his life, the doctor says:

"I am one of the unfortunate men who inherited an appetite for strong drink. I love liquor as well as a baby loves milk. When I was but a child of less than eight years of age I began to strengthen that appetite first by drinking cider. Cider I call the devil's kindling-wood. Next I used to drink native wines, then ale and lager bier, and the stronger drinks.

I drank at parties, weddings, dances, etc.; I had liquors on my table while keeping house, and treated all friends who called on me in my office or at home, for this I thought necessary to their proper entertainment. I have really been a drinking man, to a greater or less extent, for twenty years, the last six of these years to a greater rather than a less extent. I was a periodical drinker from necessity, as I could not drink all the time; but a periodical drunk with me usually lasted six weeks. I have had the *delirium tremens*, and suffered the torments of the lost; but, for all that, I brought myself to the verge of the same suffering a hundred times afterward, knowing that I could not, in all probability, live through another attack. I was a slave to my appetite, and actually did not know how to rid myself of it.

"I am compelled to give the same painful testimony that so many do, that no one asked me to turn over a new leaf, or said an encouraging word to me in the way of urging me to try and live a sober life. Had some kind friend shown me the way out of it, and whispered in my ear that I could be a better man, I might have been so. I attribute my salvation from a drunkard's grave to the Woman's Temperance Crusade; or, rather, I consider myself as a brand plucked from the burning through the prayers of the Christian women of America."

Dr. Reynolds, finding himself on the verge of *delirium tremens*, sought, as a last resort, help from God in overcoming his strong appetite for alcoholic drinks.

He knelt in his office and yielded himself to God as His servant, and swore a solemn and sacred oath that he would sign the pledge publicly as soon as a fitting opportunity offered itself. Only two days later the opportunity came. The women's crusade of Bangor was conducting a public meeting in the City Hall, and he went in to observe it.

The large audience was much amazed to see him come in, for he was notorious for his intemperate habits. The people were more amazed when he pressed his way through the mass,

and reached the pledge-table, where he deliberately signed his name. For a little while the place was very still, and then such a shout went up! Then many came forward, shook his hand warmly, and most heartily congratulated him on what he had done. It was hard to believe he would be able to keep the pledge; but he did. He entered heartily into the work, and began to induce others to follow his example.

He talked to his acquaintances, and spoke at the temperance meetings, where he had become a regular attendant. In his speeches he eloquently pointed out the many dire consequences intoxicating drink brought to its victims, persuaded them to sign the pledge, and in other ways sought to draw his unfortunate and suffering brothers into the new and good life upon which he had entered. His work was so acceptable, so successful, that he received numerous invitations to visit other places, and address the people upon the subject of total abstinence. He labored earnestly, and grew more and more attached to the glorious cause day after day.

However, it soon became evident to him that to insure success and permanency there must be an organization, and he conceived the plan, under God, of organizing a Reform Club made up wholly of men who had drunk to a greater or less extent, believing then, as now, that there exists "between two drinking men," to quote his own words "that sympathy which cannot exist between a man who has and one who has not drunk." He published notices in the different daily newspapers cordially inviting all drinking men to meet at a certain time and place. Eleven came forward at the call, and the Bangor Reform Club, the very first of the kind, was organized September 10, 1874, adopting as its motto "Dare to do right." Henry A. Reynolds was unanimously elected president of it. Other meetings were held; meanwhile, the members, with true missionary zeal, did their utmost to bring in new members, and in the course of a few weeks the club numbered hundreds; the city was shaken and aroused for God and humanity as never before. The success of this movement went all over the

country like a flash, and created great surprise and much interest. Many cordial invitations to inaugurate a similar work came from all quarters and were accepted by Dr. Reynolds and his earnest fellow-laborers with zeal and enthusiam. In one year Reform Clubs of this kind were organized throughout the entire State of Maine. The people entered into the movement eagerly, and embraced it heartily and warmly, and Dr. Reynolds was received everywhere with great enthusiam.

The work in Maine was very successful. In three years the number of reformed men was given in as forty-six thousand.

The origin of the red ribbon took place some months after the doctor's conversion. He had called a convention of reformed men to meet in Bangor, Maine, and while he was seated in his office, the day of the meeting, September 10, 1874, he fancied that it would be a good idea if the men had some sign or badge by which they might recognize each other.

He thought for a long time, and finally sent his office-boy across the street to a dry-goods store for several yards of red ribbon. Having obtained this the doctor cut it up into six-inch lengths, tied one in the lapel of his coat, and did likewise by all of the delegates.

Another convention was held in June of the following year, at which these men wore the red ribbon in memory of the other meeting. Before Dr. Reynolds started out on his Massachusetts campaign he made the red ribbon a badge of membership of the Reform Club. The ribbon played by far a more important part in the State of Michigan than in those of Massachusetts and Maine. In this State it became almost a sacred thing. To the reformed men who wore it, it was a solemn reminder of their promise of life-long abstinence from intoxicating liquors. The wearer of it is respected and admired, and it is said that "in some of the Michigan saloons, if a man wearing the red ribbon should come in and order a glass of liquor, he would be refused." At Jackson, an instance of this kind lately occurred, as follows:

"A reformed man with a red ribbon in his button-hole was

overcome by his appetite for strong drink, went into a saloon, and called for liquor. 'No,' said the saloon-keeper, who had known the man as a miserable drunkard for many years, 'I will not give you anything to drink. A man who has been damaged by liquor as much as you have been, and who has been helped by letting it alone, as much as you have, ought to know better than to touch it again. Your family are happy, too, and I will not be the man to destroy you and them.'"

Perhaps the best description that has appeared of Dr. Reynolds, is that given by Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, the successful missionary of Rockford, Ill., and the editor of that clever sheet, the Rockford *Register*. It is as follows:

"Dr. Reynolds is a man all by himself. He continually provokes the inquiry: What is the source of his power? In personal appearance the doctor is rather commanding, measuring six feet, well proportioned, straight as an arrow, moves with energy and grace. His complexion is a little of the florid order. He wears a sandy moustache, and in address and general appearance he is a gentleman. He makes no pretensions to oratory. His words are few; his style pleasing and smooth. He never lifts his voice above the conversational tone; never makes any effort to play on the emotions, but deals in stern, naked truth, using his own experience, and that of others simply as illustrations. His appeals are to the common sense and manhood of his hearers, and to their moral feelings. When he tells of his life he uses terms that a half-drunken man would understand. He says 'drunkard' instead of 'inebriate,' and calls himself 'a reformed drunkard.' He seems to look at this question of drunkenness and reformation from the stand-point of those who have suffered from the one, and who are in need of the other; and the first thought which seems to take possession of the unfortunate men who hear him is, 'Well, now, he was such a man as I; may be I could be saved if I try the same way he did. *I'll try.*'

"The secret of his success is the absolute absence of everything like pretense, and in the inspiration of *work* which he

carries with him, while his own sole reliance is upon the support of God. 'Old Business,' he is frequently called ; and the thoroughness of his methods of organization warrants the title.

" His creed, which he announces whenever there is occasion for it, is this : 'I believe in God ; I believe in prayer ; I believe in everything between the two lids of the Bible, whether I understand it or not ; and I believe I am a saved man today, through the instrumentality of the prayers and work of the women of my country.'

" With respect to the various political questions arising in temperance, the doctor says : 'Let everything else alone. You reformed men have enough business on your hands to take care of yourselves, without being made cat's-paws for politicians to pull their chestnuts out of the fire.' "

Mrs. Mary G. Ward, President of the Woman's Temperance Union of Salem, Massachusetts, learned of the wonderful work of reform progressing in Maine, under the very successful leadership of Dr. Reynolds, and while at the old Orchard Beach Camp-meeting in 1875 she cordially extended an invitation to him to inaugurate his movement in Massachusetts.

He went to Salem, and made his first appearance in March, 1876. A full account of his labor here, as given by himself in a report to the Boston *Traveller*, is as follows :

" A few months ago I came to Salem by the invitation of the Woman's Christian Union for the first time. Then, by their aid, and through their prayers, commenced this grand awakening, whereby thousands of homes have been made happy, and thousands of men have been turned to God. Not me is due the praise, but to our Father in heaven, who has chosen me to do the work.

" I believe that women do more for fallen men than men will or can do for themselves ; and I thank God that the women of the United States had commenced their crusade, and the wave had spread eastward till it reached my home in Bangor.

" We organized a little club of eleven reformed drunkards in

Bangor, for the purpose of encouraging one another to dare to do right; and from that the movement spread. Once we went to St. Johns, New Brunswick, where a small reform club was started. It proved to be the little leaven which leavened the whole lump, for this club of a few has become a club of very many, and its influence has extended through the British Provinces.

"The reform movement seems to me sometimes like the crusade of John the Baptist, and if anything can be found to do more good I should like to know it. I am in sympathy with all kinds of temperance movements and with all branches of the Church of God, but this is the work to which God has called *me*, a work like the mission of our blessed Saviour himself, to go out into the highways and byways, hedges and ditches, and raise up the fallen ones.

"Two years ago I was rescued from the verge of a drunkard's grave by the Christian women of Bangor. I joined the Young Men's Crusade Club. It was composed of men who had led a sober life, of those who had been moderate drinkers, and of those who had been common drunkards. The result was continual quarreling and strife. The organization died. It then occurred to me to form a society composed entirely of reformed men. There is a bond of sympathy between reformed men which binds them together. Such a club was formed in Bangor: it increased to an unprecedented number. I then resolved henceforth to form such clubs, and do all I could for the cause of temperance."

He worked in Massachusetts about thirteen months, during which time he extended his field to Connecticut, New Hampshire and Rhode Island. The center of his labor, however, was in the counties of Essex and Middlesex, though at intervals he found his way into the interior of the State.

Gloucester was one of the first towns he visited. The movement here was so signally successful that a list of twenty-two vessels, sailing from that port, was published, whose entire crews were temperance men, and most of them mem-

bers of the Reynolds Reform Club. In Salem, a club of two hundred and twenty-five members was formed; at Marblehead, one of two hundred; in Lynn, one of forty; in Peabody, one of eighty. Place after place was carried by storm, and in a very short space of time there were fully seventy red-ribbon, or reform clubs, in this State. He received in Salem a complimentary benefit at the conclusion of his labor, which was highly gratifying in every particular. He was received in every place with grand ovations, and received adulation enough to spoil one of the best of men; but there was something always with him that kept him away from all dangers, and led him onward. This all-powerful, though invisible presence, saved him from such a peril. He walked along his life-path, with clear eyes steadily and hopefully gazing heavenward. He who had been a curse and a blot on humanity had now become a blessing. He who had been as low and as vile as man could be, a habitual sot, was now clothed with a light that set the unbelieving world wondering. Surely he was one of the appointed of the Lord.

In speaking of the temperance movement conducted by Dr. Reynolds, the *Congregationalist*, of Boston, under the date of March 29, 1876, says:

"The work of Dr. H. A. Reynolds is little short of a miracle. For example, upon Saturday, March 25, he went in a furious storm to the town of Ashland, by a night train, met a hundred men at the town hall, and talked with them an hour in a free, conversational way; then met a hundred in the same place on Sunday afternoon, mostly drinking men. He organized a reform club of forty. In the evening he obtained sixty more members to the club, and left town Monday morning, leaving a temperance organization which, within a few weeks, had gathered in drinking men by the score. This work is repeated in three towns and cities every week, and in every place with substantially the same success. Within eighteen weeks thirteen thousand reformed men have been organized by Dr. Reynolds in Eastern Massachusetts.

"His club plan is such that the men hold each other up. Eighty-five per cent. of the thirty-four thousand reformed men who have taken the pledge within nineteen months are holding to it to this day.

"At Waltham, the work has been a most remarkable one. On Thursday of last week, on his return to that town again, Dr. Reynolds was met at the depot by an array of three hundred reformed men, and escorted through the principal streets, to the vestry of the Congregational Church, where a collation had been provided by the ladies of the Christian Union. In the afternoon and evening there was a grand mass meeting, and the reform already accomplished in the town corresponds with that in Gloucester. This grand temperance wave is already reaching the men in the towns in the region of Boston."

Dr. Reynolds carried that great manufacturing city, Lowell, completely by storm. At one of the meetings here he delivered with fine effect the following address:

"I am a graduate of Harvard College, and received a thorough medical education; but I have been drunk four times a day in my office, and if there is any worse hell than I have suffered I don't want to be there. No nobler class of men walk the earth than some who are drinking men. They are naturally generous, whole-souled, genial, jolly; but by intemperance their minds become diseased. They become scorned and degraded outcasts in the ditch, kept there by thoughtless people, less generous and honorable by nature than themselves. But for rum, these might be on the throne instead of in the gutter.

"Drunkards are not all fools, as some people believe; but every man who drinks is living a life of self-condemnation.

"I never insult men who sell liquor. Some men can sell it conscientiously, in some cases, because they are educated to it. At Gloucester, where I was last year, two rum-sellers have left the business and signed the pledge. The only difference between the respectable rum-shop and the low groggery is

that the one finishes up the work the other has commenced. The drunken pauper is better than the drunken aristocrat.

"My sympathies are with the poor men in this temperance work, and I wish to reach as many of them as possible; and for this reason, as well as for others, I wish to carry on this work not in connection with aristocratic churches, but in non-sectarian, non-political, public halls. I represent no organization, and am under the pay of none.

"At Gloucester the interest in the Reform Club last week increased until this morning members of the Temperance Reform Club of that place, numbering three hundred and fifty men, marched in procession to the depot with a band of music to escort me.

"On my departure thousands assembled at the depot, and many were the expressions of sympathy and friendship I received. The wives of former drunkards were there, with their little children in their arms, to bid me God-speed. When the train moved off the band played 'Auld Lang Syne,' and there was singing and cheering by the crowd. Now, that don't set me up. I want to create the same interest here as at Gloucester, and hope to have the united assistance of all who claim to be good people.

"If there are any drinking men here to-night, I want them to commence now to dare to do right. It is easier to stop drinking now than it will be three weeks from now. Sending a drinking man to jail will not make him sober. When he comes out the first thing he will do will be to take a drink, if he can get it. But of those who take this pledge eighty-five per cent. have thus far kept it."

Major Emery, of Lowell, came forward at the close of the meeting, and indorsed the doctor's remarks, and the result was a reform club of fifteen hundred members.

The movement in Lowell and Gloucester was so remarkable that Dr. Reynolds was especially invited by the Boston Methodist Episcopal Preachers' Meeting to appear before them, and give some account of his work in the State. This very large

and influential body welcomed him most cordially. The Rev. Frank Wagner, pastor of the leading Methodist Episcopal Church of Lowell, the Rev. Albert Gould, of Gloucester, and others who had been co-workers with the doctor, gave testimony of its great and wonderful power.

The Rev. Mr. Gould told of the movement in his own city, Gloucester, in the following manner, at one of the reform meetings in Lowell: "The liquor traffic in Gloucester was fearful beyond description. The ministers of the city first consulted together, and decided on a series of meetings. After a few meetings had been held, Dr. Reynolds' success at Salem induced me to secure his services. The work opened there with smaller audiences than it had in Lowell; but the interest so increased that the City Hall was engaged for the meetings, and it was crowded with vast audiences for four nights. The Reform Club first organized consisted of sixteen; it now numbers five hundred and twenty-nine, nearly all reformed men, who five weeks ago were drunkards, some of them gutter drunkards. The liquor traffic is almost stopped. One dealer has hung crape on the door of his saloon. The business men of the city stand behind the movement with their money; and the red ribbons, worn as the badge of the club, are immensely popular. The best feature of the work is its religious element. The pledge signed recognizes God as a helper, and the reformed men believe that they need His help. No man in Gloucester is so popular to-day as Dr. Reynolds."

The Stoneham Club, which at the beginning had about thirty-three members, sprang up to a membership of two hundred and five in a limited period. "One of the pleasantest peculiarities of this club," says a good authority; "is its liberal provision in money for the expense of the club and its missionary work."

Early in the month of April, 1876, a club was organized at Lawrence. Naturally the liquor interest had a very strong hold here, it being one of the great manufacturing places of

the State. One of the ministers of the place told Dr. Reynolds when he came here that "he was coming into the jaws of hell." The brave doctor was ready to come. He said: "I have declared my purpose to be to save men of whatever race, color, sect or party. I have nothing to do with men's opinions or prejudices. Lawrence is, doubtless, a cold place to begin, but by proper work great good will be done here."

The simplicity and good common sense of the doctor's methods gave him considerable favor here. The result of his work was a Reform Club of fully three thousand members. The following episode occurred at Lawrence, and produced great good: "At one of the meetings a youth, scarcely fifteen years of age, was introduced, who had been a drunkard. This lad was too young to be a member of the Reform Club, but the boys took hold of the work, and organized a Reform Club of their own." No other proof of the earnestness and interest in the movement manifested by the women of the city is required than the following fact: "Nineteen hundred of the leading ladies of the city signed a petition to the local authorities against the granting of licenses to sell liquor."

A State convention of the Reform Clubs was called to meet at Lurline Hall in Boston, on May 12, 1876. The object of this meeting was to give greater unity and efficiency to the work going on throughout the State. Dr. Reynolds remarked in his opening speech that:

"This meeting is to be called in the interest of no faction, no party, and of no individual, but for the good of our unfortunate brothers. We have no ax to grind, but we meet to talk of mutual interest. The season has arrived when it will be necessary for us to put forth our united efforts to keep up the interest in the movement for the next three months; after that the child will be able to stand alone."

Encouraging reports were handed in by the delegates from all points, which clearly indicated a great and successful work everywhere. No little talk was occasioned by the determination on the doctor's side to keep his clubs free of all political

questions ; and in this laudable effort he was seconded by the very best people of Massachusetts.

Speaking of this the Springfield *Republican*, always a most reliable and excellent authority on State topics, says :—

"The decision of the Reform Clubs not to mix teetotalism with politics is, probably, a settler for the prohibitory party in this State, at least as far as this year's canvass is concerned. These clubs are by far the most vital temperance associations going at present. They have the dew of their youth yet on them, believe in themselves and their work, and the prohibitory party, with these clubs standing aloof, is the merest shadow of a shade that ever flitted across politics. Some fifty of them were represented at the Lurline Hall, in Boston, day before yesterday. The number of delegates elected, including self-elected ones, is variously stated at from two hundred to four hundred. The meeting became turbulent, got beyond the control of the chairman, and stayed there. There was a minority element which had no sympathy with the purposes of the gathering, and no notion of being suppressed. They vigorously contended that it was the duty of temperance men to vote as they prayed, while Brothers Ford, of Boston, Knight, of Cambridge, and Scott, of Lowell, were the principal spokesmen in the steer-clear-of-politics party. Personalities were exchanged in anything but a temperate manner, and a large number of delegates left the hall in disgust ; but enough stayed to pass the resolution declaring, 'That we emphatically condemn the introduction, discussion, or agitation of politics in our meetings.'

"We make our compliments to the Reform Clubs on their good sense."

A proposition was made to hold a State convention on the eve of the presidential election, at Fitchburgh, where the red-ribbon movement had met with considerable success, which resulted in seventeen hundred names being signed to the pledge, and the forming of a Reform Club of over a hundred members. September 20 was set aside for the meeting of

this political convention; Dr. Reynolds, however, having been consulted upon it, wrote as follows: "Put me down squarely against that Fitchburgh convention, or any other method by which it is proposed to divert the Reform Clubs from their legitimate purpose of saving men, or cause them to become the tools of politicians. Reformed men have enough to do to take care of their own business."

The convention was held, notwithstanding this decided move against it on the doctor's part; but few red-ribbon clubs were there. The political brethren, wisely seeing what trouble was in store for them, should they pursue their course, and paying some attention to the perfect storm of indignation excited all over the State, followed a policy of silence, and instead of a political gathering, held a very enjoyable temperance meeting.

In Worcester the movement was greeted with a very warm and friendly reception, and was successful. A course of literary and scientific lectures was given by the president of the Reform Club, Mr. Blanchard. This very interesting and successful departure was well received by the public, and Mr. Blanchard is to be congratulated on his happy idea. A correspondent graphically says, in describing the Reynolds movement here:

"Probably never before has the heart of the old commonwealth been so warm in the cause of temperance as it is at this time. Our Reform Club has held meetings in all the principal churches, Sunday evenings, all winter, and at each and every meeting hundreds have turned away, not being able to gain admittance. The club recognizes and develops the moral side of the movement, and many members have become professing Christians since their reformation. The club has nearly eleven hundred enrolled men, all of whom have been addicted to the use of alcoholics as a beverage, to a greater or less extent, and their influence has reached as many more. The club has grown at about the rate of a hundred a month,

duct a temperance movement, and organize Reform Clubs. This invitation was extended to him by the State Vice-President of the National Christian Temperance Union of Michigan, Mrs. Jane M. Geddes. This lady is the wife of the Hon. Norman Geddes of Adrian, Michigan, and occupies both a high social and public position in that State. Her name has become a part of temperance reform, and she is well known in the West as a philanthropist, and especially as an earnest advocate of total abstinence.

She passed the summer of 1876 in travelling, but being attracted by the camp-meeting at Old Orchard Beach, she changed her route and went there. Here she met Dr. Reynolds and learned his mode of temperance reform.

The intense excitement in her State caused by the crusade had died almost out; and she felt something must be done to again bring the people to a due sense of their peril. The Woman's Christian Temperance Unions still lived, met and held prayer-meetings, but did very little good in rousing the masses. The people were surely drifting back into their old state; and it seemed impossible to stop it. The prohibitory law had been repealed by parties opposed to temperance, and liquor selling had increased to frightful dimensions. The temperance advocates were scoffed at and ridiculed, and were very despondent under the disheartening turn affairs had taken. Mrs. Geddes felt Michigan was a ripe field for Dr. Reynolds, and urged him to go there, which he agreed to do, immediately after the expiration of his engagements in other parts of the country. He could not for some time fix upon any certain date, and in consequence letter after letter came to him from Michigan begging him to come to appoint the time, so that the people might be duly informed of his advent. He finally said he would be there some time in the month of November.

No monetary arrangements were made. Dr. Reynolds and his family were invited to make the home of Judge Geddes theirs; and Mrs. Geddes agreed to find engagements for him at

different points of the State. The expenses of the movement, such as the renting of halls, printers' bills, travelling expenses, and the salary of the lecturer were entirely dependent upon the liberality of the public. There were many disheartening things in the doctor's way on his arrival at Adrian. The family of Judge Geddes was afflicted with scarlet fever; the temperance people were discouraged and despondent; and there was the great excitement over the election of the president. He felt like turning back, but he was determined to commence the siege any way now that he was on the ground. There was no other place open but Adrian, and he had to begin at this point. His arrival had been somewhat sudden, and there had been but a few days in which to announce positively that he would be there; consequently there was no chance of a general system of regular appointments.

The doctor had to rally out, and make his own arrangements for holding a meeting as best he could. He engaged a hall, and held a meeting which was slimly attended. The second meeting was worse than the first. The state of affairs certainly did not seem very promising. However a change came on Sunday afternoon. The men's meeting was conspicuous for about three hundred persons, the majority of whom were positive drinkers if not drunkards. Very stirring and interesting addresses were delivered by the doctor and some of the prominent clergymen of the place, which made considerable of an impression. Twenty-eight drinking men came forward that afternoon, and affixed their signatures to the doctor's pledge. The success of this meeting flashed over the town, and induced a large crowd of curiosity-seekers to attend the mass-meeting at the Opera House in the evening. The number of pledge-signers was fifty-five; on Monday it increased to fully eighty. All of these pledge-takers were more or less men who were addicted to intoxicants. The interest and enthusiasm then grew, and in a very short while the Opera House was so crowded that it was found necessary to hold overflow meetings in the churches close by. The temperance

advocates became themselves again, and worked away with zeal and love. The prayer-meetings started by the crusaders were now very largely attended, and were soon the most interesting phase of Adrian life. Instead of weekly, daily meetings were held and crowds of eager people attended them regularly. Women who had taken active parts in the crusade, and who were zealous and effective temperance reformers, were called in from different points to help carry on the great and good work; the anti-temperance people were alarmed and scoffed no more, but held their peace; and the liquor-dealers looked on in mute fear and amazement. The doctor, the "red-ribbon man," was received every time he appeared in public in the warmest manner imaginable. He became a household word in Adrian, and the neighboring towns of Tecumseh, Hillsdale, Cold Water, and Monroe, were excited at the reports that came from Adrian of the doctor's great work and success. He was, therefore, cordially invited to visit them also, and organize reform clubs in their region.

His method surprised and pleased every one. It was the first instance of the inebriate rising up in favor of temperance in Michigan, and consequently it was a source of considerable surprise and admiration. If the drunkard came forward of his own will, and became a strong advocate to total abstinence, every one should follow his good example.

Dr. Reynolds went to Jackson, and on the following Sabbath held a meeting. The hall was literally packed, and he made a most favorable impression. The people were intensely enthusiastic, and took the matter up in the right spirit. The work here never flagged for even a day, but grew all the more strong and more permanent with the flight of time. The Reform Club was a strong power; and the secretary of it was a reclaimed man, notorious as one of the hardest drinkers in the place. He more than acceptably filled his honorable position. Jackson became known as "the temperance missionary center" of the State, for having sent out a number of reformed men, who did excellent work in other fields.

Dr. Reynolds' advent in the Saginaw Valley was marked with very flattering success. He carried everything before him. East Saginaw had 600 signatures to his pledge, mostly hard-drinking men; and Saginaw City fully 290. His success was so signal in this section alone that the entire State of Michigan was aroused to an intense pitch of excitement, and from that time the name of Henry A. Reynolds was upon everyone's lips. Everybody caught the intensity of feeling, the earnestness and enthusiasm that radiated from him; and the temperence movement was pushed onward with glorious results. Michigan took him in, and accepted him in his true light—a hero, and one sent by God to rouse the fallen and the drunken to a fitting sense of their awful position and to save them for future lives of honor and usefulness.

The next point of the doctor's labor was Detroit. The Rev. Dr. Eddy of this city was instrumental in bringing the reformer to this place. It was the reverend gentleman's fixed intention that the red-ribbon movement should commence here, and through Mrs. Geddes the arrangement was partially consummated. The doctor offered his services for a movement in Detroit; but no one there appeared willing to accept them. A meeting of ministers had been called; but nothing definite could be arrived at save that the movement would not be successful in Detroit as it was in other places. The expense that would necessarily attend it no one was ready to meet. The Young Men's Christian Association was unwilling to take it in hand. The only body in the city that stepped forward to help Dr. Reynolds was the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. This band of earnest and devoted Christian women were, however, brave and zealous enough to inaugurate a dozen temperance movements. Entirely through them was the doctor enabled to labor in this city.

The Opera House was engaged by them, at seventy-five dollars per diem. They extensively advertised the doctor's coming and notified the public well of this new departure in temperance reform.

The first meeting was largely attended and the people were enthusiastic. A large number signed the pledge. The enthusiam grew more intense each day, and finally the whole city was alive to the work going on under Dr. Reynolds' direction. The Sunday afternoon meeting was an event in the annals of Detroit. Long before the appointed time there was an immense crowd waiting at the doors of the Opera House, and when they were flung open, and the people settled in their seats, the place was filled from pit to gallery. The applause that greeted the doctor that day was something long to be remembered. The excitement was great. Over five hundred men took the pledge, men addicted to strong drink for years. There were nine hundred signers in the evening, some of whom were gentlemen of high social and political standing. D. Bethune Duffield, a noted attorney-at-law, signed the pledge on this occasion. He was afterwards elected first president upon the organization of the Reform Club. The following citation from a communication to *Our Union*, a woman's temperance organ published in Brooklyn, N. Y., gives an interesting report of the method of the Reynolds meetings as illustrated in the Detroit work :

" The meetings were held in the Detroit Opera House, which was crowded from the first. On the second afternoon a meeting composed entirely of men was held, and after telling his own history in his usual touching manner, Dr. Reynolds read the constitution of the 'Detroit Reform Club,' an organization which he declared should be separate and distinct from every other society or order in existence, composed only of men who had passed the age of eighteen, and who at some time during their lives had been more or less addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors. He then appealed to the audience to come forward and join the red-ribbon brigade, if not for themselves, for the good which their example might do to others. A most remarkable scene ensued. The vast audience rose to its feet and joined in singing hymns, while the aisles of the parquette were crowded with men pressing forward to

the orchestra circle, where the pledges were waiting for signatures, young and old, rich and poor, among them many who have heretofore been known as fast young men of the town. In order to facilitate matters a number of pledge-rolls were sent up into the galleries, and others were placed upon the stage and signed by large numbers who passed across in unbroken line from one wing to the other. Thus 547 names were obtained.

"The first regular meeting of this club was held at Young Men's hall, Mr. Beecher having generously placed the rooms at the disposal of the knights of the red ribbon. Over a thousand names were by that time enrolled, a boy's Reform Club being also started.

"A ladies' meeting was also held in the First Congregational Church, composed exclusively of ladies. The meeting was opened with prayer by Mrs. Dr. Stewart, and the singing of a hymn, after which addresses were made by Dr. Reynolds, Mrs. Lathrop, of Jackson, Mrs. Geddes, of Adrian, and a number of ladies belonging to the Women's Christiam Temperance Alliance of this city. When Dr. Reynolds finally left Detroit for Jackson, he was accompanied to the depot by a body of over 1,000 red ribbons. It should be mentioned that among those signing the pledge the last evening, was a saloon keeper on the corner of Michigan avenue and Second street, and those who go there this morning to get their daily drams, will find the door locked and ornamented with a large red ribbon. Dr. Reynolds remarked, after the adjournment, that he had never before accomplished so much for the cause of temperance in four days' work as he had during his brief stay in Detroit."

The statement that "in the city of Detroit there were formerly a hundred arrests a month for drunkenness, and the number during the red-ribbon seige had diminished to nearly one-half that number," proves beyond all dispute what great results were brought about by Dr. Reynolds while there. During the four days he was there no arrests were made for

drunkenness, and, according to the *Free Press*, nine days before his advent there were sixty arrests for drunkenness and disturbing the peace, and for the nine days following it there were only eleven.

A Red Ribbon Club was organized by the police force; and these guardians of the public's peace are now to be seen going about with their piece of red ribbon next to their official badge.

Up to date the Detroit Reform Club reports the goodly membership of three thousand seven hundred. This is the largest Reform Club in the country.

Dr. and Mrs. Reynolds, the latter of whom is also an ardent worker in the temperance cause, held meetings for three days in Pontiac, and the result was a harvest of four hundred and thirty-eight. It now has over seven hundred members in its club.

At Lansing Dr. Reynolds achieved no little success. He had here the assistance of Dr. Duffield, and Messrs. Crosby and Pruden. The place was very excited over the movement; and the work was interesting and almost inspired. Lansing never had been moved before as Dr. Reynolds moved it. The Reform Club had over a thousand drinking men enrolled as members, among whom were the members of the Lansing common council and a number of the members of the legislature. In a very short time it increased to twelve hundred. This fact is remarkable when we take into consideration that Lansing has only eighteen hundred and fifty voting voices.

The Woman's Temperance Union here organized a "White Ribbon Club;" the membership of which was four hundred and sixty-three. A knot of white ribbon is worn by the ladies on the right shoulder.

The following speech, delivered by Dr. Reynolds at one of the Lansing meetings, will be perused with interest, as he clearly defines his position and work in the world:

"I stand before this audience a reformed drunkard. I was born a drunkard, and I have suffered in every way that a man could suffer by strong drink. At thirty-six years old I was a

drunkard and a pauper. I had earned thirty thousand dollars by my profession, and the whole of it had gone in sprees. I was the unhappiest man in the world: I wished for death, but I had not the courage to take my own life. I have drawn the charges from my pistol, burned my razors, and thrown poisons from my window lest I should use them for my death in some insane moment.

"When the Woman's Crusade rose in the West, I cursed it. The great wave rolled to the East until it reached my native State. Women who had prayed in private, and had besought and agonized over a drunken husband, or son, or brother, driven to desperation, united their prayers in public for the lifting of the curse which was crushing them. Still I cursed them. I felt indignant enough to kill my own sister if she should join such a movement. But at last, as I was walking my office one day, on the verge of *delirium tremens*, I bethought me in this last extremity to appeal to God. And then this poor, ragged, trembling wreck of humanity fell on his knees, and alone, in the presence of his Maker, poured out his soul, and raised a last despairing cry for that relief which God alone could give.

"I rose up another man. I promised God that I would publicly renounce the thralldom of alcohol, and a few days afterward I went to the woman's meeting in my native city of Bangor, and publicly signed the pledge of total abstinence. Then I went to work among my friends. But before I knew it I had kicked my practice overboard, and stood fully committed to this work—the work of saving drunkards by the power of love.

"The first red ribbon worn in Congress will go into the House of Representatives on the coat of Edwin Willetts, of Monroe, Mich.

"You want to know why we have a red ribbon? Well, I will tell you. A few years ago a lot of good, big-hearted, whole-souled fellows, who had been in the habit of drinking, got together and resolved that they would rather wear a red

ribbon than a red nose. And they acted accordingly. The ribbon is tied in a hard knot, you see, for the reason that no man would like to go into a saloon and ask for a drink with that badge on ; and while he was stopping to untie it, the Lord would come in, and cast the devil of appetite out of him, and save him."

At the meeting when the above "talk," as the doctor calls his addresses—was delivered, an interesting episode occurred. A young lady whose escort was about to pass by on the other side, told him quietly yet firmly that he must sign the pledge or bid her good-night there and then. Seeing that she was really in earnest, he said, "Well, I'm in for it, so here goes!" and he signed the pledge. He was more than repaid for what he had done by the smile she favored him with as he took her arm through his and they went on together.

Good work was done, and flourishing Reform Clubs started by the doctor at Ypsilanti, Battle Creek, Benton Harbor and other points in the State. When much faith had been exercised and "patience had her perfect work," light broke gloriously in an immense meeting held in Bay City on the evening of January 21, 1877. Westover's Opera House was filled with a great throng and a Reform Club was organized, which enrolled two hundred and thirty-seven names at once. Dr. Reynolds went, the last four weeks of his work in Michigan, to the frontier settlements of the Upper Peninsula, and here met with his usual success. In the Lower Frontier the civilized Indians organized a club of their own at Indian Town, in Autumn county. They signed the pledge ; and were able to keep it, and were fully as enthusiastic as their white brothers.

In Three Rivers there are one thousand members of the red-ribbon clubs, and three hundred of the white. At Albion almost all the population were carried by storm, and within two months four hundred and five signers have enrolled themselves. In two days the town of Muir responded to the efforts of Dr. Reynolds by a club of eighty-five signers. Port Huron and Grand Rapids yielded to its influence, and organ-

ized a club of several hundreds each. Grand Haven in four days had four hundred and twenty-five signatures to the Reynolds pledge—the U. S. Senator Thomas W. Ferry being one of the signers. The Village of Mount Clemens, with but sixteen hundred inhabitants, at one meeting obtained over one hundred members to its club. The most prominent liquor dealer of the place was one of the first to sign the pledge. He poured all his liquor on the ground. In a single week this small place had two hundred and sixty-five names to the pledge.

Kalamazoo has a Reform Club of a membership of seven hundred and seventy-eight. Flint sends in a report of over two hundred. Muskegon has fourteen hundred members in its Reform Club.

These reports go far to show what a good and great work was done in Michigan by Dr. Reynolds: and they prove that the people of this State are fully aware of the dangers and pitfalls King Alcohol raises in their way, and are determined to vanquish him, no matter how long or how hard the fight may be.

It is a strange fact that many were doubtful of the doctor's success in Michigan; not doubtful of him as a worker in the temperance cause, but as being able to induce the people to become temperate. There had been such a complete lull after the "crusade," that almost every one believed temperance would never become popular again, and in consequence of this feeling the doctor's reception in some cities was rather cold than warm. This, however, was soon changed by him into positive enthusiasm. Now, at Muskegon, the pastors of the several churches there, having been written to by the manager of the doctor's appointments offering him for a series of meetings in that town, answered that they deemed it advisable for the doctor not to come to their city for awhile, as there were religious revivals going on at the time. The following correspondence later on took place:

"MUSKEGON, *January* 18, 1877.

"*Mrs. J. M. Geddes—Dear Madam:* You remember I

wrote you that, on account of revival work in this city, I did not know that arrangements had better be made to have Dr. Reynolds come here. This revival still continues. But I am inclined to think, judging by the favorable reports I hear, that if Dr. Reynolds should come it would not only incline many intemperate men to a better life, but also help in the glorious work of saving souls. Our city is cursed terribly with intemperance ; we have nearly ten thousand inhabitants, and saloons by the score."

After the doctor had left this place, the same pastor wrote as follows to Mrs. Geddes :

"MUSKEGON, *March* 7, 1877.

"Dr. Reynolds has been the humble instrument in the hands of God of a great deal of good in this city. The Christian people here had carefully prepared the way by preliminary work and earnest prayer. His first audience numbered nearly one thousand ; the Saturday evening meeting was larger than that of Friday evening. The meeting on Sunday afternoon was for men only, and was attended by nearly one thousand. Two hundred and fifty-five men joined the Reform Club that afternoon. In the evening a very large public meeting was held, and many more accessions were secured to the club.

"Monday afternoon a meeting for women was held in the audience room of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Over three hundred ladies joined the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. On Monday evening another very large meeting, for men, was held in Union Hall. It was attended with great enthusiasm, the men sometimes being fairly wild with excitement, and breaking out into deafening cheers. The club was increased to more than five hundred and seventy.

"This morning the Reform Club, led by a fine brass band, and attended by our city pastors, escorted Dr. Reynolds to the depot, and he departed for Big Rapids. His departure left, as results, a Reform Clnb, of six hundred and three men; a Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of three hundred

and sixty ladies: and one thousand signers to the total abstinence pledge.

"Yours truly, C. L. BARNHARDT,
"*Pastor M. E. Church.*"

So the glorious work rolled through the State from town to town with an enthusiasm that seemed infectious. The callous and indifferent were awakened into a new and earnest life, and the hard crust of what may be called hack-horse religion was broken up. New power was poured into the veins and arteries of all the social forces, which co-operate for good. Much of the success of the Reynolds movement is to be attributed to his natural, easy, informal manner as a speaker and processes as a worker.

The methods of Dr. Reynolds were marked by the utmost simplicity. This delightful phase in his movement surprised and charmed everyone. He first organized a club of men who had been more or less addicted to the use of intoxicating drink, and who had attained the age of eighteen years; he then appealed to the Christian women of the locality to throw about them the blessed shield of their love and sympathy, and finished his work of preparation by impressing upon the citizens at large the necessity of upholding the club with hearty and substantial assistance.

"The meetings of the club are on a secular evening of each week," a good authority informs us; "and on Sunday afternoons or evenings the clubs, with the Woman's Christan Temperance Unions, hold public meetings, which are always crowded. The order of exercises at these public meetings consists of prayer, reading of the scriptures, and brief addresses by reformed men, interspersed with singing gospel songs. As the clubs increase one by one, the leaders of the towns join the ranks, until now in scores of towns of Massachusetts, and several of the Western States, a public sentiment has been created which ostracizes the drinking man from good society.

"The insignia of Dr. Reynolds is a piece of red ribbon, and any man wearing it is received wherever he chooses to go in a manner that clearly shows how the public regard it. It is a

signal to which all good Christian people respond with deep interest and sympathy.

"The motto, 'Dare to do Right,' is most appropriate, and has taken its place as a great favorite among the familiar suggestive expressions of the times."

The pledge signed by each member, and the constitution and by-laws adopted by reform clubs, as inaugurated by Dr. Reynolds and his earnest co-workers, are as follows:

Whereas, Having seen and felt the evils of intemperance, therefore,

Resolved, That we, the undersigned, for our own good and the good of the world in which we live, do hereby promise and engage with the help of Almighty God, to abstain from buying, selling or using alcoholic or malt beverages, wine and cider included. And that we shall accomplish the greatest possible amount of good, and work most effectually, we hereby adopt for our government the following constitution and by-laws:

ARTICLE I.

This organization shall be called and known as the —— Reform Club.

ARTICLE II.

It shall be the duty of each member of the Club to work in the interests of the same by inducing all those who are addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks to sign our pledge and become faithful members of the Club.

ARTICLE III.

All male persons of the age of eighteen years and upwards, who have been in the habit of using intoxicating liquor to a greater or less extent, are eligible to membership in this Club.

ARTICLE IV.

The officers of this Club shall consist of a President, three Vice-Presidents, Secretary, Financial Secretary, Treasurer, one Steward, two Marshals, one Sergeant-at-Arms, Executive Committee of five, and Finance Committee of three.

The Executive and Finance Committees shall be appointed by the President and approved by the Club.

ARTICLE V.

It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Club, to preserve order, enforce the constitution and by-laws of the Club, see that the officers perform their respective duties, sign all documents issued by the Club, call special meetings when it is deemed expedient, or, upon the written request of twelve or more of the members of the Club, cause the Secretary to notify the members of such meetings, and approve all bills.

ARTICLE VI.

In the absence of the President the senior Vice-President shall preside, and while in the chair shall exercise all the powers of the President.

ARTICLE VII.

It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a correct record of the proceedings of the Club, notify members of special meetings, attest all bills approved by the President and Executive and Finance Committees, conduct the correspondence, make a report of the doings of the Club during his term of office, and at the end of the year hand over all books, papers, and other property to his successor in office.

He will call the roll of officers at all business meetings, and keep a record of absentees.

ARTICLE VIII.

It shall be the duty of the Financial Secretary to keep a just and true account between himself and the Club, and between the Club and its members ; to receive all moneys from the hands of the brethren, and at the close of each meeting pay the same to the Treasurer, taking his receipt therefor. He shall, when called upon by the President, furnish a statement of accounts and a list of all members in arrears for dues

ARTICLE IX.

It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all moneys

from the hands of the Financial Secretary, keep a just and true account of the same, and pay it out only on an order authorized by a vote of the Club, signed by the President and Secretary, and approved of by the Finance Committee. He shall also, before taking office, give bonds that shall be satisfactory to the President and Finance Committee, in a sum that shall not be less than two hundred dollars, or such other larger amount which shall be satisfactory to the President and Finance Committee, prepare and present at the annual and quarterly meetings (or oftener, if required) a true statement of the financial condition of the Club, and of all moneys received and disbursed by him, and at the expiration of his term of office hand over all books, papers, and other property in his possession to his successor in office.

ARTICLE X.

It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to have a general oversight of the affairs of the Club, examine and report all violations of the pledge, investigate and report quarterly the progress of the Club.

ARTICLE XI.

It shall be the duty of the Finance Committee to examine and report on all bills brought before them, audit the accounts of the Financial Secretary and Treasurer, and make a report of the same to the Club at least once a quarter, or when otherwise called upon to do so.

ARTICLE XII.

It shall be the duty of the Marshals to take charge of all public prosecutions.

ARTICLE XIII.

It shall be the duty of the Steward to have charge of the property of the Club not under the control of any of its officers.

ARTICLE XIV.

It shall be the duty of the Sergeant-at-Arms to take charge of the door of the Club-room, and assist the President in preserving order during all meetings of the Club.

ARTICLE XV.

Fifteen members in good standing shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

ARTICLE XVI.

Any person who is eligible to membership in this Order shall, upon signing this constitution, become a member thereof; but should an objection be raised in any case, the President shall immediately, without discussion, order a ballot.

The affirmative vote of two-thirds of all the members present shall be necessary to elect the candidate.

ARTICLE XVII.

All meetings of this Club shall be conducted free from all political or sectarian discussions.

ARTICLE XVIII.

The officers of this Club shall be elected on the last Wednesday in December, by ballot, and installed the first Wednesday in January in each year ; but should either of these days fall upon a holiday, then the election and installation shall take place on the Wednesday next following

ARTICLE XIX.

Any member of this Club who shall violate his pledge thereby forfeits his membership, but may again become a member by acknowledging the same, and paying the sum of twenty-five cents, as in the case of new members, and signing the constitution anew.

ARTICLE XX.

It shall be the duty of the President, upon receiving reliable information of a member having violated his pledge, to report the same to the Executive Committee, who shall investigate the case, and report the same to the Club at the next meeting.

ARTICLE XXI.

All reports of committees shall be made in writing, and signed by such members as indorse the sentiments contained therein.

ARTICLE XXII.

Any officer absenting himself from four regular meetings, without good and sufficient reason, his seat shall be declared vacant, and an election by ballot shall be held the same evening to fill the vacancy.

ARTICLE XXIII.

All official documents issued for the Club shall be signed by the President and Secretary.

ARTICLE XXIV.

Members whose names have been stricken from the books for non-payment of dues may again renew their membership by paying all back dues during such time, and signing the constitution anew.

ARTICLE XXV.

Any officer wishing to resign his office shall give the Club at least one week's notice before his resignation can be acted upon.

ARTICLE XXVI.

Any member in good standing who may wish to withdraw from the Club shall, upon a vote from the Club in the affirmative, be entitled to an honorable discharge.

ARTICLE XXVII.

This constitution may be altered or amended at any regular or special meeting of the Club, provided such alteration or amendment shall have been submitted in writing at the previous regular meeting.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

1. Opening.
2. Roll call of officers.
3. Reading of the minutes.
4. Applications for membership.
5. Communications.
6. Reports of committees.
7. Unfinished business.
8. New business.

9. Has any brother violated his pledge?
10. Remarks for the good of the Club.
11. Receipts of the evening.
12. Adjournment.

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.

The meetings of this Club shall be held every Wednesday evening at seven and one-half o'clock, until otherwise ordered, and the public meetings shall be held at such time and place as the Club may decide.

ARTICLE II.

On the first Wednesday in each month the regular meetings of the Club will be held, at which members will pay their monthly assessments, the Financial Secretary calling the roll, and members paying as their names are called. This will not prevent any member from paying at business meetings. Each and every member shall pay the sum of twenty-five cents monthly.

ARTICLE III.

Any member one month in arrears for dues will be notified by the Financial Secretary, and if his dues remain unpaid for four weeks after said notification, without good and sufficient reason being given for the non-payment thereof, he shall, upon the two-thirds vote of all members present, be suspended.

ARTICLE IV.

The following questions shall not be debatable: 1st. A motion to adjourn, when to adjourn simply. 2d. A motion to lay on the table. 3d. A motion for the previous question. 4th. A motion to take up a particular item of business.

ARTICLE V.

No member shall speak more than twice on one subject, unless he be the mover or seconder, unless by permission of the President.

ARTICLE VI.

No member shall be allowed to use any personal language

toward another, and any member indulging in personalities shall be deemed out of order, and if persisted in after being called to order, shall be deprived of the privilege of membership for that evening. Any member using insulting or indecent language in connection with the officers and members of this Club may, upon a two-thirds vote of the members present at any meeting, be expelled from said Club.

ARTICLE VII.

Should it be deemed necessary to take up a collection to defray expenses at any public meeting, it shall be done by a committee appointed by the President, and they will hand the amount over to the Financial Secretary, or, in his absence, to the Secretary, who shall pay it over to the Treasurer, taking his receipt for the same.

ARTICLE VIII.

These by-laws may be amended or suspended at any regular meeting by a two-thirds vote of all members present.

Before entering further into a history of the Reynolds temperance movement, which, after it left Massachusetts and the East, was to assume its most striking aspects as a matter of public interest, in Illinois and Michigan, a few words will be necessary to give a clue to the *modus operandi* of his work as compared with that of the other great temperance wave, that of Francis Murphy. The latter advocate of reform has pursued his plans by the effect of magnetic sympathy and aratorical effect in great mass meetings; utilizing in connection therewith the peculiar and intense dramatic appeal of speeches, from the platform, of those who had been converted by the influence of his addresses. This use of one of the powerful factors in the discipline of the Methodist church organization, an influence of its kind hardly less stringent than that of the Romish Confessional in its force in swaying human motive and action, has been alluded to before. It has emphasized itself as one of the most marked features of the Murphy movement, judged as a system of influences brought to bear

on the popular mind. On the other hand, while Dr. Reynolds has not ignored this phase of effort, it has been an incidental feature in the method of his work.

The Reynolds movement may be summed up briefly as a system of reform clubs, organized with special reference to the results to be attained. The Murphy work has been done in connection with vast assemblies, newspaper celebrity, and that passionate ferment of all classes from the scholar, the clergyman, the doctor, the lawyer—in a word, the man of social distinction—down to the humble laborer, who toils with his hands for his daily bread. The Reynolds work has been pursued more quietly, and as a consequence, however stable and powerful in its effects, has not attained the same popular excitement. A marked characteristic of Dr. Reynolds' peculiar labors is the direct outcome of the circumstances of his own reform as an individual, and he has since made it a most telling agency in carrying out his grand work. We refer to that great power in society, which for the good and evil has moulded the minds of men so organically from the earliest days to the present time, the power of woman. Dr. Reynolds was drifted by circumstance into connection with a woman's temperance organization, when he first took the pledge. Both gratitude and policy, we may assume, have caused him to make the influence of woman a permanent and characteristic element of his work. The woman's crusade was one of the most extraordinary and significant facts in the history of American temperance. It may in fact be cited as an unparalleled outburst in the social phenomena of reform. Dr. Reynolds' alliance with this agency has become so direct, that we are impelled to enlarge somewhat on the phases of the women's temperance work for several years back, though we can only speak of it in general terms. Emphatically we may assert that it is utterly impossible to give even the slightest conception of the work and the methods of Dr. Henry A. Reynolds without describing the Women's Temperance Unions, or, we should say, the immortal "Crusade," as the two

great movements go together hand in hand, and are identified with one another.

The flash of light that helped to arouse thousands to the frightful evils of intemperance and the blessed results of total abstinence, rayed out from the town of Hillsboro, Ohio, in 1873. Dr. Dio Lewis, in a lecture at this place, related in a most effective manner how, forty years before, his pious mother, the wife of a wretched drunkard, who was struggling to feed, clothe and educate her young and helpless family, went with a band of devoted women who had a similar sorrow, to the different tavern-keepers, and kneeling down in each bar-room, prayed with and for the proprietors, and besought them to abandon a business that was cursing their neighbors and bringing want and suffering into many once happy homes. These efforts were crowned with success. After narrating this pathetic story of his mother, the noted lecturer asked all the women present, who were willing to follow her example, to rise, and in response nearly the entire audience sprang to their feet. From that evening was born the crusade. Meetings were held, and the women, strengthened by long and earnest prayer, commenced their work. They went to the druggists where wine was sold to genteel customers, and to saloons, and prayed and sang gospel songs out on the cold pavements, sometimes in blinding storms, for it was in the winter season.

To rescue their beloved husbands, fathers and sons, from the maddening cup, these women, who knew the refinement and luxury of elegant homes, and the culture of study and travel, bravely faced the wrath of infuriated mobs. An excellent authority has truly and aptly remarked that "the record of those days and months will never be fully read this side eternity."

It was soon evident that the gigantic work they had undertaken would consume the labor of years; and that some other plan, equally efficient, must be adopted.

In the spring of 1874, conventions were called in various States by these brave women, the results of which were State

organizations for future work. A grand national convention was held in Cleveland, Ohio, in November, 1874, for the purpose of uniting and combining State bodies. From that time the work steadily progressed, and was very successful. There are up to date twenty-two States organized auxiliary to the national body, and almost numberless local unions in every State in the Union, except the extreme south, and the territories of the far west. An International Union was formed in 1876, our "centennial year," and now the women of Europe are working away with the same will and power characteristic of their American sisters.

The only sure safety for the seller and drinker of intoxicating drinks was faith in the Lord Jesus. The crusaders recognized this most emphatic fact from the very outset, and acted upon it accordingly. Gospel temperance meetings were inaugurated in every part of this vast country, and the men and women, to whom religion was long an unknown and ridiculous spectacle, unworthy their slightest attention, flocked in immense crowds to them like thirsty souls.

Twenty meetings were held weekly in Cleveland; in Brooklyn the same number; in Chicago fourteen; in New York city nine; and in Newark eight. Every local union has a weekly prayer-meeting, and many of them have public temperance services on Sabbath afternoons, sometimes in churches, sometimes in public halls or beer gardens; mothers' meetings, where the poor come with their children, and have a simple supper after the exercises; meetings in prisons and in jail, whither nine-tenths are brought through drink alone; Bible classes of reformed men; cottage prayer-meetings, especially in the houses of the dissipated; among sailors, who are particularly subject to temptation; in inebriate and Magdalen asylums, hospitals and bethel homes. Our authority says, "over two hundred such meetings are held by women in the city of New York, in mission and charitable institutions. In several cities, as in Chicago, Brooklyn, New York and Cleveland, a daily temperance prayer-meeting has been sustained

since the beginning of the crusade. All these meetings mean time, labor and consecration. Who shall say that the work has ceased ?"

One of the most successful agents employed to elevate and educate the people is the work of petition. In this way while influence had been brought to bear upon the legislature, temperance conversations were held in tens of thousands of homes. Indiana sent a petition with 23,000 signatures, praying for a voice in the local-option election, and helped to circulate a general petition which had the large number of 75,000 names. The women of Rhode Island secnred the signatures of 10,000 women to a petition for the suppression of the traffic, and carried it before the legislature. Their prayer was granted; but the law was repealed when the new officers were elected. Massachusetts women sent a petition to Congress having 22,000 names, and one for the repeal of the new license law, having 10,000. The women of Ohio kept the politicians constantly agitated by their petitioning. A monster petition with hundreds of thousands of names, from all the states, was carried by a delegation of women to Congress, asking for a commission of inquiry in regard to the liquor traffic.

The greater number of the men who attended the gospel meetings had no homes, no cheery place to pass an evening except in a saloon, or no where to board except where a bar offered constant and usually successful temptation. Friendly inns, consisting of a reading-room, dining-room and sleeping apartments, were established in nearly all the leading cities. Cleveland had five; Rochester two; Syracuse one; where over 600 men renounced their cups; Buffalo one, where 200 signed the pledge in a very short time; and scores more in other towns. Massachusetts had twenty-six reading-rooms; Iowa twenty-two; Ohio twelve; Illinois eight; Pennsylvania five; Wisconsin and Michigan a very large number, and nearly all of the other States several in each.

The women strove to reach the next generation through the children and their auxiliary juvenile societies in Manches-

ter, N. H., Syracuse, Pittsburgh, New York, Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. In Oregon and Tennessee, the women train the little children for the good fight. It was deemed advisable that a temperance literature should be provided for the youthful mind; and the idea was formed and carried out with no little success. The children were taught to sing temperance songs, and to recite from wisely prepared catechisms.

The young women of the country brought their valuable aid in taking charge of juvenile societies, holding day and night schools, and sewing-schools for girls; assisting inebriate families, and so formed public opinion, as to make it unpopular and even disgraceful for young men to imbibe.

It was also attempted to form a society in all seminaries and colleges for young women, because the latter, as they go out from school, would become centers of influence.

This plan met with general favor. The cause and its earnest advocates had a day and sometimes a couple of days given them at the great summer gathering, as Old Orchard Beach, Chatauqua Lake, and other places. Medical bodies were invited to give their views on the uses of alcohol. They always sided with the temperance advocates. The laity came forward *en masse* and took the cause by the hand, and worked nobly for it from the very beginning.

The officers of the National Union gave up everything to further the good work, travelling at any time and to any distance to hold and conduct temperance meetings and conventions. But, of course, the great work was done by the almost numberless local "Women's Temperance Unions," scattered throughout the different States; silently and unostentatiously toiling like the coral insects under the surface of the foaming sea, and building the deep foundations on which smiling islands and continents are anchored fast.

Dr. Reynolds instantly puts himself into harness with the "Women's Temperance Union," and the two co-operate with

the most surprising results, as the statistics we shall by-and-by collate will suggest.

This bond of alliance is furthermore expressed by the badge of the white ribbon, worn by women and children, otherwise the same as the red-ribbon token born by the members of the reform clubs, directly organized by Dr. Reynolds. The potency of the social influence thus put into operation, can hardly be measured by one who has not directly watched its workings. These earnest, praying women give their dissipated husbands, fathers, sons, sweet-hearts or friends, no peace till they consent to go and hear one of Reynolds' talks, and submit themselves to his influence.

So deeply stamped on the heart of the Michigan people has been their recognition of the value of the Reynolds' work, that it was publicly indorsed and approved by the legislature. Representative R. B. Robbins, of Lenawee county, offered the following concurrent resolution in the house of representatives, by unanimous consent, which was adopted by both houses, without a dissenting vote, handsomely engrossed, signed by the presiding officers of both houses and the governor, the State seal affixed, and the whole handsome and valuable testimonial presented to Dr. Reynolds :

Resolved (the Senate concurring), *That*, in the recent work introduced into this State by *Dr. Henry A. Reynolds*, we recognize a reform so beneficent in its aims, and so wise in its measures, as to have won public confidence in an unprecedented degree,—not only achieving marvellous results in its effects upon individuals, families and communities, but promising to be so far-reaching in its influence as of necessity to greatly diminish poverty and crime, the expenses of almshouses, police courts and prisons, as well as the demands upon private and public charity ; and promising also to solve the much-vexed problem of tramps, vagrants, paupers and convicts—striking, as it does, at the root of pauperism and crime.

Resolved, that to *Dr. Henry A. Reynolds*, the originator

and prosecutor of this reform, as developed in this State, we tender grateful appreciation and thanks.

Approved May 3, 1877.

CHARLES M. CROSWELL.

ALONZO SESSIONS,

[Seal.] *President of the Senate.*

JOHN T. RICH,

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

A well known gentleman writing to a leading paper, in speaking of Reynolds, says: "I feel safe in saying that in the whole history of our State (Michigan) no one man ever did so much for the moral, social (and I think I might add, material) interests of the State." *Who ever before heard of a legislature commending a temperance worker?*

In local meetings, in camp-meetings and conventions, the enthusiasm has grown and spread, and the contagion of the influence has run like wild-fire. Even in the backwoods and the wilds of the State the grand wave has rolled, and left its marks. Some of the incidents that have occurred are very well worth recording, and one of these we give. Towards the close of the late camp-meeting at Petoskey, Michigan, a very interesting episode took place. The evening was one of those beautiful evenings that make one quiet and speechless with their great beauty. Sailing through the clouds was the harvest moon; and the long rays of silver light glistened through the thick trees, and lit up the inspired face of a lady, who had given her entire time and talents to the temperance work, and who, at this moment, was entreating all to come forward and allow her to tie on the red ribbon. The very air seemed tremulous with the prayers of the crowd assembled there to worship, and the eye of God seemed to be regarding the scene. While the lady was entreating the people to take the pledge, an old Indian chief was led forward gently by two of his tribe. With the well-known majesty of his race he approached, and said in the low, singing tones peculiar to his people: "I am Petoskey, chief of the Indian people. I want

to take the pledge from the white lady, and let her fingers tie the red ribbon on old Petoskey's coat." How the lady's lovely face brightened and glowed at that! She stepped down from the platform and went to him. "My dear brother," she said, in a voice very suggestive of joyful tears; "far away from the blue Atlantic I have come from my home, in the green Emerald Isle, where all I love lies sleeping, to take you by the hand and call you, chief of the Indian tribe, my brother. I welcome you as you clasp hands with us, workers in this sacred cause of temperance, a cause which means not alone patriotism, nationality, but, blessed be God, it means religion. I shall go on my way stronger as I remember up here in the wilds of Northern Michigan our numbers are strengthened by Petoskey's signature."

"I'll meet you beyond that sky there, and shall need no more moon or sun, for He will be the light thereof." And with that the dignified old chief retired as he came.

The following resolutions were passed by the State Congregational Association, which closed its session at Ann Arbor, on May 18, 1877. Rev. Ira C. Billman, chairman of the committee on temperance, offered the following report and resolutions, which were adopted:

"*Whereas*, The cause of temperance, one of the most practical workings of Christianity, embracing many of the dearest interests of humanity, social and religious, has received a great and far-reaching impetus in our State within the last few months, especially under the forms of what are popularly known as the red-ribbon movement, the Woman's Temperance Union, and the Children's Band.

"*Resolved*, That we have devout cause of thanksgiving to God and encouragement for still more untiring devotion to this arm of the Master's service, and that as ministers and churches, we lend our influence to promote their utilization.

"*Resolved*, That especial mention be made of Dr. H. A. Reynolds, who has been confessedly, under God, the efficient instrument in this great work, and we recommend him, from

personal knowledge, to the confidence of all to whom this may reach. We also express, in this connection, our appreciation of the services of Mrs. Norman Geddes, of Plymouth Society, Adrian, through whose efforts he was secured at first, and who has by continued inspiring assistance, planned and encouraged the great campaign."

The following letter to the Rev. W. H. Daniels, A. M., will be perused with general satisfaction as it graphically tells the story of the first Juvenile Reform Club in Michigan :—

"ADRIAN, December 18, 1877.

"*Dear Sir:*—I belong to the Reform Club of Adrian, and I thought that my little boy, nine years, might be benefited by attending the meetings with me. When the pledge was read he came to me, and asked if he couldn't sign. I told him no; he was not old enough yet; that he must be eighteen years old before he could become a member of the society. He replied that nine years was a long time to wait: and I thought it was, with all the influences that tend to draw our boys from virtue and from God. Nine years hence he might be anything but a fit subject for a temperance society. It troubled me, and I told him that I would write him out a pledge, and he and his little sister and play-fellows could sign it, and have a little society of their own, which pleased him very much.

"Thanksgiving morning I wrote this pledge :—

"'We promise that we will not use any cider, wine, beer, ale, or other intoxicating liquor.

"'We promise that we will neither smoke, chew, nor use tobacco in any form.'

"He wrote his name, Charley T. Boyd, on the pledge, and said he would have his play-fellows come and sign. Shortly six or eight came in with him, and, after reading the pledge carefully to them, they put their names to it. I gave them a red ribbon for not drinking, and a blue one for not smoking or chewing, and tied the badges in their button-holes. These few went out after more, and they kept me busy almost the whole of Thanksgiving day, and at night I had on the roll

about five hundred boys who wore the badge, and dared to do right.

"The fathers and mothers became interested in the work, and gave the boys a grand reception, in the Opera House, where over five hundred boys marched, with drums and banners and flags, to such a table as they had never before seen. The musicians gave the boys a short concert, we had a little speaking and then supper.

"I have had the pledge always open for signers here in the city, and have visited and helped to organize, in almost every town in the county, clubs of both old and young persons, to the number of over fourteen hundred boys and girls, and hundreds of men and women. It is a good work to lift degraded ones out of the ditch, and help them to be sober men and women; but I love to take these pure children, and lead them up into manhood without the sufferings which the drunkard undergoes—for in the children is our country's hope.

"I remain, sir, respectfully yours,

"R. W. Boyd."

Such was the grand work of the temperance reformer in Michigan: a work which ranks for solid fruits with, perhaps, any in the history of the movement. There were formed in the State under the direction of Dr. Reynolds two hundred lodges, with a membership of 100,000. There were at least 200,000 all told, as nearly as we can judge by the statistics, who were influenced to forsake the evil habit of drinking and put themselves on the side of right and true manhood. The influence of Dr. Reynolds proved a sure, strong anchor, for it transformed his converts into an army of workers, who not only deepened and solidified their own reformation, but won over others to the good cause both by the force of precept and example. God's blessing rested on the efforts of the earnest missionary, and his harvest was such as delighted and encouraged the hearts of all that loved God and humanity.

CHAPTER XXIV.

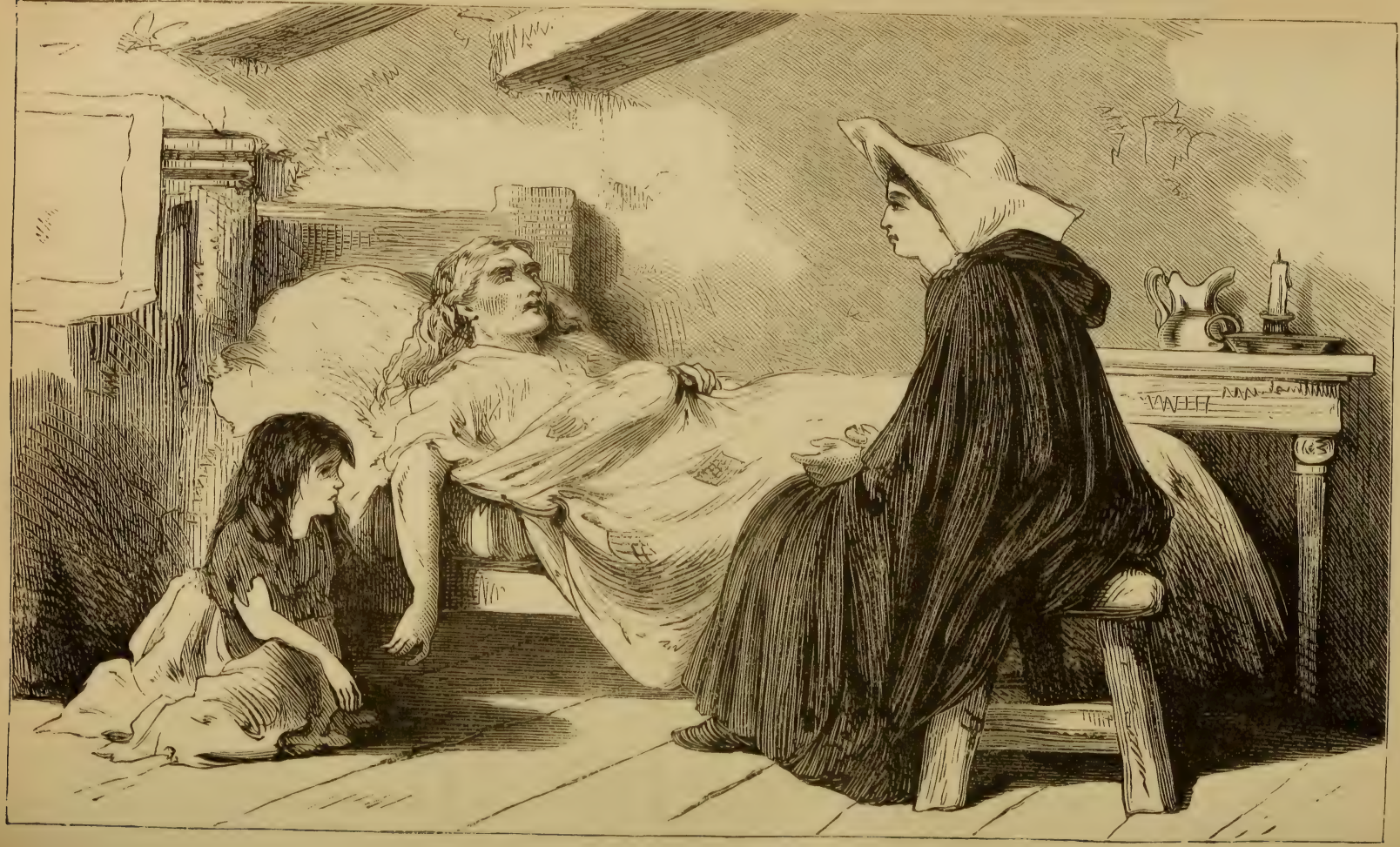
THE TEMPERANCE WORK OF DR. REYNOLDS IS CONTINUED IN ILLINOIS.—HIS EFFORTS IN THAT STATE.—THE CHICAGO REVIVAL.—FACTS, SPEECHES, AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE REYNOLDS MOVEMENT IN THE PRAIRIE CITY.—CONCLUSION.

In the middle of July, 1877, Dr. Reynolds conducted a temperance camp-meeting on the grounds of the Lake Bluff Association of Illinois, at which were gathered many of the most prominent temperance laborers of both sexes from various parts of the United States and Canada. Michigan sent in a roll-call of 80,000, who had actually signed the pledge, as red-ribbon men. And there were about 200,000 men, women and children beside, who were stated to have become pledge-takers under the influence of the earnest reformer.

At this gathering there were such prominent and well-known people as Francis Murphy; Rev. Dr. Foster of Fredericton, New Brunswick; John Warburton; Miss Francis E. Willard; Mrs. Lathrop of Jackson, Mich.; Mrs. S. J. Rounds of Chicago, secretary of the Temperance Union; Mrs. Youmans from Ontario; Mrs. Jennie F. Willing; and Mrs. McGowan, the chaplain of the Cook county jail of Illinois, where she had done a great work among the prisoners.

At this camp-meeting Dr. Reynolds delivered his views on the Maine Liquor Law with considerable effect. He was asked by some one present if this law was enforced, and in a very forcible manner the doctor rejoined:

"Yes, sir. A man who sells rum in any form is there deemed as disreputable as a horse-thief, even if he does wear



CRAZED WITH RUM.

diamonds on his shirt-front, or drive around in a gilded carriage. Public opinion in favor of cold water has been so strengthened that the election resulted in filling up the legislature last winter with teetotalers, all except ten, and now wine and cider have been added to the prohibited drinks. The law is a grand success, and all statements to the contrary are worse than nonsense. Still, this law business is not my best hold. Till you can reform public opinion, and get men to hate rum, it is of no use to try to get prohibitory laws passed. As long as at the polls ballots are cast by men who enjoy their morning cocktails and their evening night-caps we can't have any great temperance reform by law.

"When public feeling sends strong temperance men up to the legislative houses, then temperance laws will be enforced to the letter."

The proposed "tapering off" of the appetite for strong drink by the use of lager-beer, light wines, and other beverages of a lighter character received on this occasion a sharp blow from the clever physician which must have effectually killed it. He said:

"It is with these drinks, in my opinion, that drunkenness commences. Men do not begin with fiery, throat-burning whisky, but with cider, ale, and beer. Beer is leading men to the drunkard's gave. It takes longer for a man to get drunk on beer than on rum, but it is a worse sort of drunk when it does come. I know by experience. I have been drunk on every kind of intoxicant that was ever mixed."

At this meeting it was arranged that Dr. Reynolds, after completing his Michigan labors, should go to Illinois and commence the red-ribbon reform in that State. Pursuant to his steady plan of laboring in connection with the Women's Temperance Unions. Dr. Reynolds commenced his work at Cairo, the extreme southern point of the State, his appointments having been made for him by Mrs. S. M. J. Henry of Rockford, a prominent and enthusiastic laborer in the reform cause. His efforts in that thriving little city, were blessed with their usual

success, and Cairo was thrown into a ferment of the greatest excitement. Rum-shops were closed up, liquor-sellers induced to sign the pledge, and a deep root of truth and good planted in the heart of the community. Two red-ribbon clubs were formed with a combined membership of nearly 800 members. The churches, of course, took hold of the movement with their usual earnestness, and every religious influence was brought to bear to advance the labors of the devoted doctor. Cairo, from its peculiar position as the junction point of two great rivers, and its character as a rendezvous of the numerous boatmen, proverbially a hard-drinking class, had been from its early settlement an unusually dissipated and "hard" city. The effects of the Reynolds movement there were such as to establish a new order of things, and to furnish reasonable grounds that the floating population of this important river city, would henceforth be of a different character, and subjected to a more pure and blessed atmosphere than of old. The wave extended over the State northwards, carried by Reynolds and his fellow-workers, recruited from the men and women who had recently signed the pledge, and found its next great center in the city of Rockford in the western part of the State.

Rockford again was a field of brilliant triumph, and after Reynolds' labors were finished in the beautiful little capital of the Fox river region, he proceeded to Chicago, where he opened his labors under the most favorable auspices, churches and the public at large welcoming him with the utmost warmth and enthusiasm, for aside from sympathywith the objects of the work, there was the most lively curiosity to see the man who had wrought such marvellous things by such simple means.

The Halsted street Opera House was crowded to hear Dr. Reynolds, the first time he stood before a Chicago audience. His fame and his great work had gone before him, and an immense concourse of curious people filled the Opera House to hear and see what manner of man he was.

The hall was decorated with evergreens and national flags. Several gospel songs were rendered, and then Mrs. Cumming

opened the more solid services with a touching and appropriate prayer, after which the doctor was introduced. The audience gave him a very cordial greeting. He began by saying he wished his audience to understand that he did not come among them as a temperance lecturer; that he did not come before them to act the drunkard and to tell amusing anecdotes. He came as a plain man to tell them a plain story. He would tell them what his plan of work was in saving men from the curse of the cup. He had to say of himself that he spoke of what he knew. He had himself once been a victim. He had tasted of the cup, not once, but often. His plan was one which could take in all sinners, no matter what denomination they might belong to. He did not believe, as did the minister who, when walking past a Catholic graveyard, and while pointing to the graves therein, said, "Every one of those graves represents a soul suffering the torments of hell." He believed that the members of all religions had a right to be saved from the terrible curse of strong drink. That was the object of his plan of reformation. He would include all persons in his system. His plan was to induce "all" to sign a pledge by which they should forswear the use, in any form, of alcoholic liquors, wines, malt liquors, and cider—cider in any form. He wished to speak especially against the use of cider, either by the young or grown person. Cider was the devil's kindling wood. He, himself, had first been drunk by the use of cider, at the age of eight years, and as drunk as he had ever been by drinking whisky or wine. This evil of intemperance was not one always learnt after a person became twenty-one or twenty-two years old. It was often found in mere youth. It was often commenced with the drinking of cider : from the use of cider the youth went on to the use of home-made wines—currant wine, rhubarb wine, raspberry wine, etc., which contained fifteen per cent of alcohol, and so the drinking habit grew with his age. He wanted specially to caution all against the use of the innocent cider—even sweet cider. When he had got drunk on cider he had ten times as big a head the next morn-

ing as he used to have after getting on a big drunk on whisky straight. He would next speak of lager beer. It was the great evil of the West. Lager beer was the juggernaut of the West. He would, himself, sooner drink poor whisky, poor gin, poor rum, or poor brandy, than he would drink the best lager beer that was ever made. He would drink poor whisky rather than good lager beer because he would live longer by drinking the former, than he would by drinking the latter. He spoke from authority. He had graduated from Harvard Medical College, and he knew of what he spoke when he made this declaration. He said it from a medical point of view. Again he would say of his plan, that it was meant to break down the denominational lines in carrying on this work of reforming drunkards. He wanted no denominational divisions in this great work, which should include all men of whatever sect, and those without sect. All men needed saving from the curse, and consequently all should be included in his movement—in his plan of reformation. As they did that they would succeed; as they did not do it they would not succeed. He himself had come to the decision some time ago that he would sooner have the red ribbon in his button-hole than he would have it in his nose. It was with this idea in view, then, that they had chosen the plan of wearing the red ribbon in the button-hole. It said of him who wore it that he was an opposer to the use of strong drink; that he wore that red ribbon as an evidence to the world that he was a sympathizer in the "red-ribbon" movement, and sympathized with those who wore that same red ribbon. The idea of the movement was that all who sympathized with it should wear the red ribbon as a sign that they sympathized with the movement, sympathized with the work of saving men from the curse of strong drink. The object was to have all wear the red ribbon whether drinkers or not; that all should wear it, not necessarily as a sign that they themselves had been reformed, but as an encouragement to others. All should be willing to wear it who sympathized with the objects of the

order—all brave enough to do it. Let not one pause from wearing it because they were afraid it would make them too conspicuous. He would suggest, in conclusion, to the young ladies, that they should ask their young men, before they offered to escort them home: "Have you signed the pledge? Show me your red ribbon!" and if they did not say that they had signed the pledge, or saying they had, could not testify to it by showing a red ribbon in their button-hole, tell them that they could not go home with them until they signed the pledge and donned the red ribbon. The speaker himself would say to the young ladies that if there were not young men enough left to escort them home he would do it himself, though he did feel tired out.

Messrs. Barnes, Parsley and Monroe, all strong and devoted advocates of total abstinence, delivered short but highly interesting speeches. The first-mentioned gentleman stated that "Dr. Reynolds with his red-ribbon movement had been the means of reforming some two hundred and fifty thousand drunkards in the United States since the beginning of his movement."

Dr. Reynolds exhorted all present to step forward, sign the pledge and put on themselves the sign of their sympathy with the movement. He spoke especially to those who did not drink. It was their duty, in order to show their sympathy with the reformed ones, to uphold and encourage them in their new life, to wear the red ribbon. He invited all to approach the pledge-tables, sign the pledge, and to attach to their button-holes the red ribbon, which they all did; or nearly so, unanimously. Those who did not start to the tables were persuaded or compelled into so doing by the more enthusiastic. Fully two hundred men, and thirty women, signed the pledge and assumed the Reynolds badge.

The second Reynolds meeting was held at the hall on the corner of Halsted street and Blue Island avenue. The attendance was very large and enthusiastic. Announcements of future meetings were made, and the doctor announced that a Reform Club would be organized.

He then began his address, which was interesting and stirring, and said that he had told them on the previous evening all about cider being the devil's kindling-wood; the homely imp of native wines; the gorgeously-named beverages of the gilded sample-room. He would now say of himself, that he had been a drunkard for ten years. Four years ago he had been in the gutter; he had suffered the torments of the damned; he had not had a shirt to his back; he did not own a coat; he was a confirmed sot. During the time of his drunkenness he had frequently had delirium tremens. It was then that he had suffered so for hours that he would rather die in preference to suffering such pains again. He had come from New England. There he had been brought up among the orthodox. He had been taught in the orthodox ways of New England; was pious, good, straightlaced. But he began to drink. He soon after became a drunkard. But what did the orthodox say to him when they saw him? They did not try to lead him away. They did not say encouraging words to him. They would have let him go to the devil. They turned the cold shoulder, and invited him simply either to quit drinking or to go to the dogs, as he liked. A temperance movement among the women commenced in Ohio; and here he would say a word for women. It was a false notion to think that women were only meant as things to wash dishes and sew clothes. Their work was to save men. At last, the movement, which had spread from Ohio, arrived at Bangor, Me., where it was said they pried up the Sunday with a crowbar. Though he had been brought up as an orthodox Christian, he swore at the women and cursed them. He went on from bad to worse, but still the women went on working as hard as ever, and finally he was saved. He signed the pledge. He went to the much-despised temperance meeting and signed the pledge never to serve King Alcohol. That was four years ago, and he had kept his pledge. He had kept the first part of his pledge, to abstain from strong drink. He had, secondly, abstained from using as a social drink, for pleasure, alcoholic

liquors. In the third point, he had kept his pledge, to do what he could, with the help of God, in the way of inducing other men to abstain from the use of strong drink—to be a man among men. He wanted men to help others as well as themselves. He had not himself at first thought of doing as he had done, but he finally thought that it was his duty to do as he was doing. As to the red ribbon, it was a part of his make-up. The red ribbon had piloted him into the hearts of thousands of men. His red ribbon did not advertise him as a reformed drunkard. If it did, he would rather be recognized as a reformed drunkard than as a confirmed drunkard. As to the character of drunkards, he would say that nearly all drunkards were good men. He never knew of a drunkard who was an absolutely mean man. The red ribbon was a badge of honor. Its color was not a very bad color. It was emblematic of that which would save them. He would ask to be excused for speaking so long, but it was not late to hold a meeting till 2 o'clock. He hoped it would get so hot in Chicago before long that people would not venture to go to a meeting without carrying a lunch along with them.

The doctor then explained that ladies should wear a white ribbon upon the right shoulder, in front, in the form of a bow, and gentlemen should wear a red ribbon tied in the top buttonhole on the left collar of the coat, and all should wear the ribbon, not only then, but all the time.

Dr. Reynolds further remarked that his movement was a democratic movement. "The workingmen were the bone and sinew of the country, and they were the bone and sinew too, of the saloons."

The Doxology was then sung, and the crowd gathered around the pledge-table, and signed the pledges by the score, about two hundred and twenty-four having signed the pledge during the course of the evening.

The next meeting was held in the Rev. Mr. Yonker's Tabernacle. The services were very appropriately opened by the singing of that poetic gospel song of "The Morning Light is

Breaking," after which the well known and ever-interesting parable of the prodigal son was read by Dr. Reynolds, who took the opportunity of the text to compare the condition of the young man who ate the husks that the swine had left to the young men of these modern times who are now eating the husks of that nothingness which the red juice has produced; who through whisky have lost all the means of leading a free and honorable life—food, clothing, friends, and best of all, self-respect.

Mrs. Carse, the president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Chicago, was introduced at this meeting and received a warm welcome. She spoke of the life-saving stations which are scattered around our seaboard, and which do such good service. She compared these life-saving stations to the life-saving societies of the Women's Christian Temperance Unions of America, which had established soul-saving institutions—the best of life-saving stations—in every city in the land.

Dr. Reynolds, while the contributions were being collected, spoke of the tendency to laugh when the hat was ordered to be passed among an audience. People had to pay for a glass of beer, for car fare, for a drink of whisky, for going to the theatre, for everything. People should not laugh, therefore, at the passing of the hat around for contributions toward carrying on so great a work as theirs. Dr. Reynolds then proceeded to say that he did not want to take up the whole of the evening himself in speaking. He would say that he was not a Methodist himself, but he admired the spirit of the Methodist love-feast, where all joined in the expressions of mutual love and sympathy. He would call then upon others to speak. For himself, he would say that he was unsectarian in his efforts after saving mankind. He did not care to what religion or denomination those whom he sought to save belonged. He was working for no church, no society. He was working for all; recognized all mankind as his brothers and sisters. He wanted to interest all with the work. His meet-

ings were not called in the interests of drunkards in particular. He found it more difficult to get out those who never drank now, or perhaps never had drunk throughout their lives, than it was to get out drunkards. He wanted the first class of men—the non-drinkers—as well as the drunkards to attend the meetings. He wanted them not only to be non-drinkers, but to take a personal interest in the work of making others what they were themselves. He would have such men lend their sympathies, their names, and their presence to the great work. Every temperance man should be a temperance advocate. As to himself, he would say that he had been drunk for seven years. In that time, through drink, he had spent over $30,000. He urged as an argument against allowing the use of home-made wines and cider—which were supposed to be harmless because they were home-made—that such wines contained 15 per cent. of alcohol, while whisky contained little over twice that much, namely 31½ per cent. of alcohol. It was from using these supposed harmless wines that women became drunkards—women drunkards, he would repeat. There were now in America 200,000 women drunkards ; not women from the dregs of society ; not women from the lower classes, but women from the educated classes, from the middle, the upper, and refined classes of society.

At a grand union temperance meeting, held at the Union Park Congregational Church, Dr. Reynolds said they had come together for the purpose of doing something. They had not come for enjoyment, but they had come to see if the hundreds of people present would not testify their love for temperance by wearing a little piece of ribbon—red for the men and white for the women, and red and white for the children. He said he would tell them how he became a drunkard. First, he was a drunkard by inheritance, and had his parents done their duty, and kept from him all manner of drinks, he would never have been a drunkard. The second step toward drunkenness he had taken was when he first sipped that drink that he called the "devil's kindling wood." There are thousands of ladies

who will drink nothing stronger than cider, but they are not aware of the evil that exists in this juice of the apple. Many good people will not sign his ironclad pledge because he included in it cider. They all say that there can be no harm in sweet cider, and possibly there may be no harm in sweet cider; but cider is not made from good apples. The farmer brings to the market all the sound apples, and then makes cider from the decayed ones, and from these rotten apples is made the liquor that fastidious ladies and gentlemen drink. Do they for a moment think that this cider is made from rotten apples and worms? He then spoke of currant wine, and claimed that it produced in the little ones a desire for stronger drink. The next step was the one that is the curse of the West. Lager beer, he said, was causing more hearts to ache than perhaps any other liquid. The doctor looks upon this German drink as the most dangerous of all, for the reason that thousands of young men drink it because it is not considered dangerous. It has a pleasant, bitter taste, and many would drink it who would not dare to touch whisky or brandy. The next step in the downward path, he maintained, is the gilded palaces of sin. These places are made very attractive, and from them came the hardest cases of drunkenness that he had ever seen. The foundation of drunkenness is made long before a person is 21 years old. The appetite is formed when the person is yet a child. Drunkards are not the curse of a community. It is your moderate man who causes all the evil that exists. When a boy sees a man reeling about the street in a beastly state of intoxication he does not say, "I will be like that man," but when he sees the moderate drinker, who never appears to be drunk, he says, "I will be like that man. If I wish a drink I will take it, but I will never be a drunkard." Poor boy, he little knows what he is saying. It will be only a few years before he is a curse to himself and the cause of much misery to those who love and cherish him. He then spoke of a man who is dear to the heart of every son of Illinois. He said: "Look at the life of Dick Yates, a man who should have been

at the head of the United States government, and would have been had it not been for his unfortunate taste for liquor. Look at this great man at Washington, a great senator. Look at him at Jacksonville, kicked out of a saloon. Look at him at St. Louis, where he died a raving maniac. Do you think his life was a happy one? He died a drunkard's death, and he passed into a drunkard's eternity, and you all know what a drunkard's eternity is. The Bible says a drunkard can never enter into the kingdom of God, and I believe the Bible."

On one occasion at the Wabash Avenue Church Dr. Reynolds discoursed on the symbolism of the red ribbon, and remarked that it was much better to wear the red on the breast than on the nose. It had a much higher symbolical meaning. It showed the consistency of the wearer in his belief in the virtue of temperance. Wearing the ribbon at the button-hole was an evidence to all the world that he, for one, was a believer in temperance, and it also said to other men that he had the bravery to say, through it, to the world, that he was not ashamed of being a temperance man. All those who believed in temperance should be willing to bear this evidence of the act. Another good effect of wearing the red ribbon was that no one who had any respect for himself would attempt or dare to enter into a saloon with that ribbon tied to his button-hole. He would also have children wear it, to declare for temperance while they were young. It would be a help to them, to save them from the tempter, drink.

The Rev. Mr. Patten spoke and said he was in full sympathy with the red-ribbon movement. He had for a time kept somewhat apart from the movement by the idea that the ordinary temperance societies kept too much away from God: did not ask God to help them in the work of reformation. But when he had read the pledge he had altered his opinions. The pledge stated, he said, that the signer thereof would refrain from the use of strong drink by the help of God. He could now fully indorse the work. Those who became temperance men with such a pledge should become apostles in the great

cause of reforming others, after having been reformed themselves. In conclusion he would say that he took great pleasure in putting on the red ribbon, though it had at first somewhat astonished his parishioners.

Mr. Howland followed, and spoke of the foolishness of time pledges, and showed that they were but snares, and valueless to those who sign them. There was no steadiness of purpose in those who took such a pledge. They had not the proper foundation to build upon; no one to help them in time of need.

Dr. Reynolds told a story of a lady who wondered why so few had come to the front to sign a pledge at a certain temperance meeting. They could not one of them who were present but say that the arguments were good ones. None could have been present who were not convinced. He had thought of the circumstance. There was no one to encourage them. No one with red ribbons to show them the way. He argued that the red ribbon should be tied in the button-hole in a hard knot, for while they could not get it off, they would not be likely, even if they felt like it, to enter into a saloon to drink. While they were trying to untie such a hard knot the devil would vanish, and the owner of the red ribbon would be saved.

At a meeting of the West Side Red-Ribbon Reform Club, the Rev. Dr. Ravlin addressed the audience, and said that he could give no experience relative to drunkenness, but had worked in the cause of temperance for years, and was one of the pioneers who began the work in the pulpit. Referring back to the year 1856, he said, when he began to preach against intemperance, his sermons were denounced as political, and himself as being in alliance with some hostile party. The times, he thought, had undergone a great change. He next referred to the unwarranted pride assumed by some Christians who refuse to identify themselves with the work, and recounted a number of instances relative to the Saviour's mission, and his work among the Gentiles. Drunkards, he said,

need sympathy, and all the combined influences that can be thrown around them, to assist them to effect a reform. Fully one-half of the saloons in the city, he thought, could be abolished if proper effort was taken to get men to sign the pledge. Saloon-keepers, he said, like most other people, are working for money, and that, from a financial standpoint, they were not so much to blame. Stop the trade a short time, and their rents would compel them to abandon their business. Reference was then made to the use of improper wine at the communion table, which, he thought, was very dangerous in the case of reformed drunkards. "Yield Not to Temptation" was then sung, after which the leader introduced to the audience Captain B. F. Johnson, eleven years a saloon-keeper, but who joined the red-ribbon movement last May, and has been actively engaged in the work. The city of Indianapolis now, he said, had 113 less saloons than it had last spring, and the number of saloons in many other cities he has been working had been reduced fully one-half. The meeting closed by the singing of "Hold the Fort," and about fifty, the most of whom were laboring men, signed the pledge.

On another occasion at a red-ribbon meeting, held in St. Paul's Methodist Church, Mr. John Monroe, the president of the club, opened the meeting by saying that he supposed nearly all present were temperance people, and that the object of the meeting was to raise up missionaries who would go into the field and work for the rescue of their fellow-men. The evils of intemperance he attributed to three causes, namely: The social circle, the church, and the government. The social and family circles he reproved for the leniency in regard to the use of cider and wines. The church, for tolerating within its walls members who do not adhere to the principles of temperance, and preachers for not more frequently portraying intemperance as a great sin. The government, he said, was also greatly in fault for licensing saloons; for licensing the manufacture of liquor and for issuing whisky to soldiers, which he thought was certainly very injudicious,

as any one might see who would trace its results during and after the rebellion. The cheap lunches offered in the saloons are a great evil. Many go in, not so much for something to drink, but to get something to eat. There are 2,000 men, he said, in this city, who are out of employment. Something must be done, and he thought that if saloon-keepers could give men a glass of beer and a dish of soup for five cents, there certainly could be places established where the latter could be furnished for the same sum. This, in any event, he said, should be done at once, and if it could not be made self-supporting he thought the people of Chicago would not hesitate to make up the small deficiency.

The Wabash Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church contained a dense throng one evening to hear Dr. Reynolds. The assemblage included every variety of the red-ribbon advocate, and many who were willing, from various causes, to wear the symbolic cardinal emblem. There was a large number of men present, rough in dress and addicted to strong drink, but who, nevertheless, were awakened to the degrading position they had been occupying. The meeting was opened with praying and singing, after which Dr. Reynolds addressed the audience. He chose for his subject the story of the Good Samaritan, and deducted therefrom an interesting temperance lesson. Dr. Reynolds is not a lecturer, but rather, as he claims, "one of the boys," only that now he is on the right side, when before he was on the wrong side. The "falling of the man among thieves," as in the story of the Good Samaritan, he likened to the man who fell among the rum-sellers. The rum-seller is the worst kind of a thief, for he not only robs man of his money, of the comfort of his home, but also takes from him the character and honor which every man has naturally in his system. He wanted his hearers to think only of his efforts as those of a Good Samaritan who came before them only to show them the way to recover from the influence and its accompanying injuries, consequent upon their falling among the thieves of manhood and the scourges of society, in which class the rum-

seller is the most dangerous. He begged his hearers, then, to put on the red ribbon, and by their good example bring into the band of temperance men many friends who would not otherwise join.

He explained the manner of organizing reform clubs, and read the pledge, stating that in the club only men were allowed to sign the pledge. The reform was men's work, and not boy's play. He then gave a history of the movement, of which he had the honor to be the originator. Originally only reformed drunkards were allowed to become members of the clubs, but latterly he has found it much more just and equitable to allow men of temperance principles to become members. He then branched off into a history of that portion of his life when he was dancing on the road to the devil. It was the wrong way, but he had eventually struck the right path, and he felt well pleased with his "right about face," as he called it. He did not think it necessary to tell any man that strong drink was injurious; the worst drunkard in the country will admit it. The man that signs this pledge cannot become a drunkard in the world, if the signer keeps it, while there are many kinds of pledges which cannot prevent drunkenness, if lived up to strictly. The details of organizing a reform club were then explained. In explaining some of the rules regarding members who have violated their pledges, the singular benefits of reform clubs was shown by the statement that of all the members of reform clubs in the Union, only 15 per cent. of them ever violated their pledges. The reason saloon-keepers are not generally drunkards is because their business of fleecing men requires them to be cool-headed men, and no cool-headed man with his own interest at heart will drink. He asked his listeners to sign the pledge, and when they go, take a pledge with space for twelve signers on it, and get their friends whom they might meet on the street, in the counting-room, or store, and even seek them in their homes or resorts, to become members. He spoke of a grand parade of red, white and blue ribbonites at some time in the future, but with-

held the full particulars because of the presence of reporters. He concluded by requesting every one who had not already signed the pledge to come forward and do so.

Over thirty drinking men came forward and signed the pledge.

Mr. Barnes, one of the vice-presidents of the first Red-Ribbon Club, then addressed the meeting, and said that there were fifty men who ought to sign. He called their attention to the fact that, as Doc Woods expresses it, every bottle of whisky—yea, every drop—contained myriads of little devils, and once the man became possessed of them, he wanted to fight and quarrel—in fact raise a little hell to accommodate them. He was not a reformed drunkard, because he had never cared for it; but he saw in the movement, by a general support of every man of temperance principles, an opportunity to encourage the men who need some such reform movement.

Mr. J. H. Wood of the stock yards was then introduced. John is well known on the South Side, and, as he admitted, his acquaintance with South Side saloon-keepers was quite extensive. He had tried drinking for twelve years, and he was not the better for it in any way. He took the pledge the other night, and some said he would have hard work to keep it, but it was the reverse, because any man who takes the pledge earnestly will never become dry.

A special meeting was held at Carpenter Hall to hear E. C. Cremieux, the reformed drunkard, popularly known as "Bitters," deliver a temperance address. In his address the speaker pointed out and illustrated at some length the fact that men addicted to the use of strong drink were bowed down in a slavery worse than were the colored people of the South before the war.

At a meeting conducted by Mr. John Monroe, it was announced that since the advent of Dr. Reynolds twelve thousand persons had taken the total abstinence pledge in the city of Chicago, and there was ground of opinion that as many more would join the red-ribbon cause before the Reynolds

series of meetings closed, and the doctor departed for new fields of labor.

At a woman's meeting held in the Union Square Church under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, Mrs. Carse, the president, read a report of the saloon-keepers' meeting, as published in one of the morning papers. She commented on the meaning of the meeting. There were only thirty saloon-keepers present, but it represented 3,000 others backing them. She found consolation in the fact that they were fighting the battle of the Lord, and were not dismayed, even though every whisky-seller in Chicago, with all their political influence and money, were to combine against them. The war was commenced four years ago in Ohio by the crusaders, and it would not cease till the great fiend of intemperance had been abolished and his reign forever closed. She begged all her hearers to come out and fight for the cause of the Lord, and put on the temperance ribbon.

After an earnest temperance prayer by Mrs. Hogan, an address on temperance was made by the Rev. W. H. Thompson. He had also read of the saloon-keepers' meeting, and he was glad of it, for it told him that if the devil is not dead, it is spared. He had also noted that there were more saloon-keepers going into bankruptcy than in any other business ; and that furthermore, they were reducing the price of their drinks. It was a good omen, and showed that the temperance movement was surely growing, and the time is not far off when every one will be a temperance man, directly or indirectly, except the saloon-keeper, and even he would come in when he saw the great wrongs he had been doing. The saloon-keeping interest was a most painful one, but there was a power over all which is Almighty. The cause of temperance is the cause of God, that Almighty power, and, though the saloon-keepers resist, they must finally succumb.

The Rev. A. W. Patten spoke of several of the practical objections to the red-ribbon movement. Among them was one by a lady, who averred that they "couldn't make mince pies

without boiled cider," but he thought they could if they felt enough interest in temperance, for then they should feel as Dr. Reynolds, that the best way to get rid of the evil of drink was by striking at the root.

At one of the meetings a gentleman in the audience with a strong Swedish accent, got up and made a few forcible remarks.

He said he came from a country where drinking was a common vice, and that he knew something of its evils. He then told his brief experience with these evils. He impressed upon the ladies present to marry only temperance men. He was a married man himself, but he wanted to shut out all the young men who drink by organizing a ladies' temperance league, the principles of which would be to associate with no gentlemen who drank spirituous liquors.

The Rev. W. F. Crafts said that he and a friend had been many times taken for reformed drunkards because they wore the red ribbon, which he enjoyed hugely. He said he was not afraid to "do right," and he wanted his listeners to do likewise. "The red ribbon," he said, "was not the badge of a reformed drunkard. It was the emblem which told the world that the wearer was a 'total abstinence' man; nothing more and nothing less than that!"

Mr. Brown confessed before a large concourse of people that he had been a hard drinker in his life. He had taken all sorts of pledges in his own strength, but never succeeded in fully reforming himself until he became converted to the Lord Jesus Christ, to whose loving kindness he was indebted for his reformation and redemption. He thought the only hope for a man addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors was to repent of his sin and embrace the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. Hines acknowledged that he stood there before the audience a redeemed man. He had tried all sorts of plans to reform, but if it had not been for Christ he would have been a drunkard still.

Mr. Carpenter, a very young man, said he began to drink

when a mere school boy. He had been a hard drinker for fully eleven years. He had been to the Washingtonian Home, but broke out again. He attributed his conversion to prayer. His trust was in Jesus.

Mr. Crowell told the audience that his life had been a wild and reckless one, and that it was not without considerable struggle that he became a reformed man. He put his trust in God, and hoped to live a sober, temperate life.

W. H. Murray, a converted member of the Chicago Board of Trade, said at one of the meetings, he had been a drinker for twenty years. He was now redeemed; but, as other brothers had remarked before him, the only cure for drunkenness was the blood of Christ. He had tried all other means and failed, and it was not until he went to the throne of God and obtained the love of Jesus that he became firm. It was his anchor and his hope. Without it no man could become thoroughly reformed.

Mr. Braizer said it was no pleasant thing to get up and tell the public he had been a drinking man, and indeed he would not were it not for the fact that in so doing he might be of benefit to others. He said he was converted through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. He stood there that night buoyed up and sustained by the Lord, and he owed his reform to God and not to himself.

Mr. J. H. Wood, of the firm of Wood Brothers, of the stock yards, brought all his brothers, their sons, and all their employees, thirty-nine in number, one evening to the meeting, who signed the pledge in a body. In bringing his company into the red-ribbon line, he made a characteristic speech, in which he stated that he had been a drinker all his life, and he was glad now to become a temperance man.

Mr. Fuller, a rescued man, was introduced at a meeting, and related his experiences in a touching manner. It was for about twenty-one years that he was addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks. In 1857 he learnt to drink in Chicago. Here he learned, and here he renounced his acquaintâce with

intemperance. He took the pledge several weeks ago, but it was one with himself. About three weeks ago he joined the Reynolds movement, and was decorated with the red ribbon. It was a terrible struggle to resist the appetite long catered to; but, thanks to the help of God, whom he solicited in prayer, he became successful, and can now maintain his integrity.

Colonel Dillon said at one of the meetings that he had been a drinking man, and, now that he had stopped he was not ashamed to own it. He had formerly represented our country in a foreign land, and, notwithstanding all the honors heaped upon him, he became a drunkard. He said he associated continually with politicians, and gave as his belief that no man could continually associate with politicians without becoming depraved. He said that prayer saved him from drunkenness.

Mr. Swallow said at a meeting that he had drank a good deal of whisky for twenty years. When he started he deluded himself into the belief that he could stop when he wanted to resist the appetite, until a year ago he became positively alarmed. A friend asked him to come and take the red ribbon, and a thought struck him that it was the right time, and he signed the Reynolds pledge.

Mr. O'Connell, a stout laboring man of about five and thirty years, was introduced at a meeting, and stated that he had not been idle two months since he was a boy, yet the saloon-keepers had all that he had accumulated. As that was the first speech he had ever made, he asked to be excused, and wished the movement a hearty God-speed.

Thomas M. Conpropst on being introduced to the audience urged, from sad experience, the necessity of total abstinence on the part of any one whose appetite was in the least degree perverted. As to happiness, he considered sobriety one of the essential avenues that lead to its attainment. The advantages of signing a pledge and of making a public confession, he thought, were beneficial to the extent that by so doing one is charged with personal self-respect, a very necessary quality,

and not infrequently the most efficient fulcrum against which the lever of reform could be brought to bear.

Mrs. Helen M. Dunks, of Hudson, obtained a judgment for $3,600 against William Friend, a wealthy liquor-seller. Her husband, a well-to-do manufacturing chemist, well known in the West, became a frequenter of Friend's saloon, and in an incredibly short time was completely ruined in body, business, and mind, from drink.

Mr. W. O. Lattimore, a lawyer, said his conversion took place a year ago last Thanksgiving. He said it was a very difficult task to become a temperate man by will-power, unaided by the assistance of the Lord. His own conversion was largely brought about through the assistance of the Lord Jesus Christ who was ready to receive all sinners, and from the day he had accepted Christ he had had no further difficulty in struggling against his appetite for strong drink. He exhorted the drinking men to repent and accept the gospel, and thereby being joy and peace to many desolate homes. God did not force any one to come. If they choose to come unto Him He is ready to receive them.

The evening of February 1 saw an immense crowd in the Methodist Church, corner of Langley avenue and Thirty-ninth street. The edifice was crowded in every part, and the exercises were of a very interesting character. After the singing of several stirring hymns, and an earnest prayer by the Rev. Mr. Glendenning, Dr. Reynolds informed the audience that he had not come before them to relate funny stories, or to make exhibitions of the unfortunate drunkard. The subject, he said, should be treated with a great degree of sympathy, and every individual as a brother or sister. No one so much appreciates sympathy as a drunkard. His own fall he attributed to hereditary causes, and gave an account of how he became a drunkard by the use of what are called innocent drinks, namely, cider and wines—adding that few people are aware of the insidious influences attending their use, and said that a cup of cider would have the same effect on a child that

the same quantity of whisky would have on an adult. He then spoke of the suffering he had endured, and having squandered $30,000 in a short time by means of the great destroyer. One of the important clauses of the pledge he uses was that which referred to man's inability to save himself; another was that which referred to the use of moderate drinks. High-class saloons, he thought, were more injurious than those of a lower order. The one was the beginning of a man's downfall, the other ended his career. The prospects for a good temperance wave in this city, he thought, were becoming quite apparent. One reformed drunkard, he said, had already procured twenty-six names to the pledge. Several other speakers then addressed the meeting, and expressed a determination to continue the undertaking.

One of the most interesting meetings held by the doctor was that in the Centenary Church, corner of Monroe and Morgan streets. The building was crowded almost to suffocation, and a great number of people were obliged to turn away from the doors, disappointed at not being accommodated with seats, or at least with standing room, both of which were entirely and absolutely out of the question.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas introduced the advocate of the red ribbon in a pithy and pleasing manner, and the immense audience greeted Dr. Reynolds in the most enthusiastic fashion imaginable. He was obliged to stand before them some seconds bowing his thanks for their kind welcome. He did not deliver what could be properly called a lecture; but he spoke in a very felicitous vein.

He began by remarking that he never delivered a lecture in his life, and the many who came there to hear him he must disappoint in not delivering a lecture. His aim was to induce men to leave the ways of drunkenness, and his work was to reform men, not to interest them only with lectures. He stated his intention to speak from experience, as for six years he had been a confirmed drunkard. He knew what the drunkards had to do to recover their manhood lost in drink, and,

judging from the lessons of his own life when a drunkard, he certainly had experienced all the evils of intemperance. He related them in his own characteristic manner, laying particular stress on the beginning of an intemperate life, for which cider, he said, was the favorite opening wedge. Cider is the devil's kindling-wood, and from it is started the fire which afterward consumes the body. He showed in a plain, matter-of-fact way that there was much of the element of danger, alcohol, in cider, and consequently it was as much of an evil as even stronger drink. After it came the American currant wine, when the beginner found that cider was not potent enough to satisfy the appetite started by the "devil's kindling-wood." They drink it under the impression that it is a more elegant drink than cider and not because it is the demand of the appetite. He then referred to what he called the curse of the West, meaning lager beer. He gave a few statistics regarding beer, its alcoholic qualities, and its patrons, who number 200,000 drinkers, and imagine it is a healthy drink or do it because they like it. The former reason is a false one, for there was not a doctor in the city or country but will say it is a stimulant and not a health-giving drink. He then referred to the gilded hells in the city and imitations in the little country town. He informed his readers it was not neccessary to look into "Hell's Half-acre," to find the evils of drink or to find the intemperate guzzler. They can be found even in society, and their resorts will be found occupying valuable space in prominent business blocks, and in many cases in the center of the best neighborhoods. They were finely furnished saloons, or, as they call them, "parlors," and truly they were the parlors of the devil, where the mint julep, the "Tom and Jerry," brandy smashes, and other detestable concoctions were daily and hourly, even every second, passed over the counter to the foolish young men, and even old men. They did not drink because they had a great liking for it, but rather because it was a fashion. He then told how it came that he signed the pledge and was saved from a drunkard's death. He was in

favor of nothing but total abstinence. There was no half-way place in his doctrine. He then advocated the red-ribbon movement in his own peculiar manner. The red ribbon was not a sign of the reformed drunkard, it is an emblem which all men who believed in total abstinence should wear, and which proclaimed to the world the wearer's principles, and announced that he is not afraid to tell the world that he cared not for alcoholic drinks.

A gentleman asked the doctor this question: "Is there any truth in the statement which has been made in some papers that you do not preach saving grace and seek the regeneration of men, but only to reform them after a sort of independent reformative method, with the plan of salvation omitted?"

He replied: "My work is not that of a preacher; but it is to induce men to sign the pledge. I consider that the first step toward salvation in the case of some men—to sign the pledge, and we trust God to help them keep it. I'm not a preacher—I'm a reformed drunkard, and I know that some men have to be brought up to a certain point before they can accept the idea of salvation by faith. I was probably about as low as any man ever was, but I signed the pledge. Isn't it better to have a man stop being a drunkard even though he isn't converted right away? I signed the pledge, and that was the first step; then after a while I found how to trust God to help me."

In their further conversation, the doctor stated that the object of his work was to get men on to the right track, so that they could lead at last out into the light. He spoke of the evils of beer. "The hardest men we have to deal with, are young fellows from fourteen to twenty-two, who drink beer," said he. "Beer is the curse of the West. Men persuade themselves that because they don't drink whisky they're not drunkards, but it aint so. I've been as drunk on beer as ever I was on rum. These young men like you, my brother, who brink beer, ten years from now will be drunkards. Alcohol is alcohol, and it don't matter how a man gets

it into his stomach, the effect is the same. Some day the people will see it. This evil is going to be abolished. God 'll bless this work. It may not be in my day, but I know that sometime—I don't know how or when, but sometime—this will be realized. It's going to ruin the business of the saloons. They've got to feel it, and I only wish to God it would cut off their business altogether."

In discussing the support received by Dr. Reynolds in Chicago, the question was put :

"How does it compare with the work in large cities you have been in ?"

"Well, the largest city I ever worked in was Lowell, Mass., and that was much smaller than Chicago."

"How about the support you have received here from ministers and churches ?" asked the writer.

"During January," replied he, "the ministers and churches have the week of prayer and meetings about every night ; so they have been engaged. But I have their sympathy and prayers. The ministers of all the evangelical churches are with me in spirit, and many have been with me in body."

"Then they have not left your movement to be supervised by yourself and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union."

"By no means. I was invited here by the union, but I've received, and am all the time receiving, letters of encouragement from the ministers and the people of the church."

The work done by the doctor in Chicago was a brilliant phase in the annals of the red-ribbon reform movement. Here his success assumed gigantic proportions, and here his Reform Club system received a vigorous impetus to fresher and stronger vitality. We can best give a general resume of his efforts as expressed in his own language to a journalist, who was sent to interview him :

The doctor showed one of his pledges. It was as follows : "We, the undersigned, for our own good and the good of the world in which we live, do hereby promise and engage, with the help of Almighty God, to abstain from buying, selling

or using alcoholic or malt beverages, wine and cider included."

"That is the pledge," said the doctor, "that we form our Reform Clubs on. I claim that it's the hardest pledge presented, and I'd rather have a dozen men sign that and become solid, firm, fixed, than to have 200 sign one of these easy-going pledges."

"How many signers of the pledge have you had since you began your work?"

"Since three years ago, when we started on this system, upward of 300,000 men have signed it."

"How many of those are now members of your Reform Clubs?"

"Well, about 85 per cent. have remained in line—and that, we think, is an argument that God is in our work."

In regard to the general advantages of getting a man to sign the pledge aside from his religious conversion, Dr. Reynolds said: "You see there are narrow-minded people who can't see the good of reforming a man without converting him; but there are indirect advantages. If a man becomes steady and sober and some of his children get to going to Sunday-school, it seems to me there's some good in his signing the pledge, even though he don't get converted himself."

Again the doctor said in the same conversation :

"I'll tell you. Here's John, for instance. His wife's sick at home and hasn't any bread or medicine, because he spends his money for rum. His children can't go out to-day on account of the snow, because they haven't any shoes. Well, John wishes it wasn't that way. He's been wishing so for years, but he's kept on drinking. He signs our pledge. His wife gets a doctor. They get a pane of glass in where there was an old hat. John has stopped drinking. His wife can go out to church. He stays at home and curses and swears as much as ever, maybe, but he don't drink any more, or maybe he wanders around on the wharves to kill the time. He won't go to church. He has a prejudice against church, which

liquor has produced, and of which we all have enough anyway without liquor ; but by-and-by there's a rainy night, and John stands at the church door waiting to take Susan, his wife, you know, home from prayer-meeting. He goes in—just inside the door ; that's all. He sees it isn't such a bad place. The children have been bringing home tracts. He gets to thinking about these things. Now, hasn't there some good come from signing that pledge? I think so. If, when John gets to thinking, he gets converted, so much the better ; but if he don't, isn't it better to have him a steady man than a dirty drunkard?"

A gentleman friend of Doctor Reynolds, while riding in a street car, noticed a red and white ribbon pinned on the dress of a little girl, and he questioned her as to what it meant.

The little one said that it was a temperance badge. The gentleman inquired : "Whose little girl are you?" and received the reply : "I am my father's little girl, but I am a member of Dr. Reynolds' temperance club." Becoming very much interested in the little one's prattle the gentleman asked : "Is your father a member of the red-ribbon club?" The child answered : "Yes, sir ; my papa joined the club just as soon as my mamma and I got our ribbons. Mamma wears a white ribbon, papa a red one, and I a red and white one." The child's father had joined the temperance movement as soon as he saw his wife and child had become members.

Mr. L. A. Furlong, a reformed gambler and drinker, of New York city, related in a very interesting manner his experiences for the last twenty years. He was once a member of the Americus Club, of which Tweed was president, and he gave it as his opinion that this club had done a great deal to corrupt and ruin the youth of New York. He briefly sketched the various stages of his own career. First, in the mercantile business himself ; then, through dissipation, compelled to travel for a living, and finally, after a series of misfortunes, he became a gambler. He was converted last November in

Kansas city, and it was his intention to do what he could to persuade others to follow suit.

Mr. Martin said, at one of the Chicago red-ribbon meetings, that he had repeatedly formed resolutions, but had as often failed, and felt confident that as for himself there was no hope except by divine assistance. He also spoke of the great assistance he received by means of the Washingtonian Home, and thought it one of the noblest institutions in Chicago.

Such men as Henry A. Reynolds are grand instruments of redeeming grace, and a great element of their power is that they recognize themselves as such, and invoke the help of prayer. The motto "Dare to do right," which is imperishably associated with his name, has become the shibboleth of hundreds of thousands, and, under the favor and help of God, they have dared to do right by emerging from the dark slough of drunkenness, and consecrating themselves to earnest and self-respecting lives.

The temperance wave under Murphy and Reynolds has rolled like a Nile flood over the land, fertilizing the deeds of good and truth, and we have not yet commenced to realize the great harvest that remains to be reaped. An army of patient and enthusiastic workers has been organized under the generalship of these two chiefs, and every week adds to their triumphs, and is making fresh history of the progress of a magnificent cause. The prayers of the good and faithful Christians throughout the country are with them, and with these prayers the fervent belief that the work inaugurated is only in its beginnings, as grand as the results have been.

PART V.

HISTORY OF THE CRUSADE

AND THE

WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER,

President Woman's National Christian Temperance Union.

PART V.

THE CRUSADE AND THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PART OF WOMAN IN THE GREAT TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE WOMEN'S CRUSADE.—FEATURES OF THE AGITATION AND ITS BENEFICENT RESULTS.

WOMAN as a factor in the temperance cause has exercised a very remarkable influence, notably so during the last decade. Not merely as a social power, where woman is always so great a force, but in organized work has her agency been a grand one. Probably few phenomena have been more unique than the crusades which agitated the country some years since. These laid the foundation for the Woman's Christian Temperance Unions throughout the land, and the history of the one movement is inseparable from the other, and although we have already spoken of the women's organizations in describing the Reynolds temperance movement, our readers will hardly rest contented without a fuller account of a very important phase of the temperance work. First we will give a history of the crusade movement, for this was the rock foundation of the organized woman's work of to-day.

Dr. Dio Lewis was the originator of the Woman's Crusade. In the winter of 1873 he was at the little town of Hillsboro, Ohio, it being one of the points of his lecturing tour. In his lecture delivered here he narrated in a most effective manner, how forty years before, his pious mother, the wife of a wretched drunkard, who was struggling to feed, clothe and

educate her young and helpless family, went with a band of sympathetic and devoted women who had a similar sorrow, to the different tavern-keepers, and kneeling down in each bar-room, prayed with and for the proprietors, and besought them to abandon a business that was cursing their neighbors and bringing want and suffering into many once happy homes. He told his listeners that many a time he remembered his mother going up to the garret to pray, and hearing her cry out, "How long, O Lord! how long! how long!" and that when she came down how red her eyes would be from weeping and how her face shone, as with heavenly light. He said this band of devoted Eastern women worked zealously, and finally, with God's help, conquered. He asked any one before him then, who was willing to follow her example, to stand up. At this startling demand nearly the entire audience arose. The doctor congratulated them and appointed a meeting to be held in the Presbyterian church at nine o'clock the next morning.

Dr. Lewis, while in Hillsboro, was the guest of ex-Governor Trimble, the father of Mrs. E. J. Thompson, who became so prominent in the crusade. This lady was a most cultivated, devoted Christian. She did not attend the doctor's lecture; but she was "prepared," she writes, "as those who watch for the morning, for the first gray light upon this dark night of sorrow. Few comments were made in our house upon this new line of policy until after breakfast the next morning, when, just as we gathered about the hearthstone, my daughter Mary said, very gently, 'Mother, will you go to the meeting this morning?' Hesitatingly I replied: 'I don't know *yet* what I shall do.' My husband, fully appreciating the responsibility of the moment, said: 'Children, let us leave your mother alone; for you know where she goes with all vexed questions,' and, pointing to the old family Bible, left the room. The awful responsibility of the step that I must needs next take was wonderfully relieved by thought of the 'cloudy pillar' and 'parted waters' of the past; hence, with confidence, I was about turning my eye of faith 'up to the hills' from

whence had my help come, when, in response to a gentle tap at my door, I met my dear Mary, who, with her Bible in hand and tearful eye, said: 'Mother, I opened to the 146th Psalm, and I believe it is for you.' She withdrew, and I sat down to read the wonderful message from God. As I read what I had so often read before, the Spirit so strangely 'took of the things of God,' and showed me new meaning, I no longer hesitated, but, in the strength thus imparted, started to the scene of action.

"Upon entering the church I was startled to find myself chosen their leader. The old Bible was taken down from the desk, and the 146th Psalm read. Mrs. General McDowell, by request, led in prayer, and, although she had never before heard her own voice in a public prayer, on this occasion 'the tongue of fire' sat upon her, and all were deeply affected. Mrs. Cowden, our Methodist minister's wife, was then requested to sing to a familiar air,

"'Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and *counts thy tears:*
He will lift up thy head;'

and whilst thus engaged, the women (seventy-five in number) fell in line, two and two, and proceeded first to the drug stores and then to the hotels and saloons."

This was the commencement of the great work afterwards crowned with such glowing success. The band consisted of seventy-five ladies. A pledge was prepared for druggists, saloon-keepers and voters; and the ladies bound themselves by the following solemn obligation:

"We, the ladies whose names are hereto appended, agree and resolve, with God's help, we will stand by each other in this work, and persevere until it is accomplished, and see to it, so far as our influence goes, that the traffic shall never be resumed."

This serious undertaking on the part of the ladies attracted

the attention of the men, and, at their meeting in the Presbyterian church, several prominent citizens and clergymen addressed them before they started out on their visits to the various saloons. It was Christmas, the very day of all the year we love to gather about the hearth of home, with our dear ones, and commune together.

The work in hand was unfamiliar to the ladies and rather alarming to them, as they were to go where they had never gone before. It was totally foreign to all the established rules of womanly conduct to go into low saloons, and, in the midst of drunken, vicious and profane men to engage in the solemn act of divine worship. They were full of doubts and fears, and were half inclined to abandon what seemed to be a forlorn, almost hopeless undertaking. However, the thought of the beloved husbands, sons and fathers who were forced to run the gauntlet of the drinking-dens every day in the year, strengthened them and impelled them onward.

Headed by Mrs. E. J. Thompson, these noble women commenced their glorious work. Until the month of June they visited the saloons almost daily. Five saloons and three drug stores surrendered in a few days. One man, a druggist, selling liquors illegally, refused to discontinue his nefarious traffic. A "tabernacle" was erected in front of his place for the ladies, and here, day after day, they held a continuous prayer-meeting from early morning till late at night. The druggist procured an injunction through the courts, and sued the women for ten thousand dollars damages to his business. The decision went against him; and the result was very favorable to the ladies as it arrested the attention of the entire country. The crusade spirit spread rapidly and was soon universal. It became the theme of pulpit argument, prayer-meeting exhortations, and leaders in newspapers. "The reports of the progress of the movement were given," says the Rev. W. H. Daniels, of Chicago, "with as much minuteness and display as if it had been an exciting political campaign."

Dr. Lewis lectured in Washington Court House, an adjoin-

ing town to Hillsboro, in the same vein somewhat, on temperance.

The following day an immense company met in the church, and an earnest meeting was held. Mrs. M. G. Carpenter, a noble woman and devoted Christian, who was chosen as the president, drew up an appeal, which was afterwards used in many other States as well as in Ohio.

"The following morning," writes the secretary, Mrs. M. V. Ustick, "after an hour of prayer, forty-four women filed slowly and solemnly down the aisle and started forth upon this strange mission, with fear and trembling, while the male portion of the audience remained at the church to pray for the success of the new undertaking; the tolling of the church-bell keeping time to the solemn march of the women as they wended their way to the first drug-store on the list (the number of places within the city limits where intoxicating drinks were sold was fourteen, eleven saloons and three drug stores). Here, as in every place, they entered singing, every woman taking up the sacred strain as she crossed the threshold. This was followed by the reading of the appeal and prayer, then earnest pleading to desist from their soul-destroying traffic, and to sign the dealers' pledge. Thus all the day long, going from place to place, without stopping even for dinner or lunch, till five o'clock, meeting with no marked success; but invariable courtesy was extended to them.

"The next day an increased number of women went forth, leaving the men in the church in prayer all day long. On this day the contest really began, and at the first place the doors were found locked. With hearts full of compassion, the women knelt in the snow upon the pavement to plead for the Divine influence upon the heart of the liquor-dealer, and there held their first street prayer-meeting.

"The Sabbath was devoted to a union mass meeting. Monday, December 21, is one long to be remembered in Washington as the day upon which occurred the first surrender ever made by a liquor-dealer of his stock of liquors of every kind

and variety to the women in answer to their prayers and entreaties, and by them poured into the street. Nearly a thousand men, women, and children witnessed the mingling of beer, ale, wine, and whisky, as they filled the gutters and were drunk up by the earth, while bells were ringing, men and boys shouting, and women singing and praying to God, who had given the victory.

"On the fourth day the campaign reached its height; the town being filled with visitors from all parts of the country and adjoining villages. Another public surrender, and another pouring into the street of a larger stock of liquors than on the previous day, and more intense excitement and enthusiam.

"In eight days all the saloons, eleven in number, had been closed, and the three drug stores pledged to sell only on prescription.

"Early in the third week the discouraging intelligence came that a new man had taken out license to sell liquor in one of the deserted saloons, and that he was backed by a whisky-house in Cincinnati to the amount of $5,000 to break down this movement. On Wednesday, the 14th, the whisky was unloaded at his room. About forty women were on the ground, and followed the liquor in, and remained holding an uninterrupted prayer-meeting all day and until eleven o'clock at night.

"The next day—bitterly cold—was spent in the same place and manner, without fire or chairs, two hours of that time the women being locked in, while the proprietor was off attending a trial. On the following day, the coldest of all the winter of 1874, the women were locked out, and stood on the street, holding religious services all day long.

"Next morning a tabernacle was built in the street just in front of the house, and was occupied for the double purpose of *watching* and prayer through the day, but before night the sheriff closed the saloon, and the proprietor surrendered.

"A short time after, on a dying-bed, this four days' liquor-dealer sent for some of these women, telling them their songs

and prayers had never ceased to ring in his ears, and urging them to prayer again in his behalf ; so he passed away."

When Dr. Lewis visited this town again, a month after the commencement of the crusade, fully one thousaud persons met him at the train, with a band of music.

This testimony of the popular feeling proved how at heart, all classes, drinkers as well as Christians, rejoiced in the destruction of the liquor traffic.

In the town of Waynesburg, where for upwards of seventy-six years there had been open saloons every one surrendered to the crusade.

Xenia is a town of ten thousand people. Here the crusaders labored zealously and untiringly for six weeks daily, and sometimes evenings. In two weeks twenty-five out of forty-seven saloons were closed. The following episode is a feature of the Xenia movement :

" One of the keepers, in whose saloon fiddling and dancing were carried on during the prayers, was so annoyed at the sounds through a broken window-pane that he sent for a glazier and had it repaired at once. Wholesale dealers were present urging him, as they did others, not to surrender ; they should have all the liquors they could sell free of cost. Hour after hour the women, keeping guard on three sides of the house, continued their singing and praying. At last human nature could resist no longer, and amid the ringing of church-bells, and the laughing and crying, singing and thanksgiving of the people, barrels of beer, whisky, and brandy were poured together into the streets. He at once opened a meat market, and was well patronized."

The crusade at this place is graphically told in the following sketch, which appeared in *Harper's Weekly :*

" Observing two ladies entering a church (United Presbyterian, I believe), I followed them, and found myself in the presence of about one thousand people, assembled for prayer, and to discuss the subject of intemperance. The pastors of the several Protestant churches were there with their people,

and a feeling of humble dependence upon God, and a deep Christian earnestness in the work before them, seemed to prevail in the heart of every one present. After the adjournment of the general meeting, the ladies were called together by Mrs. Colonel Low, President of the Ladies' Temperance Association, who, after a few remarks, asked :

"'Who will volunteer to lead a visiting party to Klein's saloon ?'

"After a moment's pause a middle-aged lady arose and signified her willingness to do so. She gathered about her some eight or ten others, and they started off in double file to beard Mr. Klein in his den, and I went with them.

"On arriving at the door of Mr. Klein's confectionery and toy store, without a moment's hesitation they filed boldly in and occupied the whole space between the counters, which ran along three sides of the room.

"On the approach of the ladies the family beat a hasty retreat, and barricaded themselves in a very mysterious back room, from which issued a very strong odor of highly flavored XXX whisky, and the cries of a baby with very strong lungs.

"When the ladies began to sing, 'Shall We Gather at the River?' the baby cried a loud and discordant solo, and the effect was not at all pleasing. At the conclusion of the hymn one of the ladies began a most beautiful and touching prayer. No sooner had she commenced, however, than Mrs. Klein, no doubt feeling that her premises had been unlawfully invaded, shot out from the back room in fiery indignation, her bare arms revolving like the sails of a wind-mill, her hair on end, and began to pour forth such a volley of abuse upon the ladies that it seemed as though she carried a mitrailleuse in her mouth.

"The prayer continued, and so did Mrs. Klein and the baby—

"'O Lord, we come not in our own strength'—

"'Shust kit out o' mein shop, every one of ye; ye're a set o' hypocrites; das is zo!'—

"'We would ask Thee to bless this family; enlighten their understanding, that they may be enabled to see the wrong of continuing in this unholy traffic'—

"'I don't vant yer brayers. Ef I wants to bray, I ko to mein own shursh to bray; I don't believe in such dings. O, yes! O, yes! de Lord pless dis family! Vell, dis family kin git along mitout sich brayers; de Lord don't hear dem'—

"'She will not hear our words; but Thou, O God, wilt cause them to enter her heart as arrows of conviction'—

"'Ye're a set o' street valkers. O, I knows dis ting shust as vell as not; it be's like te epysootic; it koes all around, und den koes avay agin!'

"The climax was reached when Klein himself rushed into the room, bearing aloft a little parcel, and exclaimed at the top of his voice, 'Git out o' mein house immejutly, ye hypocrites! Do ye see dot baper? das red pepper in dere, und I gives you shust five minnits to leave mein shop; ef ye don't I drow dis over ye!' Mr. Klein, however, refrained from carrying his threat into execution, and the ladies concluded their visitation in peace.

"From Mr. Klein's I proceeded at once to Mr. Carroll's grocery and provision store. The ladies were kneeling on the sidewalk in front of the door, engaged in prayer. Two of the party were conversing with Mr. Carroll, who stood in the doorway with a newspaper in his hand, and looking very much annoyed, as he exclaimed, 'Now, I give ye fair warning. I've got the names of ivery one of ye, an' if ye don't lave my primises this instant, I'll push ye till the furthest extint of the law. I'm not a highwayman or a thafe, that ye should come makin' this nonsense in front of my door.'

"The ladies pleaded courteously with him; he was a good-hearted fellow, and evidently got worsted in the argument. He looked convinced, and yet felt he could not abandon a trade which supported him and his family with such ease. After remaining for half an hour, the ladies left him, promis-

ing to return again and again, until he would yield to their prayers."

Many exciting scenes occurred here, perhaps one of the most exciting being the absolute surrender of the worst drinking den in the town, which bore the very appropriate appellation, "The Shades of Death." After the closing of this vile house the other saloons readily "accepted the situation." It is said to be now a somewhat difficult matter to procure a drink of liquor in Xenia.

At Bellefontaine the crusaders were threatened by an influential dealer, that if they persisted in visiting him he would defend himself with powder and lead. Nothing daunted, these truly brave and noble women gathered before his door to pray. The frequenters of his saloon were noisy and rude, and did many things to humiliate and drive them off; but they bravely conducted prayers here for a week, at which time the saloon-keeper put in an appearance at a mass meeting, signed the pledge, and on the next Sunday attended divine worship for the first time in more than five years. Another keeper, who at first was loud and threatening in his denunciations of interference with his trade, three days after the siege at his place, came to a church meeting, signed the pledge, and gave evidence of a new heart!

The town of Clyde witnessed faithful work. The proprietor of a prominent saloon here informed the crusaders that "he would spill his last drop of blood before they should hold service in front of his saloon, and that it and his backyard were full of help." The exercises were begun despite this threat. He called his rabble out to hoot and insult them, and threw a pail of cold water into the face of the lady praying. Without pausing an instant she cried, "O Lord, we are now baptized for the work!" The effect was wonderful. Everything was quiet after that, and the victory complete. The saloon-keeper went with them to the church, where the most earnest prayers were offered up for him. This throwing of water upon the crusaders was repeated in many places, some

times the water being unclean ; but the work went on steadily, easily overcoming such obstacles in its way.

The movement in Norwalk, Oxford and Warren was crowned with complete success. In the first-mentioned place the devoted women gave themselves unreservedly to the work for weeks, and at one place six pails of dirty water were thrown on them.

The women of Elyria, where there were sixteen saloons, were ably seconded by the men, and great work was accomplished. "At the first surrender," we are told, "Mother Monteith, a very aged, frail woman, and a most exemplary member of the Presbyterian church, sprang upon an empty barrel, and prayed before the multitude like one inspired."

The same authority says that "Mrs. Sheard, of Oxford, a woman over seventy years of age, put her washing out before daylight that she might go with the praying bands."

The German saloon-keepers of Bucyrus hired a brass band to follow the crusaders about the town ; but they could not drown those consecrated voices.

Three saloon-keepers of Madisonville flooded their sidewalks with water ; but the neighbors tore up their carpets and brought them to cover the pavement where the godly women knelt. When three drunken Germans, in Warren, passed through the throngs who had gathered to hear the praying women, offering free beer from their beer wagons, the immense crowd felt the insult and drove them off the street.

Cincinnati long felt a very strong interest in the crusade before it reached its vicinity. The advocates of total abstinence of this city regarded the wave then surging throughout the entire State as a thing born of Heaven. A meeting was finally held by the ladies, to consider the inauguration of a crusade in Cincinnati. The gentlemen followed the good example set them, and called a meeting at which the leading clergymen of the place, Rev. Drs. Hitchcock and Walden, of the Methodist Book Concern, and other Christian laymen, discussed the subject in all its lights. A call was issued through

the daily newspapers to the women of Cincinnati. The first meeting was held on February 6, 1874, in the First Presbyterian Church, Mrs. F. Charles Ferguson presiding. The work was soon started. Fifteen days later the following very interesting notice, describing the progress of the movement, appeared in the *Cincinnati Gazette:*

"The report was yesterday floating about the city that one of the worst places in Fulton had hung out the white flag, and surrendered to the ladies. Investigation proved the rumor to be entirely correct.

"A band of women, most of whom were residents of the first ward, started quite early in the forenoon upon their third round of visitation. Among the first places visited was the saloon of Dick Manley, on the Front street, two doors west of Kemper Lane. From some incidents in their former visits, the ladies were led to believe that the proprietor was not wholly satisfied with his business, but they were not expecting the easy triumph before them. Benches were carefully arranged by the conscience-stricken saloonist for his fair visitors, and devotional exercises were begun. The prayers and songs were so earnest, simple, and direct, that at last he could stand it no longer. As they were about to sing,

"'My faith looks up to Thee.'

he broke in with, 'Wait a little; I'll give up.' He then told the ladies that his stock was at their disposal, and he would himself help pitch the vile stuff into the gutter.

"About this time the scene began to grow exciting. Several ladies burst into tears. An effort was made to sing,

"'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,'

but the voices of the singers refused to give utterance to the language of their hearts. Then, when they had somewhat recovered themselves, they set to work with beaming countenances to pour out everything about the premises that could moisten the throat or made glad the heart of man. Beer bar-

rels were rolled to the gutter, and while their contents were gurgling out through the bung-hole, all the bottles on the shelves were brought out and dashed upon the pavement. After everything had been emptied out, the proprietor thought of some fine old Catawba stowed away in the cellar. This was soon hunted up and shared the fate of the rest. He said he was bound to make a clean thing of it.

"After the saloon had been pumped thoroughly dry, the ladies went to the place adjoining Manley's, where another victory was awaiting them. The proprietor of the saloon was absent, but his brother, who was in charge, yielded to the entreaties of the women, signed the total abstinence pledge, and locked up the concern forever, as far as he was concerned. If his brother wanted to open again when he got back, he might do it. The ladies then proceeded to several other places, but met with no further apparent success. The gentlemanly keeper of the Eureka Exchange slammed the door in their faces, and retired to an upper room, from which he viewed the proceedings with a sardonic grin.

"In conversation with our reporter to-night, Mr. Manley said he didn't know what he should go into next. He had a billiard hall connected with his saloon, and he would carry that on until something better offered. He seemed resigned at the loss of his stock, and thoroughly glad that he was out of the business. The jokes and sneers of his old friends who couldn't see it in that light seemed to have no effect upon him. He remarked to one of them if he owned all the saloons between there and Columbia the women might have the whole of them."

Great work was done here by Mrs. S. K. Leavitt, the wife of a clergyman, who was a very successful leader in the movement, and who afterwards became the President of the Cincinnati Woman's National Christian Temperance Union. This lady's description of the crusade in her city is very vivid, and we give it at length. She says :

"I am often asked to tell the story of the crusades in Cincinnati, but I never can do it. The crusades were something

to be felt, not to be told. The whole idea of that movement was soul-saving.

"Cincinnati was a hard field, with its three thousand saloons and its forty millions of dollars invested in the liquor trade. So strong was this interest that merchants did not like to have their wives engage in temperance work for fear of bad results to their business, and at first we thought we must adopt only mild, old-fashioned measures. But at last, under the baptism of the Holy Spirit, we came to the conclusion that the country method must be our method, and for eight weeks, about seventy strong, we crusaded the streets and saloons after the most vigorous fashion.

"The first place we visited was an elegant sample room. As we came near the place one lady in the band remarked—

"'I don't know why *I* am here. I have no one in my family who drinks.' But just as we came to the saloon she caught sight of one of her own sons in there, wiping his moustache, evidently just after a drink. The mother who did not dream that *her* sons were tipplers looked pale as death. She was the first one to offer prayer in that place, and ever since she has been active in the temperance work.

"Sometimes the saloon-keepers would invite us in, and sometimes they would back us out. One German beer-seller, in view of our probable visit, obtained an old cannon, and loading it to the muzzle, he drew it up before his saloon, and swore he would shoot if those 'temperance fanatics' tried to crusade him. That very saloon was down in the route of one of our bands, and when we came to it and saw the ugly-looking machine, and the Dutchman standing by with a lighted torch in his hand, we were a little surprised, as you can well believe. But we did not hesitate long; we drew up in line right in front of the cannon and began to sing, and pretty soon the old fellow threw down the match and began to cry, declaring that though he 'vas not a bit afraid of dem voomans, he could not shtand dot singin'.'

"Good Friday of 1874 was one of our great days. We had

MOTHER STEWART, THE LEADER OF THE "WOMEN'S MOVEMENT."

a band of about a hundred and twenty of the best ladies in Cincinnati that day. We started out from the prayer-meeting at one of the churches, as our custom was, with orders to take a certain line of march and visit certain saloons. Our route was to go down to the esplanade and hold a prayer-meeting on the flag-stones near the fountain.

"When we came in sight of the place we saw a crowd of roughs, evidently waiting for us, the leader of which had sworn a terrible oath that no woman should set her foot on the esplanade that day. I did not know of it at the time, so we marched right along, two by two, up to where the crowd were trying to block up our path, and, going up to this leader, a big burly fellow, half full of whisky, I said:—

"'My brother, you must help us to keep order. We are going to hold a prayer-meeting.'

"A great change seemed to come over him all at once, for he said:

"'Break ranks, boys! These women are coming through!'

"The crowd obeyed him, and allowed us to pass to our station, formed in hollow square around us, and the leader detailed some of them to act as a special police to keep order while we held our meeting, saying, 'We are going to see these ladies through.'

"We began to sing 'Rock of Ages;' next 'Jesus the Water of Life will Give,' and then a dear Quaker lady began to exhort those roughs to give their hearts to God. We forgot all about temperance, and held a real gospel meeting, which made a profound impression on the crowd.

"Our orders were, 'South to Esplanade—hold thirty minutes' prayer-meeting—then back to church;' but we heard that the church was full already, so we found out another where we could go, and the crowd of roughs went with us.

"At the church appeals were made to them to seek Christ, and when those were asked to raise their hands who wanted to be Christians, many hands went up; then we asked who would come forward for prayers, and the very first man who came

was the ring-leader of the gang; and the poor fellow was saved then and there.

"Another young man came forward, and immediately a woman, seeing him, came and knelt by him, put her arms about him, and began to pray for him—her son.

"You see the crusades were breaking in so on the liquor business that the dealers and manufacturers were alarmed. Liquors sent out to dealers in the country began to be sent back again because there was no sale for them, so the liquor men besought the mayor to try and stop the work of the women! They made a mistake there: it was not the work of the women but the work of God that troubled them so.

"You know we were arrested and had to go to jail. Just think of it!

"There was a sidewalk ordinance which forbade the obstruction of the streets, and under that we were arrested, though we were careful to use only the two feet in width that the law allowed us when we stood in front of a saloon and sung at it, and quoted texts of Scripture at it, and knelt down and prayed against it and for the souls of those who kept it.

"The seven policemen who were detailed to arrest us were crying like whipped children; but they had to do it, and we, like good, law-abiding citizens, submitted, and went in procession to prison—forty-three of us—singing all the way.

"One of your Chicago clergymen, Rev. Dr. Fowler, was in Cincinnati at the time, and he went to prison with us, to see that no harm came to us, and helped us in our work among the poor wretched prisoners we found there.

"We were released after about four hours. Bail was offered us, but we refused it, on the ground that we had done nothing against the law, and those who arrested us should take the full responsibility of their outrageous act. The crusade prayer-meetings were kept up after that at the churches, and by and by we took the rooms at 200 Vine street, where we held a constant crusade. The aggregate attendance at our women's temperance prayer-meeting for the last six months

was 14,009 ; of these 2,932 signed the temperance pledge, and sought the prayers of Christians in their behalf. A good many of them—as many as fifty, I am sure—have been soundly converted."

A guild of saloon-keepers was formed in Cincinnati who were pledged not to surrender to the ladies ; but the saloon-keepers found that the prayer power was mightier than they, and "could get at a man, regardless of the question of whether his saloon be opened or closed." During the Cincinnati crusade a temperance organ was published entitled *The New Temperance Era*, and was considered the best temperance sheet ever published. Under the date of July 4, 1874, it makes the following statement :

"There are three thousand women at work, ably supported by a large number of gentlemen. Over one thousand young ladies have promised not to use wine, and to discourage its use among young gentlemen. There are in the city of Cleveland ten hotels whose proprietors have come forward and announced their intention of keeping strictly temperance houses.

"There are now a thousand indictments for violations of the Adair law, and five hundred cases under the nuisance section, which the temperance lawyers are conducting without fees.

"One wealthy gentleman has pledged himself to give, if necessary, $100,000 to close up the saloons, and some of the dealers say they are not afraid of the prayers of the women, but are very much afraid of the $100,000. Ten thousand names are recorded upon the citizens' pledge ; many saloons have been closed ; many of the owners of buildings have served upon their tenants notices to quit at an early day. Our wholesale establishments have found their business very greatly reduced, and our saloon-keepers utter piteous lamentations on account of the hard times that have so suddenly come upon them."

The towns of Gallipolis, Sabina, New Lexington, New Vienna, Waynesville, New Holland, and others were crusaded with signal success by the ladies.

One old toper, who was annoyed at the closing of the saloons in his own town, declared that he would hereafter do all his trading at Wilmington, but on reaching that place he found the crusaders had been there before him, and it, too, was closed against whisky.

A correspondent of the *New York Observer*, at Tiffin, says:

"The assessors and gaugers of the ninth district of Ohio tell us that, as a result of the temperance movement, not one of the eight distilleries of the district is now in operation. The sale of all kinds of liquors, beer, and ale has fallen off more than sixty per cent."

The crusaders at Delaware, the seat of the Ohio Wesleyan University were met with the proposition to compromise on beer; but they refused the offer, and went on bravely with their work until upwards of nineteen saloons had surrendered, leaving only four in existence.

The result of a campaign of twelve days at Mount Vernon, Ohio, was the closing of twenty-three drinking places.

The following description of the good work at this point is taken from the *New York Tribune:* "At the hotel I found the landlord actually bragging that he had been the first man to surrender. A commercial traveller was just leaving the hotel, with a bundle of samples under his arm, when the landlord said to him, 'You need not go out at this time of day, sir; you won't find a respectable store in town open now; it's the prayer hour; every day between nine and ten o'clock everybody goes to prayer-meeting.

"From the hotel I went to the Episcopal church. Few places of amusement are ever more crowded. Every seat was filled, and men and women thronged the vestibule, and stood in the aisles, while the inclosure within the altar-rail was occupied by clergymen, every denomination appearing to be represented. Nobody presided; the meeting seemed to run itself. A man rose to speak, giving an account of what had been done at another town; then a woman said, 'Let us pray,' and the congregation followed her with devout air in an im-

passioned appeal to the throne of grace. When the prayer was ended some one began to sing :—

"'Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is tramping out the vintage where his grapes of wrath are stored,'"

the congregation joining mightily in the chorus,

"'Glory, glory, halleluiah!
Our God is marching on.'"

Then more prayers and more exhortations, until a young man suddenly entered the house, and pushed his way through the crowded aisle to the pulpit.

"'Ladies,' said he, 'I have come to tell you that I cannot hold out any longer; I shall not sell any more liquor, and I want to sign the pledge.'

"Some in the audience forgot where they were, and began to cheer; others shouted, 'Amen,' and then, almost by one impulse, the congregation arose and sang the doxology which everybody can sing :—

"'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'"

Before the echo of the song had died away the sexton had hold of the bell-rope, and the good news was pealed forth that another stronghold of the enemy had fallen. The bells of the other churches took up the tidings, and for half an hour they chimed away, until it seemed as if everybody in Mount Vernon and vicinity must been aroused.

"The prayer-meeting over, the women sallied out in two sections, each under an appointed leader, to visit the few liquor-stores that still held out. There was several inches of snow on the ground, and the weather was intensely cold, but there was no shrinking from duty."

The Cleveland crusade was very successful. Here over five thousand women signed a pledge neither to use intoxicants nor offer them as a beverage. The question was constantly asked,

"Will the women of a conservative city of 150,000 go upon the streets as a praying band?" The liquor-dealers said: "Send committees of two or three and we will talk with them, but coming in a body to pray with us brands our business as disreputable."

A band of heroic women, many of them the wives of prominent clergymen, were led by Mrs. W. A. Ingham, a woman of wonderful energy, courage and devotion, who took up the cross, saying: "Here I am; the Lord's will be done!"

The following sketch of the Cleveland movement was written by Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, of Ohio, a lady of rare abilities, and who is a prominent figure in the annals of temperance:

"On the third day of the street work, the whisky and beer interest seemed to have awakened to a full consciousness of the situation. Drinkers, dealers, and roughs gathered in large numbers on the streets to wait for the praying women. A mob, headed by an organization of brewers, rushed upon them, kicking them, striking them with their fists, and hitting them with brick-bats. The women were locked in a store away from the infuriated mob, who, by the arrival of more police, were dispersed, cursing and yelling as they went. The next day, taking their lives in their hands, a larger company of women went out, and somewhat similar scenes were re-enacted. Meantime, public meetings, called in the churches, were so crowded that standing room could not be found. The clergy as one man came to the front. Business men left their stores and shops, ministers their studies, and a thousand manly men went out to defend the praying women. Foremost among these was Rev. A. J. F. Behrends, and some others, whom Cleveland is proud to honor. The military companies were ordered to be in readiness, resting on their arms, the police force was increased, and the liquor interest soon made to feel that the city was not under its control. The mob never again tried its power. For three months, with scarcely a day's exception, the praying bands, sometimes with twenty in each,

working in various parts of the city, sometimes with five hundred, quietly and silently, two by two, forming a procession over a quarter of a mile in length, followed by scores in carriages who could not bear the long walks, went from saloon to saloon, holding services where the proprietors were willing, and in warehouses which were thrown open to them, or in vacant lots near by when they were unwilling. Those were wonderful days, when a city was baptized by continuous prayer; when women, forgetting the luxury and ease of their homes, went down to these places of desolation to save those for whom Christ died. Men took off their hats and often wept as the long processions went by. Little children gathered close to the singers, and, catching the words, sang them months after in their dingy hovels. Haggard women bent their heads as they murmured, with unutterable sadness, "You've come too late to save my boy, or my husband!" Many saloon-keepers gave up the business, and never resumed it. Many who had lost all hope because of the appetite that bound them heard with joy from women's lips the glad tidings of freedom in Christ, and accepted the liberty of the Gospel. During these three months 1,100 saloons were visited again and again, besides numerous hotels, wholesale houses, drug stores, club-houses, etc.

"Meantime, the prominent men of the city, determined to enforce the laws, and using the plan of the Government in ferreting out crime, employed detectives, and soon obtained nine hundred indictments against liquor-sellers, and cases for wronged women and children, under the Adair law, covering $150,000.

"In the lower part of the city, by the river docks, where there were many saloons, one dealer, who at first refused admittance to the band, touched by the kind spirit of the leader, relented and sent for them to return. He was the son of a clergyman, finely educated, and had been successful in business till he went into liquor-dealing; then the descent was rapid. Some days after he signed the pledge, and gave up his busi-

ness. Among those who were drinking and playing cards in the saloon was a prematurely white-haired man to whom the saloon-keeper had given shelter. Southern-born, a gentleman in manner, a member of the press for many years, becoming addicted to drinking, then gambling, he left his wife and child and became a wanderer. His wife had spent years searching for him, and at last had given him up as dead."

"A hymn, dear to his mother, sung by the band, touched his heart, and he joined in the singing. He was invited to the house of a generous citzen, where, after days of wrestling in prayer, he found peace. A letter was written to the wife, who fainted when she read it. She hurried to meet him, and at this house, in the presence of a hundred guests, the worn wedding-ring was again placed upon her finger, and, with the prayers and singing of the band, the marriage service again repeated. The saloon above mentioned was transformed into a Friendly Inn, of which there are now six in the city, where, and at some other points Christian women hold over twenty Gospel temperance meetings weekly, and great numbers have been converted."

Noble women, in almost every town of the State, without an idea of reward or praise, with but one thought and purpose —that of killing the liquor trade—unmindful of their health, in snow and rain, in cold and heat, gave their undivided time, strength and attention to the good cause. Some of them gave up life in the work. "The curse of Ohio," says Mrs. Bolton, "had been the allowing of the sale of wine and beer by law, while a penalty was affixed to the sale of all distilled liquors. Of course the latter were almost universally sold under the name of the former, and the women of the crusade have learned, if they did not know it before, that beer and wine are as deadly in their effects as whisky and brandy. A law had been passed, called the McConnellsville ordinance, giving towns the right to prohibit the sale of wine and beer if the majority so elected. The interest incident to the crusade immediately called attention to this fact. Every town made

strenuous efforts to pass the law. In some, Christian women worked all day at the polls. In others, all-day prayer-meetings were held by them for God's blessing on the right. In scores of places this ordinance was carried, and for the first time in their history, the beer-shops were suppressed."

The temperance women of Zanesville presented to the council a petition eighty feet long, with five thousand signatures, for the passage of this law. It was granted and the number of shops reduced at once from one hundred and eighteen to fifty-seven. For fully seven months nobody could get a glass of beer except by stealth. The internal revenue showed there was a decrease in sales of liquor of forty-seven per cent.

The pen with which the ordinance was signed by the president of the council was sold in Akron at auction for two hundred and fifty-two dollars.

The State had been deeply stirred; but it had not been put to any test. The test soon came. Twenty years before, a clause had been put in the constitution forbidding any license for the sale of intoxicating drinks. A new constitution was now to be laid before the people, and they were again to be asked whether they would have a license or not. The opposing party were aroused to an intense pitch of excitement. They sent documents in favor of a license into every hamlet. "They lobbied," says our authority, "and wrote, and spoke, and gave liberally for this, which, if carried, would show, said they, 'that the crusade was a failure.'"

The women gathered together in a large body, and went to where the commissioners were assembled, and beseeched them not to bring it before the people, as they had already once decided the question. They refused; and then every woman knew her duty. In every town and school district, unused as they were to speaking in public, they spoke against the license law. They obtained tracts from the National Temperance Publication Society, and scattered them broadcast. The decision was to be made on August 18, when the farmers could with difficulty leave their work. All day the

women labored at the polls, furnishing lunches and talking earnestly against a law that should multiply saloons on every street. They prayed and worked nobly. Every liquor man was at his post. The State was never so aroused, or so excited over any issue. When the votes were counted, and the new constitution and its license clause found to be buried past hope of resurrection, one glad anthem of praise went up from a great host of weary women. The long fight was ended; and the ladies came off victorious.

Perhaps no one has done so much good, or worked more zealously in any cause than "Mother" Stewart in the crusade, and perhaps no name is better known than hers. The best description we have of her is that which appeared in the *Good Templars' Watchword*, published in London, while she was visiting England on a mission of temperance. It is as follows:

"Mrs. Stewart, so extensively known in the United States as 'Mother Stewart,' is a lady of nearly sixty years of age, of medium stature. As indicated by the portrait, she has silvery hair, which is arranged in soft, glossy ringlets, in the manner known by American ladies as the "Martha Washington" style. Her hazel eyes, although no longer young, are very expressive, and flash out thoughts before they find utterance in words, alternately indicating sympathy with suffering, and indignation at wrong and injustice, and constantly recurring humor. The impression she gives and leaves with all who come in contact with her is that she is a genial, kind-hearted woman, who believes in the righteousness of her cause, and is emphatically in earnest in her work.

Mrs. Stewart was born in Ohio, U. S., and was in early life led to consecrate herself to the service of Christ. It will be readily understood that a lady of her temperament, with strong religious convictions of the duty of personal service, would not be slow to find opportunity for active work. In the church of her choice, of which she has been a member for forty-four years, she has ever been recognized as an efficient

laborer. During the civil war, while her husband and sons were in the service of their country, she was busily engaged in procuring and sending supplies to the sick and wounded.

"Her attention had for years been directed to the great curse of intemperance, and she had been in the habit of delivering lectures on that subject as opportunity offered. And so it would seem that while God was moving the hearts and arousing the consciences of his people in various Christian lands to action against the common enemy, he was also training and preparing Mother Stewart for the important part she was called to take in the great uprising, and especially in the 'whisky war' in her own State, a movement which spread like fire in the broad prairies from State to State, and the fame of which has reached to all parts of the civilized world.

"We do not propose, in this brief notice, to enter into the details of the crusade, or to give a full account of the work. This, we trust, many of our people will have the privilege of hearing from Mother Stewart herself, as she has come to our shores intending to spend a few months with us; "not," as she herself states, "to recommend to her sisters here that peculiar form of work," for she believes that that form has had its use and has passed; and, while there were, undoubtedly, many mistakes, for it is human to err, she is firmly convinced that "God has looked upon the work, has pronounced it good, and has sealed up the book. But out of that form, and the awakening of Christians, has grown an interest and opportunities everywhere for work, and she comes to her sisters to counsel, to encourage, and, if possible, to enlist a still greater number of Christian women in the cause.

"We heartily welcome such a woman to our shores, and trust she may succeed in arousing increased attention to the curse we are all pledged, by God's help, to remove. It is scarcely for us to say what means shall be most successful. It is our duty to accept the aid of all helpers, and especially of one who has exerted so mighty an influence in a far-off land. We trust that our brethren every where will open the way for our earn-

est and devoted sister; that they will aid and cheer her in her work; and that God may abundantly bless her labors among us."

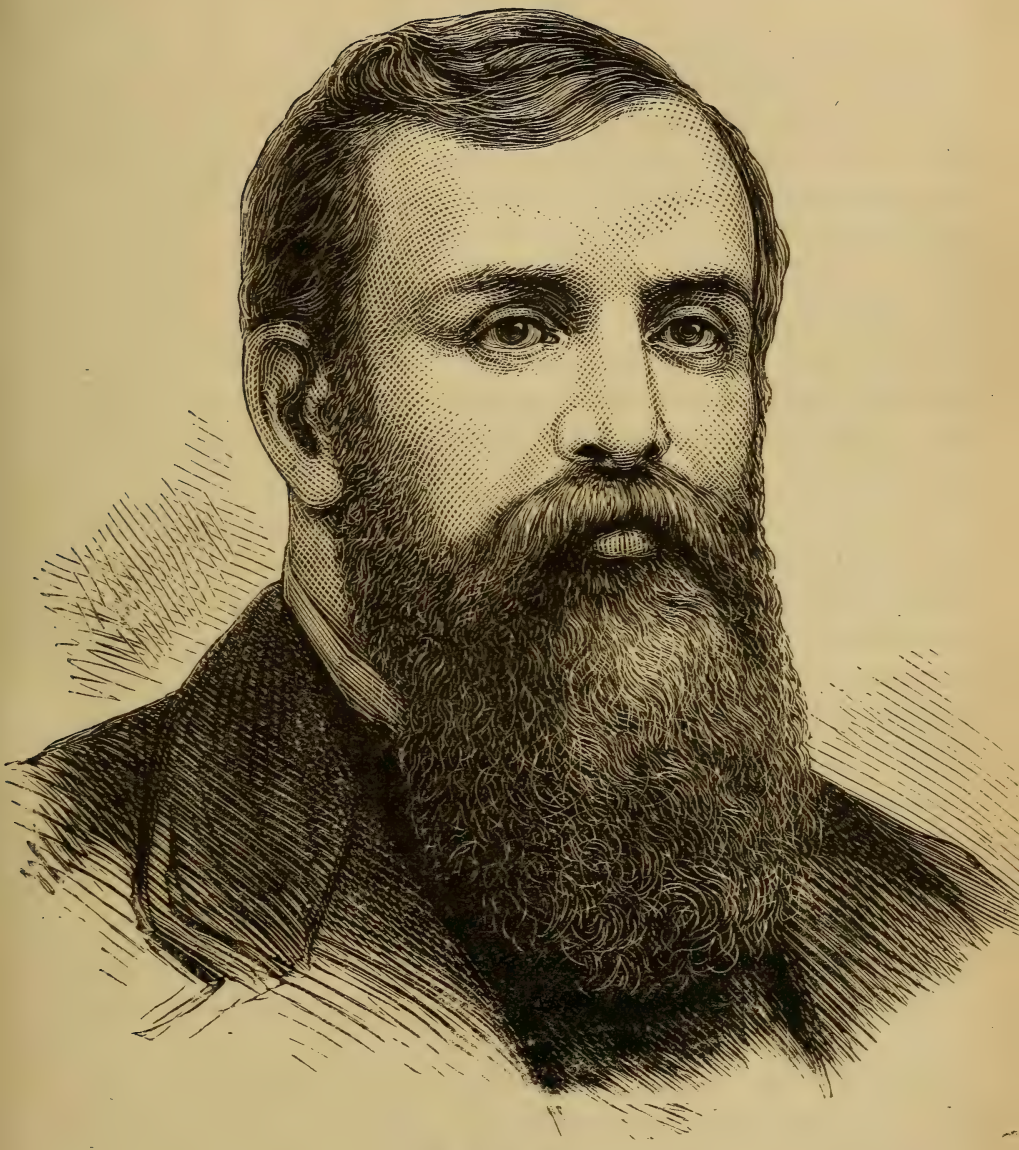
Another writer has this pen and ink sketch :—

"Along with many others, I passed through a steady downfall of London moisture to see and hear Mother Stewart, at the rooms of the National Temperance League. I had gazed with interest on the artist's presentment of her form and features in the 'Watchword;' the expressive steadfast glance of the eyes looking from under the well-arched, well-marked brows, the finely-chiseled, firmly-closed lips, with a perfect 'Cupid's bow,' the full and rounded, almost dimpled chin, and the ample but proportionate breadth of the lower part of the face, as well as the wide proportions of the chest and bust, so far as displayed in the picture.

"I looked again, and noted the 'artist's lines'—lines that would have delighted Hogarth—of the eyebrows, eyelids, nostrils and chin; the ear, the throat, the shoulder and the one raised hand. Looking once more, I noticed the width, height and prominence of portions of the braid—as exhibited by the shape of the 'ivory walls' surrounding it—the large projection forward from the ear, the full development of the forehead generally, and particularly the width and fullness of the portions over and between the organs of vision, and the height of the upper part of the head. The general impression conveyed was that of quick, clear and searching perceptions, ready 'mother wit,' breadth and force of character, constancy, hopefulness, dauntless courage, faith, and perseverance to the end, be it sweet or bitter.

"Such were the mental and moral qualities suggested to me by a perusal of the artist's lights and shadows. These also led me to expect in Mother Stewart a large *physique;* indeed, something masculine was suggested by the proportions of the chest, and still more so by the upper lip and lower jaw.

"In these anticipations, however, I was disappointed, but agreeably so. Mother Stewart is not of more than average



D. L. MOODY.

height, and at first sight she strikes one as small in figure and in features. The lower part of the face is spare, the complexion fresh.

"Her voice is sweet, and, though not loud, is clear, and sometimes penetrating. She goes straight to the point, speaking with all the artlessness, originality, and *verve* of one full of the subject and charged with a mighty mission, yet talking naturally, and expressing just such thoughts, narrating such facts, and making such appeals, as occur at the moment, couched in racy but idiomatic Saxon.

"One's heart goes out to Mother Stewart, standing there, pleading for help in her righteous cause. If not large in frame, she has a spirit powerful enough to rouse and inoculate a vast legion of supporters; her eye flashes, her ardent feelings and aspirations heighten the color in her face; now and then the voice will falter just a little, to prove how womanly she is. And O, how well—though it may be briefly—she pleads! Hearing and reading her speeches are very different. A report fails to convey the native raciness, the indefinable charm of her manner, though, in reading, our words seem to come back to us from over the sea, and we can trace how strongly the Northern Saxon elements of our language flourish in congenial soil, as we look at those sharp, short terms, terse, brief and pungent.

"As I listened to the speech, there were running in my mind, now the dry, keen, searching east wind, pinching and penetrating what it touched; now the breadth and grandeur of the prairies; and now the mighty rolling rivers, flowing on in resistless volume to their destined waters. Something of these was suggested by the subject, and something by its exponent. With an eagle eye the watchful speaker seems to see the battle-field where intemperance strews the ground with wounded victims, sees where help is to be had, and swoops down upon the plague-spots with infallible certitude; she brings up her corps of angelic praying women, and trusts for the success of their crusade, thinking nothing of the appear-

ance of the thing, but only of the precious souls to be saved from tumbling into hell."

The crusade rapidly spread into other States. In Indiana, where the Baxter law is in force, the movement was eminently successful. This law provides that no man may keep a saloon, or sell any intoxicating liquors, until he has secured the signature of the majority of the voters in his ward and township to a petition asking for such a saloon. He is required to furnish bondsmen who shall be liable for any violation of the law on his part, and furthermore, the premises on which the liquor is sold is liable. In securing these petitions, of course all kinds of frauds were brought into play. The directories of other towns, grave-stones and other foreign resources were used as names for these petitions.

The crusade began in Shelbyville. The best women in the city took the matter in hand, and pushed it. The saloon-keepers, becoming tired of their regular visits, resolved to intimidate them, and sent a deputy marshal to warn them that should they visit them again, they and their husbands would be sued for damaging their trade. The ladies wrote these men a friendly letter, in which they said "it was their business, destroying property, sapping health, etc., that was doing the damage." Two pledges were extensively circulated--one asking those already on dealers' applications to remove their names, and others asking them never to sign a petition for a license. The visiting of saloons was continuous, and surrenders to earnest prayers made many a heart glad in Indiana as well as in Ohio. Valparaiso and Terre Haute were crusaded, and intense enthusiasm aroused in both these places for the cause. Indianapolis, the capital, became the center of earnest, steadfast labor. On the day appointed here for the reception of petitions for the keeping of saloons, the crusaders, with their lawyers, were present to point out the lying devices of the liquor men to the commissioners, who, in view of the evidences of fraud presented, refused twenty out of twenty-four applications for license. The efforts made by the crusaders to pre-

vent the granting of licenses were wonderful. Mrs. Gov. Wallace, Auretta Hoyt and a large number of other ladies held meetings in every school district, monster petitions of seventy-five thousand names were obtained, the children banded together, and organizations sprang from the remotest corner of the State to the other. Indiana truly became consecrated ground.

Illinois next felt the great movement. In the cities of Springfield, Bloomington, Shelbyville, El Paso, Jacksonville and others, the crusade went on under the auspices of both law and Gospel. In many instances, temperance and religion went along together in sweet companionship. At Urbana, the seat of the State Agricultural College, at Farmer's City, and at Belvidere, the local elections, which turned on the question of total abstinence, resulted in a victory for "no license."

"In Chicago, the women obtained the names of sixty thousand persons, to a petition pleading for the closing of the saloons on the Sabbath, and presented it to the city council. Their prayer was refused, and, insulted and bruised by a rabble of five thousand of the lowest of the city, unrestrained by the police force, they went back to the church to pray for their enemies. A daily temperance prayer-meeting was at once opened in Farwell Hall, and gospel temperance meetings held in various parts of the city. Under the leadership of Miss Francis E. Willard, one of the most able and successful workers of the country, great and wonderful good was accomplished. That first insult of the liquor traffic to Chicago Christian women, bore its legitimate fruit. Clergy and laity, tired of the rule of the drunkards and dishonest men, rose in righteous indignation, and effected a revolution.

The Rev. W. H. Daniels, the clever author of *The Temperance Reform*, says he "recollects, with distinguished pleasure, the first Sabbath evening temperance meeting held under the auspices of this committee, at the Park Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he was at that time pastor. The

ladies had arranged a programme, but none of them were public speakers, and as the hour for the commencement of the exercises came dangerously near, they began to seek for assistance in the services. "No," was the reply, "this is your meeting, and the Lord evidently means that you shall conduct it."

"One of the ladies, Mrs. Louise S. Rounds, whose name has become so familiar in connection with the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Illinois, was appointed chairman, whose duty it was to introduce the speakers after a brief address of her own. Some temperance hymns had been written for this occasion, and practiced by the Park Avenue Church choir, to be sung to such tunes as "Home, sweet Home," "Auld Lang Syne," "John Brown's Body," and others, which the non-church-going people who were expected on that occasion were certain to be able to sing.

After the address by the chairman, a lady rose whose husband had but recently signed the pledge, and in consequence of which benediction she had devoted herself to the work of the crusade. Such an experience as this could not fail to tell. Following her came Miss Lucia F. Kimball, now well known to our temperance periodical literature, and as the leader and organizer of the Christian Temperance Union work among the children and young people, who that night made her first public speech on temperance. At the close of the addresses a couple of pledges at the head of large sheets of blank paper were produced, and persons were invited forward to sign, the choir meanwhile singing the temperance songs. Two long lines of people were presently formed in the aisles, and for half an hour they pressed eargerly forward to affix their signatures to the pledge; some of them with the marks of their evil habits upon them; one or two evidently just from the saloon.

"The success of this meeting gave great encouragement to the crusaders, and, one after another, the Methodist, Congregational, and Presbyterian Churches were opened for the crusade services. A small sheet was printed, both in English and

German, containing upon one page some statistics of the fearful results of the liquor traffic, and upon the other, an appeal to the licensed saloon-keepers to give up their traffic, which produces such misery. The city was districted, and ladies appointed to go out, two by two, to visit saloons and persuade their keepers.

Rockford took the lead of all other cities by bringing up her boys to swear eternal hatred to all that could intoxicate.

At Bloomington the crusade assumed the form of a municipal election on the question of license or no license. The leader of this movement was Mrs. Jenny Fowler Willing, a lady well known and beloved in her church, in which she was a licensed preacher, and an admirable and powerful one. She had been recently elected to the Professorship of English Literature in the Illinois Wesleyan University, and when the crusading spirit appeared among the Bloomington ladies, a Woman's Temperance Union was formed, of which she was elected president. The following description by Dr. W. H. Daniels graphically shows how nobly these noble ladies worked in the cause :

"By the time the spring election came the temperance sentiment had risen to such strength and dignity that the city council ordered the question to be submitted to the voters, 'License' or 'No License.' The temperance workers rested a little from their meetings so as to gather strength for this grand onslaught, and then about two weeks before the election there was a crowding on of all force to call the attention of the people to the great iniquity. The election was to occur on Monday, and the day before, the pastors, at the request of the Woman's Temperance Union, preached on the subject. The evening was given to mass meetings. Everybody who had the gift of tongues was pressed into the service ; many who had been timid and conservative were set to presiding or speech-making ; some who had been on the wrong side found themselves pushed in a corner where they were obliged to declare for or against the great philanthropy. Everybody was

antonished at the amount of temperance interest suddenly evolved.

"The next morning, a raw, drizzling April day, the ladies met at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, and after much prayer it was voted almost unanimously to go to the polls and work for the "No License" ticket. As usual, there were all manner of bogus tickets in the field—all sorts of cheats with which bad men shape the laws while good men are too busy with their own affairs to ferret them out. The ladies secured the tickets, found out the frauds, cut off the mischievous part of the bad tickets, and then all day, in relays of twos and threes, they went to the voting places, and put the right tickets into the hands of the voters. Mrs. Willing stayed at the church, engineering the affair, with the help of a young lawyer who had had a hand before in political affairs.

"As the day passed and the issue seemed doubtful, the pastors of the churches, the professors of the University, some clerical students who could speak German, and the Roman Catholic priest—all were summoned to the polls to help the ladies.

"The outcome, to the astonishment of the of all concerned, was a complete victory for 'No License.' Bloomington was the largest city of the Union that was carried by the Crusade. The next summer Mrs. Willing was nominated by the prohibition party for the State Superintendency of Public Instruction, a candidacy which she found it necessary to decline. At the first Chautauqua Sunday-school Assembly this lady's temperance address and subsequent efforts resulted in the organization of the Woman's National Temperance Union. Mrs. Willing was the president, and Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller was secretary, of this preliminary meeting.

"In October, 1873, Mrs. Willing was elected president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of Illinois.

"In November, at the National Convention, held at Cleveland, Mrs. Willing was chosen to preside. The crusaders were present in force, and many of them were full of fervor and

zeal, and with decided opinions in regard to the policy of the new organization; but with quietness and calmness the presiding officer held the meeting during the three days of earnest debate, with a wholesome strictness, to parliamentary decorum. The next year the paper of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union was planned and launched, under the care of the publishing committee. Mrs. Willing was chosen editor, and piloted the paper through the critical period of its establishment, after which it fell into other hands.

"In November, 1876, she was appointed by Mr. Moody to the chairmanship of the ladies' work in connection with the evangelistic services held at the Chicago Tabernacle. Large numbers of women were sent out from the meeting to visit among the poor and outcast, to distribute invitations to the tabernacle services. After the close of the Moody meetings she went to Greencastle, Indiana, for a revival service of twenty-one days, which resulted in the conversion of about three hundred, and the helping of a large number into the higher Christian life.

"That was followed by a meeting of twenty-one days in Indianapolis, with large success; all the Methodist Episcopal churches uniting in services held at Meridian street, Roberts Park and Trinity churches."

The crusade commenced in Wisconsin was inaugurated at Janesville, July, 1873. A petition, numerously signed, and addressed to the common council, asking that no more licenses be granted, was presented by a deputation of Christian women, led by Mrs. D. A. Beale and Miss Lavinia Goodell, the daughter of the Rev. William Goodell, the well-known anti-slavery and temperance reformer.

Hydrants were set up by the women of Racine to supply pure water to the city. Both this place and Milwaukee have reading and lunch-rooms in successful operation. At Ripon, the seat of Ripon College, the women visited the saloons

praying and singing, and when forbidden to go in, held meetings on the streets.

At Whitewater, they succeeded in driving out the saloons, and no licenses were granted. Book-shelves were placed in the depots, to be supplied with temperance tracts and papers, that the travelling public may have their attention called to the important subject.

Michigan was regarded as already an old temperance battle-ground, where the right had repeatedly triumphed; so the great work done here was hailed with delighted acclaims from the mighty army of total abstainers. The crusade began in Adrian. The following account given by Mrs. J. M. Geddes, one of the strongest temperance advocates, faithfully describes the movement in this place.

"When these crusades started in Ohio, and reports of them reached us in the papers, something came to me and said, 'That is to be your work in Adrian.' The idea was especially shocking to me. It seemed as if I never could go out as the crusaders were doing in Ohio and elsewhere, and hold meetings in saloons and on the streets; but as I read of the progress of the crusade the impression repeated itself over and over again, 'This is to be your work,' until I became actually frightened. I could not sleep at night for the dread of this duty, and gave over reading about the crusades, with the hope of freeing my mind from the disagreeable impression. When the week of prayer came that year I did not attend a single meeting, lest I should hear something about the crusades.

"Other ladies in the community began to be interested in the work, as the news of the movement began to occupy a large place in the public press, and several of them called upon me to ask me to attend a temperance prayer-meeting in Adrian. I gave various excuses for refusing the invitation, and for three weeks did not go near the meeting, during which time I was so wrought upon by a sense of my duty that I had no rest in my soul, day nor night. Once I took up a paper, and found a notice of Miss Smiley's meetings in Toledo, and

went away and stayed as long as possible, to keep out of the way of the temperance work at home. On my return, my husband inquired if I were intending to have anything to do with those crusades, whose measures, he thought, were not well chosen, but calculated to lower the dignity of the ladies who engaged in them. I said nothing of my convictions ; but the news kept getting more exciting, and the impression of my duty kept growing stronger, until at last it seemed to come to me as a question of life and death : 'Will you do this work, or will you not? You must decide once for all.'

"At this I was so alarmed that I went to the temperance prayer-meeting, which I had shunned all along, and found that a band of crusaders had already been appointed.

"It appeared that the business men of Adrian had been urging the women forward in this movement, saying to them, 'The saloon-keepers expect you ; why do you not go?' Public sentiment had already taken sides with the movement ; crowded temperance meetings were held in the churches, and it may be truly said that the public conscience and judgment among the business men of Adrian actually drove the women into the work of the crusade.

"At that first meeting three praying bands were appointed, under three leaders ; and what was my amazement to hear my own name read as the leader of Band No. 1.

"The time appointed was two o'clock in the afternoon. It was too late for me then to go home to dinner, so I went with a friend. On my way back to the church I met my husband, who said to me,

"'I hear you have been appointed to go with a committee to the ——— House. I would not go there *first*, for it has been given out that the house has invited the ladies by way of breaking the force of their visit.'

"This good advice, which also showed the partial conversion of my husband to the movement, was followed ; the plan of the afternoon's work was changed. The three clubs united in one, and started out in solemn procession, two by two, from

the church, which was left full of people, to pray while we went out to the war. As leader of 'Band No. 1,' the leadership of this first crusade in our State fell upon me. We marched along the street for half a mile, to the miserable hotel we were first to visit, and as we went along I issued what you may call General Order No. 1 :

"'Speak not one word, but pray all the time.'

"It seemed as if the day of judgment were come, so great was the solemnity that pervaded our company, while the faces of the men who lined the path on either side seemed to indicate a sense of the divinely appointed work upon which we had started out. Even the crowds of boys in the streets were orderly and respectful.

"The first place we visited was the old Sammons Hotel, the landlord of which was an old man, eighty years of age—since dead—who had not been inside of a church, or heard a prayer or a hymn, for many and many a year. When we entered his place he trembled like a leaf in the wind. We talked to him kindly, and he offered all sorts of excuses for the business, which he admitted to be an evil one. There were people present, drinking, but he ordered that silence should be maintained while we sang our hymns and offered prayer, the heavy cross of offering the first prayer of the Michigan crusades falling upon me.

"Never in all my life before did prayer seem to bring me nearer to God. There was a special baptism of power and love given to me while I prayed in that low drinking place. From that moment all hesitancy and fear departed, and I felt that I was committed to the crusade for life. Ladies have often told me that the word 'saloon' had lost its disagreeable sound to them after they had passed through a similar experience; and the prayer-meetings which we held in bar-rooms and drinking dens were among the most interesting and spiritual religious services in which it was ever our privilege to engage. Never have we felt ourselves nearer heaven than when kneeling on the floor of a drinking-house, praying for

the keeper, and for the success of the woman's crusade. It may seem strange that a saloon should have any sacred associations in the mind of any human being; but then, you know, this sacredness was only to those who went there, not to drink, but to pray.

"We had at that time a prohibitory law, which had been standing on the statute books some eighteen or nineteen years, and under it all the saloons and drinking-places in Adrian were shut up so closely that for six weeks there was no open drinking in the town. During those six weeks the sum of fifty dollars covered all the expenses of the criminal business of the city.

"The whole community was pervaded with a spirit of religious temperance enthusiasm; and from Adrian the movement spread, until the whole State was alive with crusaders.

"But in an evil day pride began to creep in. We had done great things; we had won a great victory. Certain ambitious ones began to take a little glory to themselves, and insisted upon carrying on the movement begun under the Gospel by the help of the appliances of the law. We had shut up all the front doors of the drinking places, and now it was proposed to shut up all the back doors, so that there could be no private drinking; and for this purpose it was proposed to bring detectives from Chicago, who should watch for evidences of drinking on the sly, and thus bring prosecutions against the places that were still secretly selling liquor. A good many of us, who had been more interested in praying than in prosecution, opposed this new movement; but it was advocated with so much spirit that, rather than have a division in our ranks, we yielded a reluctant consent. Detectives were brought from Chicago, who hunted up evidence of secret liquor-selling, and on this evidence legal action was brought against the offenders. The lawsuits brought on anger and ill-feeling; and whenever you get angry your praying is done. With the beginning of this law movement the religious work fell off, and the good that

was confidently expected to be accomplished by legal means was never realized. We did, indeed, gain our cases before the courts, but our cases before the court of Heaven seemed to languish; and, what was more, some of those who had not joined in the praying crusades, and who had been most active in advocating the legal one, fell away from their interest in the cause when difficulties began to thicken, and the lawsuits were left at last on the praying women's hands.

"We had some curious experience in those days. There were some places where we were received courteously, and others which we were forbidden to enter. There was one place in particular from which we had been turned away that we were determined to visit. So, starting out with a band of crusaders, at an unusual hour of the afternoon, the first two of the procession reached the place somewhat in advance of the others, and entered almost before the keeper knew we were coming. But when he looked out and saw the procession he locked the door against us, making prisoners of the two leaders of our band. This, of course, looked serious, but we determined on no account to abandon those who had been taken captive by the enemy. So we gathered around the place, and began to sing and pray on the sidewalk, waiting until the keeper of the saloon should release his captives. The prayer-meeting being over and the door still fast, we held a speaking meeting; relating our experiences and cheering one another in the work. In the meantime quite a company of gentlemen had gathered around, and, seeing that we were besieging the place with prayer and song and temperance discourses, and had been at it long enough to be weary, they kindly brought out chairs and benches, and we continued our meeting with much comfort, except that we were anxious for our sisters, who were inside.

"Night came on, and still the prisoners were not released. Then our husbands and brothers and sons went away and brought us hot coffee and sandwiches, and we, thus further refreshed, went on with the singing and praying and speaking.

A great crowd of people gathered, and some of them, seeing the situation, cheered us on, and seemed to be deeply impressed with the religious exercises that we were engaged in. About ten o'clock at night the keeper of the saloon released the captive crusaders, who had improved their captivity by exhorting him to repentance, being in nowise molested, but becoming somewhat anxious at their long detention. This saloon presently closed for good. The keeper of it took his departure, and the place was used for another line of business.

"Our last crusading was on a place kept by a Dutchwoman, who attempted to use similar tactics upon the whole company, locking them in and abusing them with sharp words, and what was worse, keeping them in the dark as night came on; shutting up the place so that they might be suffocated with bad air, to which was also added the fumes from the pipes of the company of men, who in the next room were endeavoring to 'smoke them out,' as they say when they haze a freshman at college. The ladies were indeed in danger of violence, and it was ten o'clock at night before they were rescued from the captivity of the old Dutchwoman and her customers, who had worked themselves up to such a state of fury that for a while it was doubtful whether murder would not come of it.

"Like all other excitements, even in a good cause, the interest in the crusades died away, but there was left the organization known as the Women's Christian Temperance Union, which, through all discouragements, has maintained itself, and has now a healthy and active existence. Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, California and Oregon entered into the crusade spirit, and were in a short space of time staunch advocates of total abstinence."

At Fort Scott, Kansas, a liquor dealer advertised a free lunch, and the praying band brought twenty-one ragged and hungry children of drunkards to partake of it.

At Oakland, California, when the election was held under the local option law, booths were erected at the polls and

bouquets furnished all no-license voters. From sun to sun the brave women worked with hand and voice, and, when the votes were counted, the whole country rang with praises of the noble band who had saved the city. Thay were the first who dared set the example of working at an election, upon which such vital interests depended, and over which they had so earnestly prayed.

Maryland and some of the other Southern States were active in the good cause. Massachusetts, although generally the foremost state in reforms, hesitated somewhat at first about adopting the Ohio plan, but a noble company embraced it in Worcester, and carried it out with no little success. The work was continued here some time, soon spreading all over the State, and was continued with grand and wonderful results of good.

Pennsylvania was too near to Ohio, not to feel the enthusiasm of that State, and from the very first was in favor of the reform. The women of Pittsburgh, led by Mrs. Judge Black, gained the sympathy and interest of the entire country by their arrest and imprisonment in a common jail, for praying upon the streets. This action only added fuel to the flames. In no city has the crusade received such support and favor from the public at large as in the "Smoky City." The work was pushed earnestly and steadily. Coffee-house, reading-room, juvenile society of five hundred, street-corner meetings, mothers' meetings, relief for drunkards' families, etc., etc., were carried on in this place with great and never-flagging zeal.

In Philadelphia the work was a grand one. The ladies held earnest mass meetings, petitioned the common council for the closing of the saloons on Sunday, and finally accomplished their desire. Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, the president of the Woman's National Temperance Union, aided by a goodly host of other noble women, kept the cause uppermost in the hearts and minds of the people, not only of her own city and State, but throughout the entire country.

New York was not backward in the crusade. The spirit of this great movement was kindled and kept alive by the National Temperance Publication Society, whose indefatigable secretary, J. N. Stearns, did much to keep this light thus kindled, burning before the whole world. Mass meetings were held, addressed by Drs. Cuyler, Hepworth, Boole, Steele and many others. To the latter, the Rev. W. C. Steele, the women were greatly indebted for collecting and preserving in book-form the only printed records of the "Woman's Temperance movement." A committee was appointed of two women from each of the forty churches. They began their work first, as in the other places, by distributing pledges. Mrs. Helen E. Brown was the president of the wave, and under her guidance over one thousand visits were made to drinking-saloons, and meetings were held repeatedly on Water street, at Hooper Home, Magdalen Asylum, Bellevue Hospital, Sunday-schools, Industrial schools, etc., etc., and daily at Association Hall.

The crusades in Syracuse, Buffalo, Auburn and other towns were highly successful—"work" some one aptly remarks, "that will tell for eternity." Praying women all over the State of New York visited the excise boards, and urged them not to grant licenses, and in hundreds of instances were crowned with remarkable success. No women in the world have done, are doing more for the blessed cause of total abstinence to-day than those of New York State.

The crusade was not confined alone to the New World, but had life in other lands on the other side of the foaming ocean. England, Scotland, India, Japan, China even, learned through brave Christian women the terrors of the liquor traffic. A young man, dying in an Ohio hospital, when asked by the praying band if he had signed the pledge, said: "Oh, yes! I signed it eight months ago for the temperance women over in China, who came to pray as you have come, and I have kept it."

Brooklyn felt the crusade spirit as strongly as any city in the country, and its history of temperance work is most interesting. The winter of 1873-4 saw the faint streaks of light

that were, after a while, to shine so grandly, lighting up the whole community. A Union Bible-class of ladies, which held weekly afternoon sessions in the Friends' meeting-house, first caught the crusade spirit. The glad tidings from Ohio had reached them, and aroused them to a pitch of intense excitement. Some of these ladies belonged to the most wealthy and elegant circles of society, and had always been accustomed to the use of wine among their other luxuries.

The crusade in the West, however, opened their eyes to the fearful evils attending the use of intoxicants. They began to pray in secret for the success of their Western sisters. They finally confessed their feelings and unusual experience to one another.

The result of this was a prayer-meeting where, after devout and earnest supplication to the seat of mercy, they were led to consecrate themselves to God, though they had not the most remote idea that they should ever be called upon to do so strange a thing as to go into a saloon and pray. "I always thought," said one of these ladies, "that drunkenness was to be found only among low people, and, such being the case, it was a matter that did not concern us; but since we began this work I have found sad and heart-breaking proofs that in the highest walks of life, as well as in the lowest, this great curse and crime is terribly common.

"At one of our temperance prayer-meetings a young man came to me and said: 'I am lost, I am lost! pray for me!'

"I looked at him in surprise. He was a son of one of the leading families of Brooklyn.

"'Why do you not ask your mother to pray for you?'

"'Ah!' said he, with indescribable sadness, 'I never heard my mother pray.'

"The broken-hearted wife of the pastor of a leading church once came to beg me to join her in prayer for her wretched husband, who had been drinking for years in secret, and who at that time had been lying for three days in a state of senseless intoxication.

"I had always drank wine at my own table, and at the fashionable hotels at watering-places, but I began to see that a Christian had no business to set such a dangerous example."

The result of this prayer-meeting was a call for a woman's temperance meeting at the hall of Young Men's Christian Association, which, to the great surprise of the ladies, was attended by a vast assemblage.

Hundreds were obliged to be turned away, there being no room to accommodate them. An organization was formed, and Mrs. Mary C. Johnson unanimously elected as President, and Miss E. W. Greenwood, as Secretary. Under the direction of the latter lady Gospel temperance prayer-meetings were inaugurated, and carried on with great success. These temperance prayer-meetings became a perfect wonder. Large crowds flocked to hear the ladies, victims of strong drink presented themselves for prayer of their own accord, and the whole city became intensely interested in the movement. The real crusading, however, did not commence here until a saloon-keeper sent an invitation to the temperance women to hold a meeting in his saloon.

A spectator of those times said about this departure in the good work: This came like a shock to those eloquent and orderly people, who felt that even to speak or pray in a public meeting in the house of the Lord was a wide departure from the lessons of a lifetime, and almost unpardonable in a lady, unless in most exceptional cases, of which the temperance prayer-meeting was the only one they had ever met; but to go down to a house of the devil and bear this unaccustomed cross was too much for their sort of human nature to bear. But all at once the memory of that first meeting came over them. "We promised to obey the Lord without reserve," said the president, "and we dare not falter now."

A committee of twelve ladies, led by Mrs. Johnson, marched to the saloon, and, drawing up in a circle in the room with a card-table for a reading-desk, and a crowd of some three thousand persons, of every description of low and vicious life,

for a congregation, they held their first crusade prayer-meeting in Charles Meyer's gambling-house and saloon.

"Once when I was sick, a number of years ago," says Mrs. Johnson, "a strange vision came to me, of a vast crowd of people, in whose presence I was standing—a wild, wicked crowd, of all ages and in all grades of sin and misery; and just before me was a precipice, toward which they were moving, and over which they were falling. I was thought to be even then in the very arms of death. I heard the watchers say, 'She cannot live but a few hours;' but from that vision I knew that I was to recover, and that God had some work in store for me. I had vainly tried, over and over again, to find the meaning of this vision, but until I began this crusade work my life had been all the time among lilies and roses; now it began to be among thorns and briars.

"From the time we entered the saloon till near the end of the meeting, I did not dare look up, being oppressed with a sense of the strangeness of our situation; but after a dear Quaker sister had finished speaking I ventured to lift my eyes, and—there they were: the very crowd I had seen in that vision years and years ago. I knew them at once, and understood the meaning of the precipice over which they were falling."

She says of the memorable address she made on that occasion, which so many have praised in the highest terms: "I could speak then, for I saw the precipice and they did not." Thirteen men at the close of the meeting signed the pledge of their own accord; and a few days afterwards the proprietor closed his saloon, gave up the business, and gave the key of the place to the crusaders.

This was the beginning of the saloon-visiting, which, unlike the record of other places, has been steadily and persistently kept going. A Reformed Men's Meeting was organized; and a Friendly Inn, a Temperance Restaurant, established.

"The following is a faithful description of Mrs. Johnson: "Mrs. Mary C. Johnson, of Brooklyn, Recording Secretary, a woman of the best social standing, a blonde in features and a

lady in manner, the daughter of a public-spirited Christian banker, has given the past three years most heartily to the temperance cause. After many years of gayety and worldliness she became actively engaged in Sunday-school work, and had charge of three hundred little girls. She had also been president of the Home for the Friendless, and was the first contributor to the infant department of the '*Sunday-school Times*.' She is president of the Woman's Temperance Union of Brooklyn, where over one thousand saloons have been closed during the past year, and where she is greatly beloved by all classes. Until the temperance crusade her work was emphatically for women. She was led into this latter work because she believed it a call from God to save souls. She has labored abroad most effectively, having spoken in one hundred and twenty-one drawing-rooms by private invitation, and to London audiences of three thousand. Her father was a warm friend of the family of Elizabeth Fry, and the mantle of the gifted and beautiful preacher in the prisons of Northern Europe seems to have fallen upon her."

The following incidents of the different crusades will be perused with interest:

A letter from Boston to the Corresponding Secretary of the Cincinnati Woman's National Christian Temperance Union contains the following:—

"Last week there came into our temperance prayer-meeting, on North street, a young man who said he once drank whisky to excess. He acquired the habit by taking whisky and quinine for fever and ague.

"'In the streets of Cincinnati,' he said, 'I found myself alone, sick, and without friends. Wandering about the city, I came upon a band of women kneeling before a saloon and praying. I stopped to listen, and never before had I heard such prayers.

"'I was sent to the hospital, and there I thought of it all, and now I trust in God as my strength and my Redeemer. I have given up whisky forever.

"'I never saw one of those ladies to know them; I do not even now know their names, but shall throughout all eternity bless God for their prayers.' When asked to write his name upon the pledge book, he said, 'I will if you wish; my pledge is stronger than that; it is with Jesus.'

"Is not this word of the Lord true?—'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.'"

Mrs. Leavitt, of Cincinnati, relates the following:—

One of the Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Kentucky, was held in Louisville some months ago. During its session there was a ladies' meeting in the lecture-room of the church, in the interests of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Soon after the opening of the exercises two men came into the room and quietly took their seats. Just before the meeting closed one of them arose and asked permission to speak.

Said he: "I can't express my feelings this afternoon. I've been for two years hungry to hear a woman pray. I've been a very wicked man. I was a drunkard for fifteen years. I neglected my family; my children died; then my poor wife's heart broke, and the town buried her. Two years ago I found myself in Cincinnati. I hadn't drawn a sober breath in months; I spent my days in saloons, my nights in the station-house. I didn't care for myself, and nobody cared for me.

"One day a band of the praying temperance women came into a saloon where a lot of us were drinking. Standing in front of the counter, they sang,

'There is a fountain filled with blood'—

a hymn my mother used to sing; then they all kneeled, and one after another prayed. O, I can never forget those prayers as long as I live. I couldn't keep the tears back. For the first time in years there came into my heart a great desire to be a man once more.

"When they left the saloon I followed them to the church. There I signed the pledge, and took my first step toward a better life. As I wrote my name, my hand trembling and unsteady, a lady said to me, 'Jesus can help you; O, can't you trust him, brother?'

"I could not say one word; but all that afternoon I kept saying to myself:

"'She called me "brother." I'm somebody's brother—I'm somebody's *brother!*' At the close of the meeting she came to me, her eyes full of tears, and said:

"'All this afternoon I've been praying for you. O, you are in great danger! Jesus wants you, and Satan wants you; which are you going to serve?' Then I broke down, all to pieces, and I sobbed out, 'I do want Jesus to help me; but O, I am such a wretched sinner, there can be no help for me! I've sinned away my day of grace. I've murdered my wife. I've murdered my children. I've broken my poor old mother's heart. I've committed every crime; there can be no mercy for me. I don't deserve mercy; but O, my heart is breaking!'

"Somehow I went right on my knees. All I could say was, 'Have mercy on me, Lord—have mercy on me, Lord!'

"How those women talked to me! They told me Jesus didn't come to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance; that he would save even to the uttermost; then I laid hold of Christ, and peace came.

"I can never tell you how happy I was then, and have been ever since. I want to tell every body what a dear Saviour I have found. I want every one to love Jesus. If any of you live in Cincinnati, tell the temperance women I've been true; tell them God has given me over fifty souls here; glory be to his blessed name!

"Sometimes I feel I must go back. I went on my knees to thank those dear women for dragging me from the mouth of hell, and leading me to Christ. O, dear friends, it was woman's prayers and woman's tears that saved me; that's why I came

into your meeting. I thought perhaps you had met to pray for the drunkard. I'm glad you are praying for the heathen; but O, don't forget the heathen at home! There are drinking men in Louisville to-day by the hundred, hungry for the bread of life; they don't know it—but women's prayers can save them—they'll all go to hell if something isn't done. Won't you go to them and tell them, 'No drunkard can enter heaven?' They'll believe you; they will reform if you'll plead with them. Every drunkard's heart can be touched. All are not hardened; they have many bitter hours; they get down-hearted, and then Satan leads them off.

"O, pray for me, and pray for the drunkards of our city before you go."

Dr. Lewis explains his theory and plan for drunkards, which the women of the crusade followed, in one of his lectures, as follows: "There have been various methods proposed for lifting the black pall that hangs above us, shutting out the face of God from so many souls. I asked a man the other day, on a railway train, if he had heard anything about the woman's temperance movement.

"'Of course I have. I haven't heard of anything else.'

"'Well, my friend, what do you think of the method?'

"'Don't think much of it; don't believe anything can be done for drunkards in this world.'

"Another reformer was of the opinion 'that it would be well to charge $5 for every drink;' and another was 'for having a law passed that liquor-dealers should not make more than five per cent. on their investments,' while another, who might almost be called fanatical in his advocacy of temperance, declared: 'If a man gets drunk once, send him to State prison! if he get drunk three times, hang him!'

"Now, there are two forms of combating the enemy, by prohibition, and by moral suasion; and I am afraid that there will be division in the temperance ranks between the advocates of these two methods. The friends of prohibition have always been true and faithful; but, notwithstanding all that

has been said on the advantage of prohibition laws, it is my belief that in the Eastern States prohibitory laws have been a positive harm.

"The Massachusetts law is the most perfect of its kind; yet there are 3,500 open dram-shops in Boston, selling liquor without attempt at cover or concealment. The trouble is, that prohibitory laws are passed before public sentiment has reached such an elevation as to make them a success, and when one is not enforced it is a stumbling-block in the way of reform.

"Enthusiastic advocates of prohibition will display great energy until the law is passed; then they fold up their hands, and say, Let her work. But she does not always work. Now, I suppose every body will say, Why don't they enforce the law? The difficulty is that the law is in advance of local public sentiment, and cannot be enforced any more than any other law could be which was ahead of the conscience of the people. Therefore I say that a prohibitory law is injurious to the cause of temperance when it diverts the attention from those moral and religious forces which alone can prepare the way for it.

"I hope the time will come, as it has come in Ohio, when prohibitory laws can be made successful, and then I will be in favor of them, but not before. In Mount Vernon, Ohio, for instance, the people have been asking their council to grant them a prohibitory ordinance, which the laws of the State permit, and for twenty years they have asked in vain; but the other night fifty men and thirty women went down to the City Hall, and in forty minutes the law was passed, signed, and put in force. Public sentiment had attained the requisite pitch; and it is as easy there now to punish liquor-selling as it is to punish horse-stealing.

"About twenty years ago I suggested the use of prayer-meetings in rum-shops, and it was tried in some sixty places, in Illinois, Michigan, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts;

but only now has the plan found congenial soil and taken root in the State of Ohio.

"Take the town of Washington, for instance. I lectured there one evening on this subject, in the Presbyterian church, and a committee of three women was appointed to draft an appeal to the liquor-dealers, and then a committee of forty women was appointed to circulate it, and ask signatures to what was called the dealer's pledge. In a few hours the appeal was ready, and the women started out, forty or fifty strong, including wives of clergymen, doctors, lawyers, and all the most respectable residents of the town. On reaching a saloon kept by a Mr. Smith one of the ladies knocked at the door, and said :—

"'Have you any objection to the ladies on the sidewalk coming in?'

"'No objection, certainly; come right in, ladies.'

"So they all went in.

"'Mr. Smith,' said the leader, 'I want to read an appeal to you; it contains nothing offensive.'

"No objection being made, the appeal was read.

"Then the leader said :—

"'Have you any objection to our kneeling down here and having prayer?'

"The man was too much surprised to object, and so all those women knelt down on the floor of the saloon, and some one led in prayer.

"After prayer they asked if they might sing, and, consent being given, they sang, what has since become the campaign song in Ohio, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee!' then, leaving the amazed liquor-seller to his reflections, they went to the next, and the next, until all the thirteen liquor-sellers were visited with petition, prayer, and song. The next day they repeated the process. One dealer said, 'Look here, I can't stand this any longer; if you won't come again I will stop.'

"'We hope we have done nothing offensive,' said the women.

"'No, no; but I really can't stand it. I have thirteen barrels of spirits in my cellar, and if you ladies want to knock in the heads of them I will let you do it.'

"To this proposition they gladly acceded, and, a time being appointed, all the bells in the town began to ring, bringing hundreds of people to the scene. With their own hands the women brought up the barrels from the cellar, and one of them that had suffered most from the liquor traffic seized an ax and dashed in the heads, and the liquor ran over the street in the wildest enthusiasm!

"'Some people say women cannot chop,' remarked a spectator, 'but this woman who knocked in the heads of them 'ere barrels seems to be the champion choppist of the town.'

"Another dealer 'came down,' as the phrase then in vogue expressed the closing of the drinking saloons; and in ten days from the time the crusade commenced every saloon was shut up, and the proprietors pledged their honor never to open again.

"Just out of town was one Charley Beck, a German, who kept a fine lager beer garden, and the women determined to visit him. He was in the confidence of some wholesale liquor dealers in Cincinnati, who told him they would give him all the liquor he could sell in a year if he would break down the crusade.

"When he was visited he said, with much impressiveness: 'Go vay, vimmins, go home; shtay at home, and tend to your papies; vhat for you vants to come to my peer garten? Dis is the blace to trink peer; ve don't vant no brayer-meetings in dis garten.' However, the women quietly led a prayer-meeting on his behalf, which, greatly to his surprise, was not such a shocking, howling, fanatical utterance, but a supplication of the throne of divine grace in his behalf, and in a low and gentle manner, as a mother might pray, with her children around her, at the family altar.

"Recognizing this as the last stronghold of the enemy, a tent was pitched in front of the entrance to the beer garden,

and on it was placed a locomotive head-light, which threw its glare full upon the Dutchman's door. The women relieved each other every four hours from six o'clock in the morning until midnight, singing and praying, reading the Scriptures, and keeping account of the persons who went into Charles Beck's garden for three weeks; by which time his business was effectually stopped, and poor Beck, seeing that the hope of his gains was gone, came mournfully over to the prayer tabernacle, and said: 'O vimmins! I quits, I quits.'

"Shortly after, a German in a neighboring town thought he could do a good business by removing his stock of liquors to the town of Washington, thinking that the topers must be very thirsty by this time. He was, however, afraid to use the railway, so he secretly moved his goods one night in a wagon, and the next morning opened out his saloon with the expectation of large and immediate profits. In about half an hour all the bells of the town began to ring, and the Dutchman thought there must be a fire; but presently the head of a procession of over a hundred women came in sight, and the poor fellow was obliged, like the rest, to 'come down' and surrender unconditionally."

When asked whether he thought this plan practicable in cities, the doctor replied that in Columbus and Dayton meetings of that sort had been held, which had not succeeded very well.

"Do the men take part in these meetings?"

"We try not to have them," said the doctor. "We would rather they would keep out. When a man comes up to give his opinion he will extend the palm of one hand as an anvil to hammer on with the forefinger of the other, and say: 'With regard to the archæological relations and the metaphysical proclivities,' etc., etc. The women want none of this. They come to the meeting from their closets of prayer, burning with the love of God, and clinging to Him for help. They want power from on high; but one of the things they don't want is the cool, calculating, speculating theories of the men."

Frances E. Willard.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CRUSADE SPIRIT SETTLED AND CRYSTALLIZED IN THE TEMPERANCE UNIONS.—GROWTH AND FULL ORGANIZATION OF THE WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE WORK.—INCIDENTS AND FIGURES.—SKETCHES OF THE LEADERS OF THE WORK.

THE crusade spirit did not gain force by extension; it rather weakened. Those who in singleness of heart, self-consecration and trust in God, had thrown themselves into the work, soon came to the conclusion that some other better and more orderly way of accomplishing the good they sought, must be adopted. If God were indeed with them, if it was His will that these myriads of unfortunate souls should be rescued in this way, He would guide and help them. He would point out the right way in which they should walk to save drunkards. They felt assured He was with them. In the great calm that followed the rush, excitement, enthusiasm and wild confusion of that first movement, they heard the voice of God still calling them to the duty that faced them. In the darkness the light soon came, and dispelled the shadows.

Frances E. Willard, the corresponding secretary of the Woman's National Temperance Union, says in her article in the Centennial Temperance volume:

"A phenomenon no less remarkable, though certainly much less remarked, succeeded the crusade—indeed, is aptly termed its "sober second thought." This was the phenomenon of *organization*. The women who went forth by an impulse, sudden, irresistible, divine, to pray in the saloons, became convinced, as weeks and months passed by, that theirs was to be no easily-won victory. The enemy was rich beyond their

power to comprehend. He had upon his side the majesty of law, the trickery of politics, and the leagued strength of that almost invincible pair—appetite, avarice. He was persistent, too, as fate; determined to fight it out on that line to the last dollar of his enormous treasure-house, and the last ounce of his power. But these women of the crusade believed in God, and in themselves as among his appointed instruments to destroy the rum power in America. They loved Christ's cause; they loved the native land that had been so mindful of them; they loved their sweet and sacred homes; and so it came about that, though they had gone forth only as skirmishers, they soon fell into line of battle; though they had ignorantly hoped to take the enemy by a sudden assault, they buckled on the armor for the long campaign. The Woman's Praying Bands, earnest, impetuous, inspired, became the Woman's Temperance Unions, firm, patient, persevering. The praying bands were without leadership, save that which inevitably results from "the survival of the fittest"; the Woman's Unions are regularly officered in the usual way. The first wrought their grand pioneer work in sublime indifference to prescribed forms of procedure—"so say we all of us" being the spirit of "motions" often made, seconded, and carried by the chair, while the assembled women nodded their earnest acquiescence; the second are possessed of good strong constitutions (with by-laws annexed), and follow the order of business with a dutiful regard to parliamentary usage. In the first, women who had never lifted up their voices in their own church prayer-meetings stood before thousands and "spoke as they were moved"; in the second, these same women, with added experience, and a host of others who have since enlisted, impress the public thought and conscience by utterances carefully considered. The Praying Bands, hoping for immediate victory, pressed their members into incessant service; the Woman's Unions, aware that the battle is to be a long one, ask only for such help as can be given consistently with other duties.

"Enthusiasm—'a God in us'—enabled the Praying Bands to accomplish prodigies; steady purpose, and the same faith which inspired the crusade is conducting the unions to victory, distant, but sure.

"In the spring of 1874, the women who had been engaged all winter in crusading, called conventions for consultation in their respective States. These were attended by delegates chosen by the local praying bands, and from them resulted several State organizations, called at first 'State Temperance *Leagues*.' This name was, however, soon changed to 'Unions,' the latter word better emphasizing the non-sectarian spirit of the crusade.

"Having organized by States, it was natural to confederate these societies in a national temperance union of Christian women, through which all parts of the great Republic might be enlisted against its most insidious foe. In August, 1874, the first National Sunday-School Assembly was held at Chautauqua Lake, near Buffalo, New York. The following circular was prepared at that Assembly and sent to women in all parts of the country, and was also extensively circulated through the press. It is a document of more significance than many a political platform conspicuous for its missing plank, or State paper celebrated in later annals for 'making a promise to the ear that it might break it to the hope.'

"'WOMAN'S NATIONAL TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

"'During the session of the National Sunday-School Assembly at Chautauqua Lake, several large and enthusiastic temperance meetings were held. Many of the most earnest workers in the woman's temperance movement from different parts of the Union and different denominations of Christians were present, and the conviction was general that a more favorable opportunity would not soon be presented for taking the preliminary steps towards organizing a National League, to make permanent the grand work of the last few months.

"'After much deliberation and prayer, a committee of or-

ganization was appointed, consisting of one lady from each State, to interest temperance workers in this effort. A national convention was appointed to be held in Cleveland, Ohio, during the month of November, the exact date to be fixed by the committee of organization. The chairman and secretary of the Chautauqua meeting were authorized to issue a circular letter, asking the Woman's Temperance Leagues to hold conventions for the purpose of electing one woman from each Congressional district as a delegate to the Cleveland convention.

"'It is hardly necessary to remind those who have worked so nobly in the grand temperance uprising that in union and organization are its success and permanence, and the consequent redemption of this land from the curse of intemperance. In the name of our Master—in behalf of the thousands of women who suffer from this terrible evil—we call upon all to unite in an earnest, continued effort to hold the ground already won, and move onward together to a complete victory over the foes we fight.

"The ladies already elected members of the Committee of Organization are: Mrs. Dr. Ganse, Philadelphia; Mrs. E. J. Knowles, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Mattie McClellan Brown, Alliance, O.; Mrs. Dr. Steele, Appleton, Wis.; Mrs. W. D. Barnett, Hiawatha, Kansas; Miss Auretta Hoyt, Indianapolis, Indiana; Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, Bloomington, Illinois; Mrs. Ingham Stanton, Le Roy, N. Y.; Mrs. Francis Crooks, Baltimore, Md.; Miss Emma Janes, Oakland, Cal.

"'Jennie F. Willing, *Chairman.*

"'Emily Huntington Miller,

"'*Secretary of the Chatauqua Meeting.*'"

This convention was held in Cleveland, November 18, 19, 20, 1874. There were delegates present who represented sixteen States. There were active leaders of the crusade among its members, "but besides these," says Miss Willard, "there were present many thoughtful and gifted women, whose

hearts had been stirred by the great movement, though until now they had lacked the opportunity to identify themselves with it. Mrs. Jennie F. Willing presided over the convention, which was one of the most earnest and enthusiastic ever held. A constitution was adopted, also a plan of organization intended to reach every hamlet, town and city in the land. There was a declaration of principles, of which Christianity alone could have furnished the animus. An appeal to the women of our country was provided for; another to the girls of America; a third to lands beyond the sea; a memorial to Congress was ordered, and a deputation to carry it appointed; a national temperance paper, to be edited and published by women, was agreed upon, also a financial plan, asking for a cent a week from members; and last, not least, was appointed a special committee on temperance work among the children. Four large mass meetings were held during the convention, all of them addressed by women. Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, of Philadelphia, was elected president; Miss Frances E. Willard, of Chicago, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Mary C. Johnson, of Brooklyn, recording secretary; Mrs. Mary A. Ingham, of Cleveland, treasurer, with one vice-president from each State represented in the convention."

The spirit of this assembly of workers is clearly shown in the closing resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, That, recognizing the fact that our cause is and is to be combated by mighty, determined and relentless forces, we will, trusting in Him who is the Prince of Peace, meet argument with argument, misjudgment with patience, denunciation with kindness, and all our difficulties and dangers with prayer."

In her address, a prominent member of this convention expressed the deep conviction which prevailed there in the following forcible manner:

"Woman is ordained to lead the vanguard of this great movement until the American public is borne across the abys-

mal transition from the superstitious notion that 'alcohol is food' to the scientific fact that alcohol is poison; from the pusillanimous concession that 'intemperance is a great evil' to the responsible conviction that the liquor traffic is a crime."

"In the first year in its history," says Miss Willard, "the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union added six State organizations to its numbers, including scores of local Unions; sent out copies of its plan of work to all parts of the country; established as its organ a monthly paper called the *Woman's Temperance Union*, published by Mrs. Wittenmeyer, and edited by Mrs. Willing, with Mrs. Johnson and Miss Willard as corresponding editors; sent a memorial and deputation of women to Congress, asking for inquiry and legislation in regard to the liquor traffic, having gathered up hundreds of thousands of signatures to this memorial through the efforts of its local unions; issued a pamphlet of "Hints and Helps" concerning methods of work; and by these and many other means established itself upon a firm footing among the active and efficient agencies for the extermination of the liquor traffic. Its first annual meeting was held in St. Paul's M. E. Church, Cincinnati, November 17, 18, 19, 1875. Delegates from twenty-two State furnished their credentials."

The following extracts from the very interesting report of the corresponding secretary give the details of the work accomplished during the first year:

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE W. N. C. T. UNION.

To-day we reach a milestone in our slow but steadfast march towards victory. On this sacred battle-ground of the crusade, the procession of States pauses for roll-call. In stately Senate chamber and on heroic field their dear familiar names, "from Maine to California," have thrilled the ears of patriots in the glorious days of old. The hurrying crowd would smile to hear it said—if, indeed, the utterance should gain its ear at all - that never did the sisterhood of States pass in review on an

occasion more full of inspiration and hope than at this quiet hour and in this solemn place, where for the sake of cross and flag we meet to pray. But history shall yet bear witness that the enthusiasm of the prediction has crystallized into the blessed fact of its fulfillment. We first call

MAINE,

which long ago achieved for its time-honored motto, "I direct," the proud significance of leading, where the Union yet shall follow, into the safe harbor of prohibitory law. On August 21, at the second national temperance camp-meeting held at Orchard Beach, the women of Maine organized a State union, auxiliary to our own. Much substantial work had already been done by local unions in Bangor, Portland, Saco, Biddeford, and elsewhere. In a State where the general government supplies all the liquors for medical and mechanical purposes, where no distilleries are tolerated, and where a prohibitory law is as thoroughly enforced as are the laws against stealing and murder, the work of our unions is to train the embryo voters (and companions of voters) in the way they should go, and to leaven more and more the lump of public sentiment. The State secretary, Miss Gaines, of Saco, writes: "I regret exceedingly that we must report at this early stage of our existence, when we do not know precisely how we stand, as many of our societies are just reorganizing; there are, however, woman's temperance societies in nearly every town all through the State of Maine."

NEW HAMPSHIRE

organized at Concord one year ago, and held its first annual meeting at the same place, October 28. Four auxiliaries were reported—at Concord, Manchester, Portsmouth, and Dover. "Each of them," writes the corresponding secretary, Mrs. O. W. Scott, "was formed through the persistence of a faithful few; but with the reform clubs as allies, and public sentiment gradually increasing in their favor, there seems to be some encouragement for the future. Still, it must be confessed there appears to be but one subject that can thoroughly arouse New

Hampshire, and that is politics. During a political campaign," continues the secretary, "that State can dispose of as much rum, create as large a cloud of smoke, and expectorate as much tobacco-juice as any other in the Union; and for years the temperance cause has been mixed with politics, kicked back and forth like a foot-ball between the two great parties, bought and sold and cheated, until it has become in some circles a by-word and reproach. In Portsmouth, our principal seaport town, the Hon. (?) Frank Jones, Representative in Congress from this district, runs a brewery, and was also a representative at the 'Congress' of beer-makers. The possibility of electing such a man to office shows a demoralized public sentiment. It may be said that all this ought not to affect the formation of societies among the women; but it does. There has been some saloon-visiting in one or two towns; in Manchester there are seven hundred children in a juvenile society, and the ladies have started a reform club; in Portsmouth efforts are made to help the sailors to reform, and to assist the destitute families of inebriates. In the Dover Union, just organized, a good work is planned."

VERMONT,

through the efforts of our indefatigable vice-president, Mrs. Havens, held a convention in Montpelier on February 17 last. The published announcement assigns these reasons for women's work: "The Master's Call," "The Hour's Need," "Christian Indifference," "Satan's Persistence." This convention, and the annual meeting held in Rutland, September 28, were well attended. There are at present ten local unions in the State, eight of them auxiliary, and numbering 520 members, besides nineteen "individual members," the reason for this latter class of membership being to give persons living where there is no union an opportunity to identify themselves with the State union by indorsing the constitution and paying the annual fee into its treasury. Mrs. Havens' report has these words: "There has been much prayerful thinking done this year upon this subject by the women of Vermont. There is, however, a

general lamentation that we have not accomplished more, but I feel that we are preparing for a successful conflict. You of the West are accustomed to such immense territory, you cannot have a very correct idea of our small State, with fourteen counties, while Illinois has one hundred and four. We are learning all the time, and I only wish I could express a tithe of what I feel and know of our steady advance in interest, that I might encourage others."

MASSACHUSETTS.

The Massachusetts Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized in Boston, November 12, 1874. There are eighteen local unions, twelve auxiliary to the State. The second convention was held at Boston, April 24, 1875, the third at Fitchburg, June 10 and 11, 1875, all of which have been enthusiastic and profitable. Reports from the local unions of their labors and successes are inspiring. There is deep consecration to the work, steady courage, and unfaltering trust in Him who is the great leader. Juvenile organizations, reform clubs, friendly inns—all largely claim attention, with cheering results. There are many interesting reports from the various unions of Massachusetts, particularly one from Worcester, where the work began. It has gone on with power. There is a large, interesting work among the firemen; coffee is furnished at the time of fires. The saloon-work has been carried on by a few ladies; 250 visits are reported from November, 1874, to May, 1875.

RHODE ISLAND

organized a State union in January last, and held a second meeting in May. There are four auxiliaries, with an aggregate membership of 154. The ladies of Providence have had weekly prayer-meetings, and have circulated a petition for the suppression of the liquor traffic, which received the signatures of ten thousand women. A delegation of ladies carried this before the Legislature, and the prayer was granted; but the prohibitory law was repealed when the new State officers came into power. "So," writes the vice-president, "the work of

going over the same ground is left for us, and this we hope successfully to accomplish during the winter." Evidently "Hope," the motto of "Little Rhody," expresses the spirit of its Woman's Temperance Union.

CONNECTICUT

has also a State union, with auxiliaries all throughout the State. Its ladies have done much to influence elections by their prayers and by using the right of petition. "No license" has been the decision at repeated elections, as a result of the following petition, signed by hundreds of women:

"*To the voters of* ———:

"We, your sisters, wives, and mothers, earnestly pray you, our, brothers, husbands, sons, and legal protectors, to defend our hearths and homes from the desolations of the rum traffic by voting 'No license.'"

Remembering how difficult is the first step, and how decisive is that step when once taken, we congratulate the Union on the fact that *a beginning* has been made in every Eastern State. One of our most active workers thus sums up the condition of affairs: "The work is all so new, and we are naturally so conservative, that it will take time and vigorous effort to bring us all out, but I know we shall work well when once fairly embarked. I can see a decided improvement already, and I well know there are earnest, loving hearts enlisted all through New England."

NEW YORK

organized a State union, October 14, 1874—being among the earliest in the field. Twenty-six Congressional districts were represented at the first meeting. It was agreed to hold a State Convention quarterly. The second met at Brooklyn, in February; the third in May, at Buffalo; the fourth, and first annual meeting, at Ilion, in October. The work is to be presented to every town and village in the State, during the coming year, by Mrs. Swanson, of Brooklyn, a faithful worker, appointed, with others, for that purpose.

Arrangements are made for organizing juvenile unions, and several are now in successful operation. Reports were received from twenty auxiliaries ; there are thirty-nine already organized. Some effort has been made to secure the enforcement of law, but prayer and moral suasion have been the weapons chiefly used. Friendly inns or coffee-rooms have been established and are sustained in Brooklyn, Syracuse, Rochester, and several other places. Saloon-visiting has been carried on more or less in many of the cities and villages. Brooklyn has taken the lead in this branch of work, and over 2,500 saloon visits have been made, and the Bible and temperance literature freely distributed. In fourteen months 1,010 saloons have been closed, and 326 saloon-keepers now close on the Sabbath day in that city. The daily prayer-meetings have been held in different parts of Brooklyn, and Gospel temperance-meetings in jails, inebriate asylums, at Fort Hamilton, on the receiving-ships, and in private houses. New York city has done much. Gospel temperance-meetings have been held every Sabbath evening in Water street, and daily meetings in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. Meetings also in Hopper House, the Magdalen Asylum, the Tombs, and Bellevue Hospital. Saloon-visiting has been kept up, about 1,000 saloons have been visited in the past year. It is stated upon good authority that 3,000 have closed their doors in New York this year. (For other interesting detailed accounts, see report of our vice-president, Mrs. L. M. Kenyon, of Buffalo, which closes with these words: "We women of New York shall hold our standard firm until our enemies cannot choose but see it. Petitions will flood our Capitol, and communities will feel the work of women strong in the faith.")

NEW JERSEY

has been prominent in the rescue department of our work, and its Gospel temperance meetings and reform clubs have brought a blessing to many homes and hearts. The number of local auxiliaries is ten. There are, besides, several large

juvenile unions. All the local unions have weekly prayer-meetings, and Newark has sustained a daily prayer-meeting for nine months, also a Sabbath-school and a Home for reformed men. In some towns the ladies have held all-day prayer-meetings on election day, and in several cases where this has been done the elections have been for two years carried in favor of "No license."

PENNSYLVANIA.

When the vice-president, Mrs. Fanny D. B. Chase, entered upon the labors of her office one year ago, she found the crusaders at work in the largest cities of the State, and nearly thirty societies of women already organized. The first State convention was held in Philadelphia in March. In connection with this convention, strenuous efforts were made to influence the legislators against the repeal of the local option law. A delegation from the convention was admitted to a hearing before the committee on "Vice and Immorality," and also waited upon the governor, to whom an eloquent appeal was made on behalf of the delegation by Mrs. Wittenmeyer, urging him to withhold his signature from the bill. "Our efforts," says Mrs. Chase, "proved fruitless, and a law adopted by two-thirds of the counties of the State, with the understanding that it should have a fair trial for three years, went down within two years after its passage." But defeat has evidently been but a spur to still more earnest effort. At the second State convention, held on October 10, forty-four working and well-established unions were reported. "Besides these, there are a large number of woman's temperance societies under various names, and not auxiliary to the State Union, but engaged heartily in the work. The Alliance at Pittsburgh reports 100 members, a flourishing coffee-house and reading-room, one friendly inn, a juvenile force of pledged workers 500 strong, and street-corner meetings every week, Sabbath afternoon meetings for mothers, meetings for prayer, both adult and juvenile, weekly, semi-weekly, and tri-weekly; a city police specially committed to the watchful

care of crusaders, and money equal to all necessities of the work. During the severe winter, and the stoppage of manufacturing establishments, the friendly inn located near the iron-works proved a charitable institution indeed, many drunkards' families securing their entire supplies from this source. In the spring a prominent and notorious saloon was converted into a temperance coffee-house, carried on by the union, the proprietor going into other business. The drinking-room of the saloon is now a temperance reading-room, made as neat and attractive as possible. Men of note in the neighborhood come here and pledge themselves, asking secrecy until they try their strength to keep the pledge."

In the union at Philadelphia a special feature seems to be the establishment of a Home for inebriate women, and also of a Centennial Coffee-House near the Exposition Grounds for the workmen now employed, and for temperance visitors the coming year.

Owing to a misunderstanding concerning the financial plan of the National Union, the funds reported from this State are disproportionate to the amount of work done. At the last State Convention this point was fully canvassed, and another year will note a better record. The ladies went home from this meeting resolved to do more in every way, having learned better how to work.

So interesting are the detailed reports of unions in Pennsylvania and New York, it is to be regretted that they cannot be given in full.

DELAWARE

has held two conventions, and is organized to some extent. No details of its work have reached us.

MARYLAND

organized for work November 9. There is much temperance interest in this State, the local-option law being enforced in several of its counties. Baltimore has an enterprising local union, a friendly inn, and temperance eating-house. Saloons have been visited to some extent, and cottage prayer-meetings

held with a good attendance. The prominent journals are strongly helpful to the ladies' work.

THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

has not been unmindful of its unequalled opportunity and duty. One hundred women are enrolled as members of its Temperance Union. Thousands of dollars have been contributed to the Holly-Tree inns, which are well patronized. The secretary, Mrs. Julia M. Church, writes: "We have worked whenever and wherever we have found opportunity, looking always to our Father in heaven for guidance and direction."

KENTUCKY

organized in October, a convention for that purpose being held at Covington, where a Woman's Temperance Union has been in operation for a year or more.

OHIO

is reported by Mrs. E. J. Thompson, of Hillsboro, "cradle of the crusade," where the first visits of women to rum-shops occurred December 23, 1873—a memorable day in the annals of our Society. This State organization was effected June 17, at Springfield. Three State temperance conventions have since been held, the work divided into twenty districts, and each provided with a vice-president. Most of the vice-presidents report their respective organizations, and many of them are faithfully working to build up and establish temperance principles as well as to save the perishing. There is a very large number of local auxiliaries, and at least two hundred friendly inns; reading-rooms, juvenile societies, and young people's leagues are multiplying and becoming a power. The anti-license victory of 1874, the success of the temperance fair (in Cincinnati), verdicts against liquor-sellers, political defeat of men for office who compromise with the "curse of curses," and many other "signs of the times," are presagers of the "coming victory" in Ohio. First in this holy war, may Ohio, by reason of her faith in God, be always worthy of her noble record in the past!

INDIANA.

The report of the corresponding secretary, Miss Auretta Hoyt (made on behalf of Mrs. Gov. Wallace, our national vice-president), covers sixty-one pages of cap paper. It is a splendid setting forth of the varied, faithful, untiring work which gives to Indiana so high rank in our national union. To one whose heart is in the cause these fresh and cheering pages afford delightful reading, and the entire report should appear in print, to show the unbelieving how tenacious of life is the temperance crusade. Miss Hoyt begins as follows: "It is not possible to give names of all the towns in Indiana which caught the impulse of the Woman's Crusade in February and March, 1874, and 'sprang to arms.' But out of our ninety-five counties, fifty-nine, at least, were sufficiently aroused to show results. In some the interest took the form of street and saloon work; in others, of contesting applications for licenses in the commissioners' court; and sometimes the two were combined. Only the last great day will show all the results of the first, but we know that it awakened the public mind, and 'set people thinking,' as nothing else could have done. The public finger was pointed directly at the dram-shop, and there it continues to point, with so much emphasis that liquor selling and renting buildings for that purpose are becoming disreputable in a geometric ratio. As the result of the second method, it is ascertained that out of 305 applications for permits to sell, 138 were defeated at the March term, 1874. The liquor men rallied their forces by the June term, and brought their resources in money, political influence, and legal ability to bear, and in the mean time many politicians had taken the alarm, and the enthusiasm of others had spent itself, so that the resisting temperance people found themselves in the commissioners' court with so little moral support from the community that by degrees the contest was abandoned. It was, however, a wonderful opener of eyes to our voters, who began to see that laws do not enforce themselves, and to discover what unprincipled men they had voted into office

Their way hedged before them in these directions, the women of Indiana, whose courage, faith and devotion, held them to the work, began to cast about for new methods and more perfect organization, that the work might be perpetuated." Then followed an account of two State, twenty-nine district, and thirty-four county conventions (eight out of thirteen districts being thoroughly organized), resulting in the formation of many temperance unions. Of the specific work in each one of 207 local auxiliaries, of petitions, and memorials, the juvenile work, mass meetings, and all the various departments of our work, nothing beyond a summary can be here attempted. There are nineteen juvenile organizations, two Young Folks' Temperance Unions, three Mission Sabbath-schools, one reading-room, one temperance hall, five counties where the W. C. T. U. controls a column in the weekly paper, and many others where reports are published, often with kindly comments. There is, besides, a State temperance paper, the *Advance Guard*, recently established, edited jointly by the Good Templars and W. C. T. Union. The 310 active Good Templar lodges, averaging seventy-five members, and forty-three Y. M. C. Associations, and the State Temperance Alliance, all work hand in hand with the W. C. T. U. The women, through the president, Mrs. Governor Wallace, presented the last legislature a petition praying for a voice in the local option election, which was to decide whether liquor should be sold or not, with 23,000 names, besides helping to circulate a general petition which had an aggregate of 75,000 names. The union is now working toward more perfect township organization which shall reach all the people, the introduction of juvenile temperance work into the Sabbath-schools, and the general circulation of a memorial to Congress.

ILLINOIS

organized a State union in October of last year, at Bloomington, and held its first annual meeting in Galesburg, October 20. About twenty-six auxiliary unions were reported. Prayer-

meetings, Gospel temperance meetings, reform clubs, and juvenile organizations are the prominent features in this State. Rockford has the most flourishing juvenile union in the county, and has contributed the most ideas on that subject. There are about thirty reform clubs organized, chiefly through the labors of Francis Murphy. Ten of these clubs are in Chicago. A daily Gospel temperance meeting has been held in Chicago since January last, with a large attendance, at which meeting over 1,100 men have signed the pledge. At the weekly Bethel Home meeting in that city 2,000 have signed the pledge. A great many mass meetings, at which thousands have signed, have been held in this State, and there is a marked improvement in public sentiment.

MISSOURI

organized in St. Louis, May 19. The women of the local union in that city have worked on amid darkness that could be felt, sustaining a Gospel temperance meeting, at which many have been reformed. In Hannibal, and one or two other towns, much has been done, but no recent report is at hand. The St. Louis secretary closes her report thus: "There is an increasing interest in the subject, and our faith is strong."

IOWA.

The earnest vice-president for this wide-awake State, Mrs. M. J. Aldrich, thus sums up the work: "There have been, besides the State society, district unions organized in the first, third, fourth, and fifth districts, and three county unions. I have had information of fifty societies organized on the basis of our plan of work, and all but three of them organized since the crusade. There are eleven juvenile societies, seven reform clubs, six coffee-houses and reading-rooms."

WISCONSIN

organized at Milwaukee, October 21, 1874, and held its recent annual meeting in Fond du Lac, October 19, 20 and 21. Mrs. S. J. Steele, our national vice-president, reports nineteen local unions, six flourishing Bands of Hope, several reading and lunch-rooms, and adds: "Comparatively few of our temper-

ance bands have as yet become auxiliary to our State alliance. They are taking measures to do so, however, and I am very sure the work with us is gaining in permanence and favor everywhere. Our State convention last month was a most harmonious and profitable, as well as inspiring and enthusiastic meeting. The facts brought out there indicate no diminution of interest in this great and important movement."

MINNESOTA

has as yet no State organization, but there are local unions in nearly all the towns, some of them doing effective work. There is also a temperance organization in the Sabbath-schools of the State, very successfully conducted by women. California and Oregon have also local unions. These three States will soon wheel into line of battle. The president of St. Paul W. T. U. writes: "Heart and soul are with you in this great work."

Kansas and Arkansas are reported as having a State organization, but no recent tidings are at hand.

NEBRASKA

held a State Convention and organized a Union at Lincoln, the State capital, on October 12. The secretary, Mrs. Spurlock, writes: "You may depend upon Nebraska; we are awake in this dark hour, and see the gray streaks of an early dawn." These words are a fitting close to our roll-call of the States.

Briefly to recapitulate, bringing out salient features, Maine has given, since the crusade, the idea of the temperance camp-meeting, which, though not original with us, has been rendered effective largely through the efforts of our own workers. Connecticut influences elections, has availed itself of petitions, and given us the best form on record. New York has kept alive the visitation of saloons, and proved, what may we never forget, that this is always practicable if conducted wisely. In the relief and rescue branches of our work, the Empire State is perhaps without a rival. The women of Pennsylvania have bearded the gubernatorial lion in his den, and the Hartranft veto had the added sin of women's prayers and tears denied.

Maryland and the District of Columbia prove that the North must look to her laurels when the South is free to enter on our work. As for Ohio, as Daniel Webster said of the old Bay State, "There she stands; look at her!"—foremost among leaders in the new crusade. Michigan is working bravely amid discouragements. Illinois has given us the most promising phase of our juvenile work, and leads off in reform clubs. Our best organized States are Ohio, Indiana, New York, Pennsylvania and Iowa. By reason of their multiplied conventions of State, district and county, their numerous auxiliaries, their petitions and their juvenile work, Ohio and Indiana bear off the palm and stand as the banner States of our Union up to this time, each of them having as many as two hundred and fifty auxiliaries.

Our review develops the fact that of the forty-seven States and Territories forming the United States, twenty-two States have formed temperance unions auxiliary to the Woman's National Union. Of the twenty-five not yet organized, twelve are Southern States and eight are Territories; while of the remaining five, three are about to organize State unions, and have already flourishing local unions. So that, without exaggeration, we may say we have fairly entered into the land to possess it. To bring about this vast result of organization, and to maintain it, there have been held (not to mention conventions of districts and counties, the name of which is legion) forty-five State conventions of women, almost all within the last year. It also marks decided progress of public opinion that women were delegates, by invitation, to the last national convention, called by that dignified and somewhat conservative body, the National Temperance Society. But while temperance conventions are inspiring and grand, while it indicates a marvellous advance in public sentiment that forty-five of them have been held by our sisters in the past year, let us remember that it is the earnest prayers and patient work of the local auxiliaries which mark enduring progress. Let us not forget that the fires of these broad hearths, around which

we lovingly gather in the councils of our peaceful war, are fed by the steady faith of the women at home, whose hearts are lifted up this very hour to the great Master of assemblies, that his Spirit may inspire all that we say and do.

The number of written communications sent out during the year from our Western office to women in every State in the Union is nearly five thousand. This is exclusive of "documents," which have gone by the bushel from the Eastern and Western offices, and also of the incessant correspondence of our president. Either president or secretary has spoken in nearly every State in which our organization exists. During the summer months, conventions, camp-meetings and local auxiliaries in large numbers have been addressed by officers of of our national and State unions in all of the Eastern and Middle and in many of the Western States. The corresponding secretary would here gratefully recognize the liberality of the Chicago Union, which, though she was at the head of their organization, consented to a four months' absence spent in the service of the National Union, and to almost constant correspondence on its behalf throughout the year. Noteworthy in our history for the year is the monster petition circulated in nearly every State, presented to Congress on our behalf by Senator Morton, of Indiana, and defended in an eloquent speech before the Finance Committee by our president. Later in this convention she will give an extended account of an event, full of significance as the entering wedge into that fortress of power whence we shall some day obtain national prohibition of the liquor traffic. A little book of "Hints and Helps," prepared by the corresponding secretary, was issued last spring from the National Publishing House at New York, and in June our paper, the *Woman's Temperance Union*, was ably launched from the Philadelphia office, with Mrs. Jennie F. Willing as the editor, Mrs. Johnson and Miss Willard as corresponding editors, and Mrs. Wittenmeyer as publisher. Conducted thus, in all its departments, by women, this organ of our Union should have the united support of our auxiliaries.

The foregoing details of our work have been given at greater disadvantage than will be readily believed. In view of the great difficulty of obtaining reports, I beg leave to suggest that hereafter the vice-president of each State make the detailed report for that State, and that a blank be sent by the corresponding secretary to be filled out with a few items of general information. There are many suggestions I would like to make, in addition to those of our president's stirring address, among them these : That the committee on juvenile work be instructed to prepare a manual of information and instruction, and also a song-book, for our young folks ; that a children's day be set apart, to be observed in the Centennial year for the first time, with special exercise and a parade of the Cold Water Army ; that a Centennial medal be prepared to be given for proficiency in studies of the juvenile union, and a prize offered for the banner juvenile union of the land ; that our auxiliaries endeavor to secure funds for prize essays in Sabbath-schools and public-schools ; and that we invite juvenile delegates to attend our State conventions. Furthermore, that as a Union we adopt a motto and device, the cross and flag being mentioned as appropriate, and attention being hereby called to a design furnished by Miss Mary Lathbury, of New York ; also that we would recommend State unions to hold mass conventions six months later than the annual delegated conventions ; and that of our workers, whether officers or not, a directory be kept at headquarters ; and last, but by no means least, that we make Martha Washington tea-parties the chief social entertainments of the winter, with a view to replenishing our treasury.

I have tried to set forth the history we have made thus far as temperance women of America. No one can be more conscious than I of its imperfections, especially its utter inadequacy to represent the great work of amelioration and reform which you have witnessed. I beg you charitably to remember the difficulties resulting from incompleteness in the reports furnished by the States ; and yet, if I were asked to give the

very essence of our work, I should not name a single item in the long report I have submitted. This, rather, is the practical side of our achievement: The women of America are asleep no longer over that powder-mine, the liquor traffic. We have begun—we believe that with God's help we can finish. Women are realizing their power to think, to plan, to transact business, to influence the decisions of the polls, to hasten the sway of the Cross in this land of the Star-Spangled Banner. I have heard more women say, "I'm glad I'm alive!" in this last year than in all my previous history. Children are opening their eyes with wonder at the notion that they can do much to help the world along. Good men are believing more in the triumph of the right, and bad men fearing more the downfall of the wrong; and, withal, more than in any years before, the poor have the Gospel preached to them. Dear sisters, when people would discourage us, we must remind them how vastly worse the outlook might have been to-day, if, in December, 1873, we had not heard the voice of God calling: "Woman, I say unto you, arise!" There is no logic and less faith in those who grow discouraged in a noble cause. Rather than let us be of the immortal company who

> "Rowing hard against the stream,
> See distant lights of Eden gleam,
> And do not dream it is a dream."

Let us be true to our sweet tryst at twilight before the mercy-seat, and for our watchword let us murmur with unwearied faith:

> "For God and Home and Native Land!"

Besides carrying out the suggestions of the foregoing report, the second national convention acted upon the following recommendations of the president's address: 1. To establish a lyceum bureau which should furnish organizers, speakers, readers, singers, etc., to those wishing to form local young

women's or juvenile temperance unions or reform clubs, the demand for such services being far in excess of the (acceptable) supply, although our work constantly develops able speakers among women.

2. To arrange a definite plan by which young women may actively engage in our work.

3. To appoint a medical commission to investigate the medical uses of alchohol, its effect upon the health of the country, etc.

4. To appoint a commission (of women) on Bible wines, since doctors of divinity seem to reach no conclusion.

5. A committee on presenting our cause to ministerial, Sunday-school, educational, medical, and other associations, urging them to declare their intentions in regard to it.

6. Committee on an international convention of women, to be held in Philadelphia Academy of Music in June next.

7. Committee on Finance and the incorporation of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union.

This convention surprised many, and it was pronounced by impartial and able judges "one of the most clear-headed and best-tempered recently held by man or woman. There was a marked growth in the knowledge of business and parliamentary usage, and no falling off in the zeal and Christian devotion of its members."

The general officers were re-elected, with the exception of the treasurer, who, having resigned, was replaced by Mrs. S. K. Leavitt, of Cincinnati. Some changes and additions were made in the list of vice-presidents.

The lady managers of the Centennial Exposition requested the National Union to get State unions to send printed and written reports of their labors to the centennial committee on woman's philanthropic enterprises. Mrs. Governor Wallace, of Indiana, presented excellent resolutions, which were adopted with slight revision. The following resolution has special interest to all persons in favor of total abstinence:

"*Resolved*, finally, That, whereas women are the greatest sufferers from the liquor traffic, and realizing that it is to be ultimately suppressed by means of the ballot, we, the Christian women of the land, in convention assembled, do pray Almighty God, and all good and true men, that the question of the prohibition of the liquor traffic should be submitted to all the adult citizens of this country, irrespective of sex, not as a means of enlarging our rights, nor antagonizing the sexes, but as a means of protecting ourselves, our children and homes, from the ravages of the rum power."

The second annual meeting of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union was held in Newark, New Jersey, in October, 1876. From the reports made to this meeting, we take the following interesting statements, showing how actively the work has been carried on.

"Twenty-two State unions were represented at this meeting, and local unions were reported as having been formed for the first time in Tennessee, Louisiana and Arkansas, preparatory to State organizations. An international temperance convention of women had been held in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, from which resulted an International Woman's Temperance Union."

The following summary of the work of the year will be perused with interest:

"In almost every organized State, the request of our national committee that ministerial, medical and educational associations be asked to declare their position in relation to temperance reform has been complied with. In every instance the ladies have been courteously received, and in no case has the declaration of opinion been adverse, and in many, most hopeful to our cause. The letter of Mrs. Wittenmeyer to the international medical convention recently held in Philadelphia, secured the important declaration against alcohol made by that body.

"In February, our president, accompanied by Mrs. Mary R. Denman, president of New Jersey W. T. U., made a trip to

Kentucky, Tennessee and Louisiana, in the endeavor to enlist our Southern sisters in the temperance work. Large meetings were addressed, and several local unions organized.

"In the month of May, thirty-six temperance meetings were held in the State of Ohio, by the corresponding secretary, who has also made a trip through Michigan, and spoken in all the Eastern, Middle, and several of the Western States since the last meeting.

"Our recording secretary, Mrs. Mary C. Johnson, has visited Great Britain, by invitation of Christian women there, for the purpose of introducing our Gospel work. Going in the spirit of the crusade, Mrs. Johnson's labors have awakened an earnest spirit of inquiry and activity among the thoughtful and comparatively leisure class. During her six months' absence in England and Ireland, she addressed one hundred and twenty-one audiences and conducted forty prayer-meetings.

"'Mother Stewart,' of Ohio, has also visited England and Scotland this year, under the auspices of the Good Templars, and much good has resulted from her labors.

"Our union has circulated the petition to Congress for a commission of inquiry into the costs and results of the liquor traffic in America, and to the centennial commissioners praying them not to allow the sale of intoxicants on the exposition grounds. The desired commission of inquiry has been ordered by the Senate in response to the wish of the united temperance societies of the land, but the subject did not come before the House at the last session.

"Our paper has constantly increased in its hold upon the local unions, whose devotion to its interests augurs well for its future success.

"The number of documents scattered among our auxiliaries cannot be accurately stated, but is not less than twelve or fifteen thousand, and the correspondence of the officers by letter and postal-card will not fall short of the same estimate. To correct misapprehensions, it should, perhaps, be stated that

no officer of the National Union has received a dollar for services or travelling expenses during the year."

In the State of Minnesota, as the result of woman's efforts, they have had for several years a "Sunday-School Temperance League," which in one year had the signatures of seventeen thousand children who had already "pledged to abstain from all intoxicants as a beverage." Says this same report of 1877: "We have carried the work into sixty-one new schools, held sixty-three anniversary meetings and temperance concerts, instigated about one thousand addresses in the Sunday-schools, secured six thousand six hundred and seventy-four signers to our pledges, and one thousand and fifteen to our constitution."

These statistics go to prove that one of the most important branches of the Union is that devoted to the youth of this country, and to show how vast a work this is, and how great the results prove to be.

"In most of the larger towns," says our authority, "throughout the United States, where active local unions exist, juvenile unions, bands of hope, or temperance associations by some other name, have been formed among the children. These have, in many cases, a large membership; often as high as from five to six hundred. In the city of Rockford, Illinois, the juvenile union numbers over eight hundred boys and as many girls. The pledge taken by these children includes, in some localities, tobacco and profanity as well as intoxicants."

The work of reform and rescue is mainly carried on by the State and local unions, especially in towns and cities. Religious temperance meetings in smaller places are held weekly, and in the cities daily, and sometimes twice a day. Chicago has as many as eighteen meetings every week.

"Reform clubs" have sprung from the efforts made by the praying bands, and are intended "to hold in safety the men whom they have been able to rescue." These clubs are quite numerous in New England and the West, and have a very

large membership exclusively made up of reformed men. In Newark, New Jersey, there is a club with a membership of over six hundred reformed men, nearly all of whom have been rescued in the past three years through the efforts of the Woman's Temperance Union of that city.

From the reports of the third year's work from the various unions it was estimated, after deducting from the returns all who were known to have broken the pledge, that ten thousand remained as the number reported to have been saved during the year, who were still standing in the strength which God had given them. The larger part of these reformed men had united themselves with the church, and were earnestly endeavoring to lead Christian lives.

Another very important and interesting branch of the work of the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union," is that of keeping alive a sentiment adverse to the traffic in liquor.

As long as the State and national government give the sanction of law to this trade, the women find their efforts to save the fallen almost a hopeless matter.

The women of the State Union made an appeal to the voters of Massachusetts, under date of August 15, 1877. In this document the evils of the traffic are clearly and earnestly set forth. It is as follows:

"The Woman's Christian Temperance Union comes to you with a solemn and earnest appeal.

"Our mission is the redemption of the commonwealth from the curse of intemperance. During the past year we have labored incessantly for this end, and have expended nearly twenty thousand dollars in efforts to rescue the perishing, and to educate public sentiment in favor of total abstinence.

"In this work we have met numerous obstacles—the apathy of the people, the inherited and depraved appetites of drunkards, and the perilous social customs of the day, which are indorsed by the practice of many otherwise excellent people. Worse than all these combined is the influence of the licensed

dram-shop. We can arouse the indifferent to action; we can enkindle in the drunkard aspirations for a better life than that of debauchery; we hope, in time, by constant agitation, to change the social customs of the day. But against the influence of the licensed dram-shop we are powerless. We have no ability to cope with this most formidable enemy of virtue, prosperity and good order.

"A long and bitter experience compels us to say that the most untiring efforts to reclaim the drunkard have, in many instances, proved unavailing, because his demoralized will has been powerless to resist the temptations placed in his path by the sanction of the State.

"Worse, if possible, even than this—the licensed dram-shop is instrumental in creating a new generation of drunkards. For thither resort our young men, the future hope of the country, who speedily fall before the seductions of the place, their habits of sobriety are subverted, their moral sense is blunted, their will palsied, and they drift rapidly into the appalling condition of habitual drunkenness. The licensed dram-shops are recruiting offices, where another army of drunkards is enlisted, to fill the ranks depleted by dishonored deaths—and the great commonwealth extends over them the ægis of its protection, indorsing them. by the sanction of law. The people of Massachusetts drink annually twenty-five million dollars' worth of intoxicating liquors. *Only God can furnish the statistics of sorrow, poverty, disease, vice and crime, begotten by this fearful consumption of strong drink.*

"Under these discouraging circumstances, men of Massachusetts, we appeal to you! The licensed dram-shop is the creature of political action. We are wholly destitute of political power, by which it must be overthrown. Anguished by the peril of fathers and brothers, husbands and sons, we appeal to you to make good the oft-repeated assertion that the men of the State represent and protect the women of the State at the ballot-box. We beseech you to make earnest efforts to secure the repeal of the license law at the next elec-

tion, and the enactment of the law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

"We are sure we speak the sentiment of the Christian people of this State, and of all who stand for morality, thrift, virtue and good order, when we say that the great State of Massachusetts should not take sides with the drunkard-maker against his victim. If either is to be protected by law, it should be the drunkard, since he is the weaker, rather than the rum-seller, who persistently blocks the pathway of reform.

"We know that we utter the voice of the majority of the women of the State when we plead the cause of prohibition—and the women of Massachusetts outnumber its men by more than sixty thousand. It is women who are the greatest sufferers from the licensed dram-shops of the community—and we pray you, therefore, voters of Massachusetts, to take such action that the law which protects these drinking-shops may be blotted from the statute book at the next election."

This appeal from the Christian women of Massachusetts was signed by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, president, and Mrs. L. B. Barrett, secretary of the State branch of the Woman's National Temperance Union, and shows the animating spirit of that body.

In all the States where unions exist this important part of the work is vigorously pushed and furthered. It cannot be far ahead in the future when the good results of this work will become evident at the polls. What all temperance advocates want is an anti-license vote, and in time they all hope to obtain it.

The union was instrumental in gaining for the cause of total abstinence the declaration of the International Medical Congress of 1876, which is altogether adverse to the use of alcohol as food or medicine.

Seeing how very largely the medical prescription of alcohol was hurting their cause, these undaunted women, being in possession of the latest results of chemical and physiological investigation in regard to its specific action on the body, sent

delegates to various State medical associations at their annual meetings, and urged them to pass resolutions defining its true status as a food or a medicine, and discouraging its use in the profession. They found a respectful hearing from the different medical faculties, and succeeded in inducing the physicians to give the matter close investigation.

The result was that a number of physicians who had been in the habit of giving alcohol as a stimulant for weak or convalescent patients gave the practice up entirely.

The crowning result, however, of this effort to make the medical profession limit or abandon the prescription of alcohol, came when the International Congress made through its "Section on Medicine" its unequivocal declaration.

This body was composed of about six hundred delegates from Europe and America, among them some of the ablest and most noted physicians of the world.

The following memorial was laid before it by the National Temperance Society, through its president, W. E. Dodge, and secretary, J. N. Stearns:

"The National Temperance Society sends greeting, and respectfully invites from your distinguished body a public declaration to the effect that alcohol should be classed with other powerful drugs; that, when prescribed medicinally, it should be with conscientious caution and a sense of grave responsibility; that it is in no sense food to the human system; that its improper use is productive of a large amount of physical disease, tending to deteriorate the human race; and to recommend, as representatives of enlightened science, to your several nationalities, total abstinence from alcoholic beverages."

The response to this memorial was made to W. E. Dodge by J. Ewing Mears, M. D., secretary of the Section on Medicine, International Congress, and was as follows, under date of September 9, 1876:

"Dear Sir:—I am instructed by the Section on Medicine, International Medical Congress of 1876, to transmit to you,

as the action of the section, the following conclusions adopted by it with regard to the use of alcohol in medicine, the same being in reply to the communication sent by the National Temperance Society.

"1. Alcohol is not shown to have a definite food value by any of the usual methods of chemical analysis or physiological investigation.

"2. Its use as a medicine is chiefly that of a cardiac stimulant, and often admits of substitution.

"3. As a medicine, it is not well fitted for self-prescription by the laity, and the medical profession is not accountable for such administration, or for the enormous evils arising therefrom.

"4. The purity of alcoholic liquors is, in general, not as well assured as that of articles used for medicine should be. The various mixtures, when used as medicine, should have definite and known composition, and should not be interchanged promiscuously."

The full text of the memorial of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union sent to the "Section on Medicine," was composed as follows by Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, the President:

"*To the Chairman and Members of the International Medical Congress:*

"Honored Sirs:—I take the liberty, as a representative of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union of the United States, to call your attention to the relation of the medical use of alcohol to the prevalence of that fearful scourge, *intemperance.*

"The distinguished Dr. Mussey said, many years ago: 'So long as alcohol retains a place among sick patients, so long there will be drunkards.'

"Dr. Rush wrote strongly against its use as early as 1790. And at one time the College of Physicians of Philadelphia memorialized Congress in favor of restraining the use of

distilled liquors, because, as they claimed, they were 'destructive of life, health and the faculties of the mind.'

"'A Medical Declaration,' published in London, December, 1872, asserts that 'it is believed that the inconsiderate prescription of alcoholic liquids by medical men for their patients has given rise, in many instances, to the formation of intemperate habits.' This manifesto was signed by over two hundred and fifty of the leading medical men of the United Kingdom. When the nature and effects of alcohol were little known, it was thought to be invaluable as a medicine. But in the light of recent scientific investigations, its claims have been challenged and its value denied.

"We are aware that the question of the medical use of alcohol has not been fully decided, and that there is a difference of opinion among the ablest medical writers. But we notice that as the discussion and investigation goes on, and the new facts are brought out, its value as a remedial agent is depreciated.

"A great many claims have been brought forward in its favor, but one by one they have gone down under the severe scrutiny of scientific research, until only a few points are left in doubt. In view of this, and the *startling fact* that tens of thousands die annually from its baneful effects, we earnestly urge you to give the subject a careful examinasion.

"You have made the study of the physical nature of man your life-work, and you are the trusted advisers of the people in all matters pertaining to the treatment of diseases and the preservation of life and health.

"You are, therefore, in a position to instruct and warn the masses in regard to its indiscriminate use, either as a medicine or a beverage.

"We feel sure that, true to your professional honor, and the grave responsibilities of your distinguished position, you will search out and give us the facts, whatever they may be.

"If you should appoint a standing committee from your own number, of practical scientific men, who would give time

and thought to this question, it would be very gratifying to the *one hundred thousand* women I represent, and most acceptable to the general public.

"I am, with high considerations of respect,

"Your obed't servant,

"ANNIE WITTENMEYER,

"*Pres't W. Nat. Chris. Temp. Union.*

"*Philadelphia, Sept.* 6, 1876."

The results of the first two years' work of the Brooklyn Union, as reported by Mrs. Johnson, the president, are as follows :

"It may be said of the work in this city that 'the Lord hath magnified His name.'

"When the Union was formed less than a score of churches were open to Christian women. Now almost all the Protestant church doors throughout the entire city are open, and ministers and people bid them cordial welcome and God-speed ; and are no longer afraid the 'women's movement will lead into extremes.' One hundred and sixty-five churches have thus been visited and addressed by the ladies of the Union, among whom may be mentioned Miss Albina Hamilton, Mrs. Caroline E. Ladd, Mrs. Mary A. Wilder, Mrs. Jacob Chase, Mrs. Ellen C. L. Conklin, and others, whose names do and do not elsewhere appear in this volume.

"When the work began, in 1874, the doors of 3,000 saloons were open on the Sabbath, bidding defiance to the Sunday-closing law, as well as the sacred day. Now there is no open selling on the Sabbath, and whatever there is, is done by stealth, the doors of these places being closed, as in other business houses. There were, also, 6,810 fewer arrests in 1875 than in the previous year. Nearly one-half of the saloons of the city are gone from the streets, and property-holders refuse a rental of buildings for such purposes.

"It is a matter of special gratefulness to God that the ladies observe that every saloon, without exception, in which they

held saloon prayer-meetings, is entirely closed, and the buildings are devoted to other purposes.

"Scores of reformed men are members of churches, and have taken their places as useful and respectable citizens, and favorable accounts are heard from them by letters. Among these reference is made with special thanksgiving to the labor of Mr. Hallenbeck, whom God has called into his great harvest-field as a most successful temperance evangelist. He has been during the last year (accompanied by his friend, Mr. Cassidy), the instrument in a great revival work in Southern Indiana, Illinois, and other States. The meetings have been enthusiastic, and so crowded in many towns that the rush for admittance exceeded anything ever seen in those parts before. The signers to the pledge numbered thousands, and hundreds were inquirers of the way of Christ.

"Another of the Brooklyn reformed men, who left a band of minstrels three years ago, has been for several months preaching with great acceptance, in connection with others, in out-door Gospel meetings, in the streets of New York city, where the degraded and fallen most frequent.

"The untiring and successful labor in a legal direction, bearing upon Sunday-closing, of Captain Oliver Cotter, is well known throughout the whole State and adjacent States, and the demand for his time and services is beyond that to which he can respond.

"The Brooklyn Union in the three and a half years of its existence has held four hundred and fifteen meetings in towns and cities outside the city of Brooklyn, and has done much in setting in motion the good work in many places on Long Island and Staten Island.

"No more licenses will be granted to women in Brooklyn.

"In two years our Union has made two thousand five hundred visits to public houses, held one hundred and thirty meetings in churches, kept up two daily prayer-meetings, and five regular Sabbath meetings, at which one thousand three hundred and twenty-five persons have asked for prayers, held

public meetings in sixty-two different cities and villages, and during those two years, not altogether as the direct result of our efforts, but, as we believe, in answer to our prayers, one thousand three hundred and eighty saloons have been permanently closed."

One of the most important branches of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is that known as friendly inns, which are managed on gospel as well as temperance principles. This appellation conspicuously placed on a building attracts the attention of those wretched beings whom habitual drunkenness has brought to a degraded and lonely situation, and leads them to the temperance people, who befriend and help the unfortunate.

In the lowest, roughest portion of Cleveland is one of these good Samaritan houses, where the body and the soul are both nourished and strengthened. It has a nice, comfortable reading-room. The chief feature of this house is the religious meetings held there for the benefit of drunkards. In one year 381 meetings were held, with an aggregate attendance of 28,302 persons.

The lady who has charge of this friendly inn is Miss F. Janet Duty, a Cleveland lady. She is the youngest worker in the Union. She is finely educated, of good family, and was preceptress for two years of the Ohio Female College at Cincinnati, and principal of Wheeling Female College. She has been an earnest worker in jails and among the destitute. When the Crusade came she gave up everything, and joined those inspired women to save men and women from everlasting ruin.

Of the parish of the friendly inn, and its work, all of which is under her care, she says :

"Those who have been reformed at the inn cherish a very warm attachment for it, and regard it as their spiritual home ; hence it has seemed to us impracticable and unwise to take the majority of these persons into the churches, while those who might be received are so identified with our work that they

can be illy spared. For many reasons we have felt that God has led us to form a religious association, which should give to its members the privileges of baptism and the Lord's Supper; the former to be administered in the manner the candidate might choose. Those who are admitted to this association must give good evidence of conversion, sign the temperance pledge, and subscribe to simple articles of belief, so scriptural and undenominational that they can be assented to by every one of the christian women engaged in this work, notwithstanding we represent in our church membership five different denominations.

"We regard our company of believers as a part of Christ's Church on earth, and believe we have fellowship with all who are in Christ."

The annual report of the secretary of the union for 1877 contains the following statistics by States: "Number of unions in Maine, 9; many others not auxiliary as yet; juvenile unions, 35; reform clubs, 250. New Hampshire, unions, 8; reform clubs, 125. Vermont, unions, 14; juvenile, 8; reform clubs, 50. Massachusetts, unions, 122; juvenile, 22; reform clubs, 60. Connecticut, unions, 23; reform clubs, 8. Rhode Island, unions, 4; 23,000 pledges taken. New York, unions, 34; juvenile, 150; reform clubs, 18; friendly inns, 2. New Jersey, unions, 43; juvenile, 13; reform clubs, 12. Pennsylvania, unions, 17; juvenile, 16. Tennessee, unions, 2. Maryland, unions, 6. Ohio, unions, 130; juvenile, 50; friendly inns, 5. Indiana, unions, 150. Iowa, unions, 75; juvenile, 30; friendly inns, 1. Minnesota, unions, 11; 17,000 pledged children. Nebraska, unions, 10. Wisconsin, unions, 15. Whole number of unions in the United States, 820; juvenile unions, 383."

The following comparative statistics are also highly interesting:

"Indiana has the largest number of auxiliary unions; Maine has raised $15,000, and expended it in temperance work; New Hampshire is temperance all the way through, one-fifth of the entire population, or one-third of her voters,

being pledged to total abstinence ; Pennsylvania rejoices in fifty-two yards of petition ; Minnesota has an army of temperance juveniles 17,000 strong ; Ohio has the most friendly inns, and a flourishing Woman's Church ; Maine has the largest number of reform clubs—250—with a membership of 90,000 ; (Dr. Reynolds hails from there). New Hampshire offers sixty-three free reading-rooms ; The little District of Columbia has circulated 300 petitions during the past year ; New York has 150 juvenile unions, the largest number auxiliary to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of any State ; New Jersey has doubled the number of her unions each year of their existence within her borders. If she keeps on at that rate, every daughter of the soil will be 'taken in' within twelve or fifteen years ; Iowa has yielded the largest yearly increase, 26 new unions and 900 new members having been added during 1877."

The officers elected for 1878 were : president, Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, of Philadelphia ; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Mary T. Burt, of Brooklyn ; recording secretary, Mrs. Mary C. Johnson, of Brooklyn ; treasurer, Mrs. S. K. Leavitt, of Cincinnati.

The following sketches of the prominent ladies of the union are taken from the Chicago *Post :*

"Mrs. Mary T. Burt, of Brooklyn, last year assistant recording secretary, now corresponding secretary, formerly a Western woman, of attractive face and dignified manners, is likewise a lady whose home and social circle have been among the highest. An Episcopalian by church-membership, she never did public work until the days of the temperance Crusade. She first lectured on temperance in her own city, Auburn, N. Y., and was immediately elected president of the Union. Since that time she has been untiring in her duties as publisher of *Our Union*, giving to it her strength, time and devotion. She will fill her new position with honor and ability to the National Union, and speak effectively for the cause.

"Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, of New York, assistant corre-

sponding secretary, formerly of Cleveland, O., is a New England woman by birth and education. Has given her time to literary pursuits and study, aside from active labors in church work, evangelistic and temperance work. When quite young a book of her poems was published by the Appletons ; later, a temperance story, entitled 'The Present Problem.' She has written regularly for the *Advance* for some years, besides many religious and and secular papers, East and West. She was actively engaged in the crusade work of Cleveland, and the first woman to lead a band in Northern Ohio at Berea, after the good news spread from Hillsborough. Mrs. Bolton has a happy home and family. She was nominated for corresponding secretary at the late convention, but declined on account of going on a proposed visit abroad.

"Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, is an able and accomplished Christian lawyer. She was a New England girl, daughter of a minister who became almost ostracised for abolition principles. She married a lawyer, read Blackstone with her baby in her arms, and was induced to take up the profession of law, at her husband's earnest solicitation. She believes she was called of God into this work, especially to help her own sex who need redress in their own sufferings through the liquor taffic. She has practiced in every court, even before the Supreme, a thing not done by any other woman. At first she was greatly opposed to public speaking by women. She has a very happy home, and several children ; is a most lovely and sympathetic woman as well as an eloquent speaker. She is very popular among the men and women of her own State. She is corresponding secretary of the Woman's International Temperance Union.

"Mrs. Elizabeth K. Churchill, of Rhode Island, is a lyceum lecturer, and well known as a journalist through the Providence *Journal*, to which she is an editorial contributor, the *New Century*, the paper published last year by the Woman's Centennial Commission in Philadelphia, and the *Woman's Journal*. She is vice-president of the Rhode Island Associa-

tion for the advancement of women, and the social science organization of women, which held its annual congress three years ago, in Chicago, and lately in Cleveland. She is a clear thinker and an able speaker. She is identified with all reforms especially designed to help women, and with many of general interest.

"Miss Margaret E. Winslow, of Brooklyn, editor of *Our Union*, the organ of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, was for some years teacher in Packer Institute, Brooklyn. She has written for the New York *Tribune*, *Observer*, *Evangelist*, *Witness*, Hartford *Churchman*, *Christian at Work*, and has published two temperance books, 'Barford Mills' and 'A More Excellent Way,' as well as many beautiful poems, which have found their way into the leading papers of the country.

"Miss Julia Colman, now of New York, chairman of the Committee for the Dissemination of Temperance Literature, has done valuable service in the temperance cause in the juvenile department of *Our Union*, her 'Catechism on Alcohol,' her scientific articles on temperance, her 'Leaflets' scattered all through the country, and her *Young People's Comrade*, a temperance paper especially attractive to young people. She was for a long time in the editorial department of the *Sunday-School Advocate;* is a Western woman, and a sister of Rev. H. Colman, one of the leading Methodist clergymen of Wisconsin, now located in Milwaukee.

"Mrs. L. H. Washington, of Iowa, is the wife of a minister, and has four children. She has for years been a contributor to the press, is a highly educated woman, an earnest Christian, and an able lecturer. Not suffering from intemperance in any members of her own family, her warm heart found a field for untiring labor among her less fortunate sisters, who had borne their sorrows in silence. She led the work earnestly in the Crusade, and is a brave, cheerful and true-hearted woman.

The vice-presidents of the national union here present are as follows :—

"Mrs. S. J. Steele, of Appleton, Wis., is the wife of a minister who has been president of Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis., for twelve years. She is a woman of superior education, *physique*, and address, and has had supervision of woman's foreign missionary work in her State for years; was president of State temperance work for four years, superintendent of a large Sunday-school in her own church for several years, and has had the advantages of foreign travel. Mrs. Steele has ten in her well-ordered family, and one of the happiest of homes.

"Mrs. M. A. Stone, of Connecticut, is an unassuming, motherly woman, and has been a leading educator. Has had a family of her own, besides caring for four other children for eleven years. She has conducted a large and flourishing boarding-school for young ladies for thirty-nine years, and has been an officer in the National Educational Society longer than any other woman, and was president of the meeting held last year at Baltimore; was president for twelve years of the ladies' department of the Connecticut Agricultural Society. Mrs. Stone was one of the National Teachers' party appointed to visit the schools and colleges of Europe, and was with them entertained by royalty itself. She has been an active worker in the cause of missions, and loves temperance as one of the agencies for bettering humanity.

"Mrs. Allen Butler, of Syracuse, New York, is a middle-aged lady of most gentle and agreeable manners, whose means have enabled her to give her time heartily to all good works. She is president of the Presbyterian Woman's Society of her city, of the Old Ladies' Home Association, of the Foreign Missionary Society, State president of the temperance work in her State, and chairman of the juvenile work for the national union. She has had a large infant class in Sunday-school for twenty years, is thoroughly domestic, while at the same time, with the hearty co-operation of her husband, she gives her time to public work.

"Mrs. J. M. Haven, of Vermont, is an educated, wealthy

woman, and gives generously. She is a Congregationalist, president of the auxiliary board of missions, and president for her State in the temperance work. She is a faithful and capable worker, and a woman of great social influence.

"Mrs. R. T. Brown, of Indiana, is a noble Christian woman. Her husband is professor of the Indianapolis Medical College, was also professor of literature in the North-western University, chief chemist in the department of agriculture at Washington, and author of a valuable physiology, which brings in the temperance question, and has been gladly adopted by the public schools of Indiana. Mrs. Brown has two sons who are ministers, and one a teacher. She has done good work in her church, in foreign missions, and in temperance. In her capacity as State president she has carefully organized the State for active work.

"Mrs. M. R. Denman, of New Jersey, a lady past middle life, is a most devoted Christian worker. She has always been actively engaged in church work, and is president of a home for the friendless. She and Mrs. Wittenmeyer have been laboring through the Southern States for the temperance cause. She was the first to begin the work in New Jersey, and with Mother Hill, she has had but one ambition—to win souls.

"Mrs. Stevens, of Iowa, is an elderly lady, wife of a clergyman, a devoted Christian, yet full of the humor that makes a public speaker attractive. No good work languishes where she is.

"Mrs. A. P. Kelley, of Chicago, is a lady of fine manners and excellent executive ability, whose elegant home, full of evidences of the culture of foreign travel, was freely offered to all the delegates to the national convention. Her hospitality will give her a warm place in the hearts of temperance workers all over the country. Her wealth, time, and heart have been given heartily to the temperance cause.

"Mrs. Julia M. Church, of Washington, is a white-haired though not elderly lady, of great refinement and gentleness, but of persistent purpose in all right doing. Her excellent

common sense, and the general respect accorded her, have made her able to do in Washington a good work that few others could have accomplished.

"Mrs. Myra J. Hackett, of Minnesota, formerly a New England woman, a modest, cultivated lady, always interested in Sunday-school work, has been enabled to do more for the children in temperance work in her State than, perhaps, any other woman. She wrote to earnest women in all the counties, and they to the towns. She has three hundred women working on her plan in the Sunday-school. They visit the superintendent and obtain, if possible, on one Sunday of each three months, fifteen minutes' temperance talk, get the children to sign a pledge, and take books and papers. By this plan she has bought and distributed over one thousand copies of the *Youth's Temperance Banner*, and given fifteen thousand certificates to as many pledged children.

"In the grand army of women that was marshaled by the drum-beat of the Crusades, there are at least two hundred scattered over the twenty-three organized States, who are entitled to the rank of regimental leaders. Among these may be named such notable temperance workers as Mrs. Prentiss, Crossman, Stevens, and Miss Crosby, of Maine; Mrs. Sturdevant, of Vermont; Mrs. Scott and Miss M'Intire, of New Hampshire; Mrs. Gifford, Amsden and Talbot, of Mass.; Mrs. Buell and Moody, of Conn.; Mrs. Barney and Holmes, of R. I.; Mrs. Martindale and Miss Coates, of Delaware; Mrs. Crook and M'Leod, of Maryland; Mrs. Church and Mrs. Linville, of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Butler, Kenyon, Hartt, Decker, and M'Clees, of New York; 'Mother Hill,' Mrs. Clark, Nobles, Crane, Haines, and Miss Barker, of New Jersey; Mrs. Chase, French, and Misses Davis, Jennings and Remington, of Pa.; Mrs. Carpenter, Leiter, Sumner, Pugh and Woodbridge, of Ohio; Mrs. Wait, Carse, Henry, Manny and Villars, of Illinois; Mrs. Brown, Denny, Jarrett and Vining, of Indiana; Mrs. Comstock, Hudson, Boise and Smith, of Michigan; Mrs. Stevens, Wheeler, Washington, Aldrich and Moore, of Iowa;

Mrs. Cooly and Pinkham, of Wisconsin; Mrs. Hackett, of Minnesota; Mrs. Hardy, of Nebraska.

"Of women conspicuous in temperance literature are Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. L. D. Barrett, Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, and Miss Winslow; Miss Julia Colman, the medical writer, whose tracts are high authority in her department; Mrs. Hackett, Mrs. Beale, Miss Kimball, and Mrs. Griffith, the Juvenile Work Quartette; Mrs. Elizabeth Comstock, Mrs. Robinson, and Elizabeth Greenwood, pulpit speakers; Miss M'Cartney, the young lady whose mission is to 'Our Girls'; Elizabeth K. Churchhill, whose specialty is 'Strong Foundations,' described in her lecture of that name, on the influence of ancestral habits, food, early training, and home surroundings on the development of the appetite for intoxicating drink. Some sections of the army workers, a few of whose leaders we have named, move forward only on the line of prayer, Bible exposition, and the temperance pledge; others combine with these the supplementary work of petitioning municipal authorities and legislatures, circulating temperance literature, and opening reading-rooms, friendly inns, and such like."

Among all the honored names associated with the cause of temperance no woman has reaped a more glorious record than that of Mrs. Wittenmeyer.

"Some of us," says Miss Frances E. Willard, "have not forgotten that 'Volume I, No. 1,' of that journalistic venture, *Our Union*, was edited and published by Mrs. Wittenmeyer, whose courage and faith were equal to the test of starting a paper without a cent in its treasury, or a subscriber's name upon its books. This proceeding was quite 'in character,' as is shown by the following account of our friend's active and beneficent career, from the pen of a New York journalist:—

"Mrs. Wittenmeyer's maiden name was Turner. She was born in Ohio, but her early home was Kentucky. Her grandfather was a graduate of Princeton College and an officer in the war of 1812. Her father was a native of the State of

Maryland, her mother of Kentucky, so that she inherits the warm, fervid temperament of the South, united with the cool, calculating reason of the North. She attended for several years a seminary in Ohio, where her education was carried much farther than was usual for young ladies at that time. She was married in her twenty-first year, and enjoyed many years of happy married life. She was very prominent in the church in consequence of her religious zeal and enthusiasm, and also for her great activity in all charitable enterprises.

"At the beginning of the War of the Rebellion Mrs. Wittenmeyer was appointed sanitary agent for the State of Iowa by the legislature. Secretary Stanton, of the War Department, gave passes for herself and supplies through the army lines, and a letter of instruction to army officers to co-operate in her enterprise for the relief of the soldiers. In this worthy endeavor she continued throughout the entire war, changing her relation to it, however, by resigning her position as sanitary agent for Iowa to enter the service of the Christian Commission. Here she had the oversight of two hundred ladies, and she developed in this work her plan of special diet kitchen, to the great advantage of the health of our soldiers. The first kitchen was opened at Nashville, Tenn. In it was prepared food for eighteen hundred of the worst cases of sick and wounded soliders. These kitchens were superintended by the ladies under her direction. In this work she had the assistance of the surgeon-general, assistant-surgeon, and all the army officers, both military and medical. General Grant was a personal friend, and did all in his power to facilitate her efforts. By invitation of the surgeon-general she met the medical commission appointed to review the special diet cooking of the army. The work of this commission led to a thorough change in the hospital cooking of the army, which was lifted to a grade of hygienic perfection far above anything before known in military affairs, and from which it is not likely to fall again to the old standard. It is simple justice to add, what is a matter of history in the United

States Christian Commission, that these improvements in the diet kitchens of the army were the means of saving thousands of valuable lives, and of restoring many noble men to health and usefulness.

"About the close of the war Mrs. Wittenmeyer set in motion the idea of a 'Home for Soldiers' Orphans,' and became herself the founder of the institution bearing this name in Iowa. It is not generally known that this enterprise originated with the brave woman who had cared for the husbands and fathers through the perils of camp and hospital life. When the fact that such an institution was to be opened in Iowa was generally known, hundreds of soldiers' orphans became the wards of the State. By request of the board of managers of the Iowa home she went to Washington city, and obtained from Secretary Stanton (other departments co-operating) the beautiful barracks at Davenport, which cost the government forty-six thousand dollars, and hospital supplies amounting to five or six thousand more, subject to the approval of Congress, which was afterward obtained. The institution thus founded and equipped has accommodated over five hundred children at one time, and it still maintains a flourishing condition under the care of the State.

"Mrs. Wittenmeyer next conceived the idea that the vast amount of talent and energy brought into activity by the philanthropies of the war should be maintained on a Christian basis in the church. Bishop Simpson, always ready to aid in any movement promising greater usefulness for women, entered heartily into the plan, and the Methodist Episcopal Church established a Home Missionary Society of women, organized for the express purpose of ministering to the temporal and spiritual needs of the strangers and poor. This organization was made a General Conference Society at the session of 1872, and Mrs. Wittenmeyer was elected its corresponding secretary. During the year 1876 over fifty thousand families were visited under its auspices.

"At the commencement of this new work Mrs. Witten-

meyer removed to Philadelphia and founded her paper known as *The Christian Woman*, an individual enterprise, which has proved exceptionally successful. She has more recently established a juvenile paper, called *The Christian Child*, which is rapidly winning its way to public favor. In addition to this large publishing work she has carried forward all the enterprises of the society above described, and known as 'The Ladies and Pastors' Christian Union,' traveling in its interest thousands of miles, and speaking in every State from Maine to California.

"When, as an outgrowth of the Crusade, the temperance women met in their first national convention, it was but natural that they should choose as a leader one whose name already exhaled the perfume of a life of heroism on the field, and whose praises were spoken daily in thousands of homes. Her achievements in the past were a guarantee of success for the future. The record of the temperance work during the past three years fully proves the wisdom of their choice. Twenty-three States have been organized as auxiliary to the national Union, and a paper has been founded as its organ. Mrs. Wittenmeyer has also labored tirelessly in the lecture field, speaking sometimes six evenings in the week, besides traveling hundreds of miles. She has attended all the large conventions, of which forty-six were held in 1875. At the second annual meeting of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, held in Cincinnati, November, 1875, she presided with marked ability, and was re-elected president for the Centennial year by a unanimous vote of the delegates.

"One of the most notable acts which has characterized her administration was the presentation to Congress (in February, 1875) of a huge petition on behalf of our Local, State, and National Unions, asking for the prohibition of the liquor traffic, on which occasion a 'hearing' was granted by the Congressional Judiciary Committee. Another act, even more important, was the sending of a letter of inquiry to the International Medical Association, which met in Philadelphia in

the summer of the Centennial year. This led to another hearing before a committee of celebrated physicians of Europe and our own country, and resulted in the well-known 'resolutions' expressive of the most important medical opinion against intoxicants on record, when we consider the representative character of those who gave it. The latest official act of our president was holding a 'Woman's National Camp-Meeting,' at Ocean Grove, which, conducted wholly and addressed largely by women, commanded the earnest attention of the thousands present to the close, and was equally remarkable for spiritual and intellectual power. We believe the first woman's camp-meeting on record was held in Iowa last year, and it was quite in keeping that one whose public work began in that noble young State should have conducted the first east of the Alleghanies.

"At the annual meeting in Newark, 1876, Mrs. Wittenmeyer was elected a third time to the chief office in the gift of the temperance women of America, and by a unanimous vote.

"It is a pleasant sight to see our friend, in her cheery Philadelphia home, with her efficient secretaries, Miss Fisher and Miss Merchant, and her exemplary son, Charlie, around her, all of them blithe and busy as so many bees. In addition to the care of her two papers and the duties of her office as our president, this indefatigable worker is writing a 'History of the Woman's Temperance Crusade.'

"Mrs. Wittenmeyer is devoted to the advancement of her sex in usefulness and opportunity. First, last, and always she is 'a *woman's* woman.' Her editorials 'cry and spare not' against the tyranny of prejudice and custom. She tilts a free lance, and deals blows worthy of a more stalwart arm. 'The See Trial' ('None so blind as those who *won't*') was the occasion of several cogent arguments from her pen, to prove that women 'have a write to preach or speak in the pulpit,' and she has recently added to the larger of the two editions of her paper a department headed, 'Pulpit of the Christian Woman,'

in which a 'sermon' appears monthly from the pen of some one of the rapidly growing sisterhood of evangelists.

"The crusade spirit abides with Mrs. Wittenmeyer; the Gospel work is her delight, and her hymn of 'Victory,' written for our convention at Newark, embodies her declaration of faith as a temperance reformer. The first verse of this hymn forms a fitting close to this imperfect sketch:—

"The Lord is our refuge and strength,
His promises never can fail,
We've learned the sweet lesson at length,
His grace over sin can prevail.

"In the sweet by-and-by
We will conquer the demon of rum;
In the sweet by-and-by
The kingdom of heaven will come."

At the national convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Chicago Mrs. Wittenmeyer was for the third time elected its president.

The following address by this forcible, straightforward female orator, at a convention of the National Christian Temperance Union, will not fail to be read with interest:

"I have been trying to abridge my remarks, to formulate my creed on the temperance question in a brief sentence. I very carefully and prayerfully read the *Liquor Dealers' Gazette* every week, and I have made up my mind that I am in favor, on general principles, of everything that liquor dealers are opposed to.

"I am in favor of local option. It seems to be a very democratic thing. I can hardly understand how an American man can be so mean as to sell liquor in the face of law and the express public sentiment of the community. I am in favor of civil damage laws. I think that when men rob the community and destroy property and life they ought to pay for it, and pay well for it; and if they kill people they ought to be hung for it. I am opposed to license, and in favor of prohibition.

I never could understand, though I have given much thought to the subject, and I do not still understand, how the mere putting a thing that is wrong on the statute books makes it right.

"Because men, as I have seen them, put their feet upon the back of their desks in legislative halls, and smoke their cigars till the whole ceiling is almost hid with a cloud of tobacco smoke, and vote for license laws, that does not make it right. Then I am in favor of the Crusade. I think that it is well understood that women compose about one-half of the inhabitants of this republic; that we have an interest and ought to have a say in this matter. None have suffered so much as women, and they are suffering still. I am glad that I have been climbing these last years the hills of hope. I have got up where these sweet singers [the Hutchinsons] are; for I can see the good time coming in the near future.

"I had the privilege a few weeks ago of saying this to the governor of Pennsylvania—and he is a very fine-looking man, I ought to say as I pass along. He knew that a hundred of the first ladies in the State of Pennsylvania were going to visit him. He stood by the mantel-piece in his great parlor, supporting himself, and looking like a bit of statuary. He had braced himself up against the mantel-piece for the shock. Well, it was a shock. I am not going to enter on the course of argument that took twenty-five minutes of the best speaking that I ever did in my life or ever expect to do again. But I said to him this: 'If you take from us local option,'—for we were there to protest against the repeal of the local-option law—'we will give you within the next political decade prohibition.' I said to him, and I may throw out the hint here, 'We hold the balance of power.' The boys are just about what their mothers make them, and the men are only boys of larger growth.

"The Woman's National Christian Temperance Union—which is a co-laborer in this field, and reaches out both hands to co-operate with this organization (as the secretary of this

society knows very well)—is taking hold of the children with a purpose to save the next generation, and bring them up to be more temperate, more truthful, and more honorable, if they should happen to be sent to our legislative halls, than the present incumbents.

"Well, I can give some reason to-night for the hope that is within me; for I look very hopefully on this national movement of the women.

> "Though woman's hands are weak to fight,
> Their voices are strong to pray,
> And with fingers of faith they'll open the gate
> To a brighter, better day.

"I can give you some reason, it seems to me, why the Lord has called this mighty force into the field for more active work now than in the past, because it seems to me that this is a movement under divine direction.

"The first reason is because God chooses the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. You know we have always been called weak. We did not like it very much; we want to be strong like our brothers, and when they called us the weaker vessels we did not exactly understand it. But the weakest ware that we have on our tables is the finest and most costly. We are looking into those passages of Scripture with enlightened eyes. We did not understand that all the great movements in nature, all the great moving powers, are the silent forces, the little things; and as we come to think about it, it is not the great clumsy instruments that can do the best execution, after all.

"Now, these men—and all honor to these temperance workers—have been using the plow. They have been plowing around this tree of evil, while we women (and you know we go right at a thing) come up with the ax in our hands, and lay it at the root of this tree. We intend to cut and slash, woman-fashion, until there is not a root or branch left. We are so weak that we are forced to trust God and to lean upon

His almighty arm, from whence cometh our strength. A great many women in this land during the last year have come near enough to Jesus to touch the hem of his garment, and feel the mighty outflow of power that comes from divine contact. It seems to me that the women during this last year have followed more closely in the footsteps of the blessed Christ than ever women did since the Maries followed Him up Calvary. Women of all denominations are clasping hands around the cross, with one prayer going up to God, as from one heart. The Quakers are singing beautifully. At the Massachusetts State convention, the other day, the Quaker president started all the tunes. Our Presbyterian ladies are waxing eloquent in the presentation of this subject; and so, forgetting our denominational differences, we join hands and hearts for glorious work in this contest. But there are other reasons.

"You know it has been said that woman's work was never done, and we thought that it was an insinuation that we were not very industrious; but we have come to understand it better now. I have been led to ask: 'Why is it that woman's work is never done?' I see that men work about so many hours, and then they quit; they do not work any more, not because all the work of the world has been done up, but because, I suppose, they grow weary. But women never grow weary; they work on and on; they are tireless in their energies. Then, you know, it has been said that when a woman will she will, and when she won't she won't. Well, now, there is deep meaning in these old sayings, and they mean just about this to us now: that women never weary in good works; that if a thing can be done, if it is within the range of human possibilities, they will do it; and they have such will in great moral movements that they cannot be intimidated, or discouraged, or bribed.

"In all the contests of last winter, when Congress and our State legislatures were in session, and our women were going up to appeal to the law-makers—for our blows are not aimed at the drunkards, but at the rum-sellers and the manufac-

turers, and the law-makers who shield them—when they have been going up to present their case, I have never yet heard of a bribe being offered. The liquor men are wise.

"But there is another reason. They have the moral courage. It is perfectly wonderful to me how these women talk. They talk right out in meeting, and tell about their pastor, about their church, and about the members of the church; and the things that were covered and hid away are being uncovered. They have the moral courage to say what they think. Now, perhaps I cannot better explain this than by telling a little incident. Some of you know what it is to stand in the presence of the enemy's guns—what it is to stand where the shot and the shell come over. That is physical courage. I know all about that kind of courage, for I have come near being shot more than a hundred times, and know the ring of all sorts of destructive missiles. That is one kind of courage. But I have come to know, within the last eighteen months, that there is a higher style of courage than that.

"A few months ago some ladies were visiting saloons—(and I tell you it takes more courage to go into these saloons, and stand in the presence of the liquor dealers, and protest, in the spirit of the Gospel, against the traffic, than it does to stand up and take the chance of a random shot and shell)—they were visiting saloons in Jacksonville, Illinois. They had visited all the saloons but one, and the good, kind brethren advised them not to visit that saloon, as the dealer was a very violent man, and would, perhaps, do violence to them.

"They thought and prayed about it, and one day, when they were in the church praying, there came down upon them the mighty constraining influences of the divine Spirit, and they rose up as one to go out and visit that saloon. Well, the liquor dealer had been expecting them for several days, and when he saw them coming, he threw his door wide open, and stood in the door, with a pistol in his hand. He held it

out ; they marched right on, and as they approached very near, he said—

" 'Ladies, if you undertake to come into my saloon, I will shoot the first woman who undertakes it.'

" Well, they never knew exactly how it was, but a young lady of the company, as if constrained by a divine impulse, sprang up and stood beside him, singing,

" ' Never be afraid to work for Jesus,
Never be afraid.'

" Somehow his arm got weak ; the pistol hung by his side ; tears came into his eyes ; he stepped back, and took a seat in the saloon. They went in and sung and prayed to their hearts' content. That is what I call the highest style of courage ; and it is being displayed throughout the length and breadth of the land.

" I do not believe that it is within the range of our language to portray the evils that grow out of the liquor traffic. If anybody can do that, it is Mr. Gough, and I am going to give way to him pretty soon.

" O, I remember as I stand here to-night that there are women hid away in the palaces of this great wicked city, whose hearts are breaking under silks, and there are other women who are hid away in garrets and cellars, whose hearts are breaking under rags. There is not a mother before me who has not, at times, a sinking of heart lest this evil may come nigh her dwelling. And who shall measure a mother's love or a mother's anxiety ? It is the one pure, true thing on earth. It did not go down in Eden. It was the master-gift that came with motherhood ; and when the mother has her child in her arms, and it reaches up its dimpled fingers to touch her cheek with its velvet touch of love, like the rod of Moses, it opens a fountain that will never cease to flow.

" My boy that stands by my side is mine to-day, and he will be mine forever. The children that went out to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, and join the song of the re-

deemed like the sound of many waters, are mine, and will be mine forever. O, what anxiety and interest the mothers of this land feel lest their sons, so beloved, should be overcome by this evil! And there are mothers lingering to-day about the jails. Why, our jails are filled with the victims of this vile traffic.

"I was speaking in Wheeling not many months ago, and I understood before I commenced speaking that there were a good many liquor dealers in the audience. I was so glad; it always helps me so much. After the meeting was over a gentleman came to me and said:—

"'Madam, if you go on and have success, you will break up my business.'

"I said, 'I hope I will, if you are a liquor dealer.'

"'No, I am not a liquor dealer, but I keep the jail, and that is about the same thing.'

"Our jails would be empty but for this traffic. Not long ago I was in a jail. I am not going to detain you with a description of a jail; but if you want to feel more interest in the temperance cause than ever you did, just visit your police courts and your jails, and you will have something to quicken your interest. I was in a jail in Ohio. There were, perhaps, twenty men in the outer court, and as many in the inner prison, little dark places with narrow walls, where they were confined in dungeons worse than Barnum keeps his wildest animals in. As I went up to speak to them, I was obliged to thrust my two fingers (I could not get the three fingers through) between the iron bars. I wanted to shake hands with them. I found, as I looked into those dark cells, that they were all young men, and learned that every one (except one) of them was there because of crimes committed under the influence of liquor, and some of them were very young. I pushed my fingers through the iron bars, and pressed my face against them to look in. I felt my two fingers clasped with a tight grasp, and, looking closely, I saw a boy there not seventeen years old. As he held on to my finger-tip I said, 'You

are very young to be here!' and his lip quivered. He had such an innocent face my heart was moved. I said, 'Have you got a mother?' He said—

"'No, ma'am; my mother died when I was a baby.'

"O! what a story of heart-hunger, neglect, and temptation that little sentence revealed to me. I said—

"'Have you got a father?' and he answered:

"'Well, I might just as well have had no father; he did not care for anything but whisky. I don't know where he is; I expect he is dead.'

"O, what a sad story! and yet it is repeated all over this land. I need not take you out of your own city for instances of crime and cruelty. Only last Sunday morning a drunkard's wife walked the streets of Jersey City for more than two hours, unfit to appear in it, without proper clothing, with two little children clinging to her skirts, having no home, and without a friend in the wide world. Rum has robbed her of everything, and left her wandering a castaway in the streets; and she carried a dead baby in her arms only three weeks old. And these things are so common that we forget or lose the sense of their horribleness.

"I ought to have said, by way of showing the amount of courage a woman can have, that my very presence here is the biggest argument that I ever heard of. That I should be speaking in the hearing of the eloquent man who is to address you in a few minutes is a perfect wonder to me; for I have sat in the audience many times, when he has been speaking, and thought he was the prince of orators.

"I just want to say, in conclusion, that the Woman's National Temperance Union have organized in all the Northern States of the Union except four, and they are now arranging for that. All this side of the Missouri river we are organizing, more thoroughly than any set of politicians ever organized, by States and congressional districts, down to little school districts. We are not in politics, we want you to under-

stand; but we are determined, whatever party goes up or goes down, that the rum power shall go down.

We are not trusting in our own strength. Some of us have stood where the Revelator stood when he saw the golden censer before the throne; and the voice of prayer, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is going up every day from the women of our Union. We are encouraged to believe that our prayers will be heard.

"We have wonderful encouragement in the work. Jesus has made it very plain. I only want to call attention to one of His beautiful lessons—about the unjust judge. It seems to me He went down just as low in the scale of human depravity as He could go to bring up that unjust judge; because, if there is one man meaner than another, it is the man who undertakes to weigh out justice, and then takes bribes and deals unjustly. He was not only an unjust man, but he was an infidel and did not believe in God. He was not only an infidel, but he was a reckless fellow, who did not care for his fellowmen. He had sunk so low that he did not care what men thought of him. Well, to this man came a woman. She was poor; she had no money to give him; she had not any friends to help her. She had no great, eloquent words or arguments on her lips when she came, but she said, 'Avenge me of mine enemy.' She cried after him and followed him; and yet, although he cared not for God, neither regarded man, yet because this woman cried unto him and troubled him, he said he would avenge her. And will not God, our just God, avenge His own elect, who are crying unto Him day and night? Verily, He will. So we are lifting our cry; and we remember that we have an Advocate with the Father that never lost a case."

Hardly less notable than the career of Mrs. Wittenmeyer is the life of Miss Frances E. Willard, a woman alike notable for intellectual culture and for devotion to philanthropy. We cannot do better than give the graphic sketch published in the *Boston Globe:*

"Much of the success which has attended the women's meetings which are held daily at the Berkeley street church, is due to the modest and effective leadership of Miss Frances E. Willard.

"As Miss Willard is comparatively a stranger in Boston, all attainable particulars regarding her life and work will be of interest.

"She has for some years been a leader in the temperance work among the women of the West, and, judging from her success in Boston, her influence for good will be as marked here as where her life-work hitherto has been wrought.

"Miss Frances E. Willard was born near Rochester, N. Y., and was graduated at the North-western Female College, near Chicago, in 1853. She is of New England parentage, and is descended from a race of teachers, being herself possessed of no common talent for the instruction of the young. Her alma-mater commanded her services for some time, and in 1867 Miss Willard was chosen preceptress of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, at Lima, N. Y. This responsible position she held for four years. In 1861 she was called to the presidency of the college for women, established in connection with the North-western University, near Chicago. She was the first woman elected in this country to be the president of a college, and her work has demonstrated the fitness of the choice beyond all cavil. In 1869, Miss Willard, in company with her life-long friend, Miss Kate A. Jackson, of Paterson, N. J., made an extended foreign tour, being abroad nearly two years, and visiting Europe, Syria, and Egypt. Since 1874 Miss Willard has frequently spoken in public on educational and temperance topics, and always with success. Besides numerous contributions to the press, she published in 1864 a book called 'Nineteen Beautiful Years,' a tribute to a deceased sister, which was warmly commended. Of Miss Willard's earnest labor in connection with the revival work of Messrs. Moody and Sankey it is unnecessary to speak. Its results speak for themselves, and the promise for a continu-

ance of the divine blessing in the woman's meeting is very bright."

The following is a Bible lesson by this accomplished lady:

"Let us turn to the tenth chapter of Luke, and the twenty-fifth verse:

"'And, behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou? And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself. And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right; this do, and thou shalt live. But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor? And Jesus answering said, A certain *man* went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded *him*, and departed, leaving *him* half dead; and by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked *on him*, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him, he had compassion *on him*. And went to *him*, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave *them* to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves? And he said, He that showed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.'

"There is no commentary that gives at all the clearness of the glory and beauty of the law of God so well as does this parable; but I thought to-day, perhaps, to have a commentary of the actual experiences of something that has been done in

these later times, analogous to what was done in that parable: something that has been done in these temperance meetings, and which has been such a help to many of us—I hope to all of us—would be as well. Not much has been said to young women of the beauty, or privilege perhaps I should say, which there is for them in this world. I have wished that from the lips of young women we might hear of the blessedness of carrying this temperance Gospel to those who drink and to those who sell. The girls bore a grand part in that Crusade work. The part they bore has not been much heralded; it was just the outgrowth of the sentiment of that time. In Cleveland I heard of three young ladies who went with three young gentlemen, and they were in the habit of taking wine. They went out into the country one day to spend one afternoon something like a picnic, and when they were preparing for lunch, the gentlemen brought on wine, to place upon the table. But these ladies looked with new eyes and new feelings upon this wine now, and they said, 'We cannot sit down at a table where there is wine; won't you please put it away?' And they said, 'Certainly, we will put it away if you wish it, and we will not take any ourselves.' Thus, standing there true, they won their victory.

"I was in the Palmer House after one of our evening meetings, with a friend, and I saw there a party of half a dozen ladies and gentlemen, and I saw the waiter bringing wine, and one of the young girls blushed, and it required some courage to say as she did: 'Gentlemen, I am sure you will be willing that we should have something else not quite so strong.' Courtesy, gallantry, and kindliness forbade their refusing, and these girls, preaching there their sermon and standing firm, won their victory.

"In Delaware other things have happened which I might relate to you. A young lady, educated in a French conservatory of music and cultured to the highest possible point of expression, went out upon the street in this holy work, and her sweet voice found entrance where otherwise the doors would

have been shut. And her friends said to her, 'Don't do so much; you will use your voice all up. Just rest and wait awhile.' But she said: 'My voice, and any thing that culture can add, is none too good to lay upon the shrine of such labor.'

"A Christian young lady in Cincinnati told me that she never spent such delightful days in her life as 'going from rum-shop to rum-shop with grandmother.' She was very wealthy and very cultured. And in one of the rum-shops she met some of her tenants, and as she asked them to sign over to Him, and to put their names down upon this pledge in significance of their surrender to God, one of them said: 'I think, Miss Jessie, you have never signed the pledge.' He said this in a sneering way. The man was infinitely below her in what we call the social scale. She said, 'True; I never thought of that. Give me the pencil. We never have wine at our table, and I never tasted it, but if it will help you to sign, I will sign,' and her autograph went down upon that dirty paper along with the names of those rough men.

"In one place—the only place, I believe, where they met with such opposition—a gruff man held a pistol in his hand and pointed it at them. Some of them had not sufficient moral courage, but this young lady quite knew what to do. She went right up to his side, singing, 'Never be afraid to speak for Jesus.' And that band of noble women went in and held a meeting in that place, and that man bowed before God and gave his heart to Him."

"The key-note in all this work, in all these girls' hearts, was Jesus. I borrow the words from one of these dear sisters of Israel. When her aristocratic friends importuned her to go to fashionable dances and parties instead of going to these drinking-saloons, she would answer: 'Anywhere that my dear and only brother, now ruined, can go to drink, there I will go to pray.'"

"We wish that every body would get converted. It is the only true life—to be born of God. The world is not all con-

verted yet, though Christianity is the simplest problem that man has to encounter. There is no government so grand and so incalculably satisfactory to the Lord God as the reign of temperance. Within the sacred influence of school and church there nestle in this broad land of ours, protected and covered by the star-spangled banner, 250,000 rum-shops. To carry out the business of these groggeries requires 550,000 of America's citizens. The net revenue is $650,000,000. But that is not all. Seventy-five per cent. of all the murders in the country are committed through the influence of rum; fifty per cent. of all the insanity in the country is the result of drink; eighty-six per cent. of all the criminals in the land become such while staggering under a load of liquor; ninety-six per cent. of all the drunken youths leave a fond but agonized mother's arms to go to the black perdition of strong drink. Every year 100,000 of our best and brightest men reel into eternity and a drunkard's grave. Every year the statistics tell us of 500,000 steady drinkers and a million moderate drinkers, and, last of all, there are millions of handsome, intelligent lads going tramp, tramp, tramp to a drunkard's destiny. The bar-room is but the school of American politics. Each year 100,000 drunkards go staggering up to the ballot-box to deposit the vote which shall elect to the responsible government of this mighty republic the candidate whom their drunken intelligence taught them to be the proper person. What a sad reflection this is for us to-night!"

Miss Willard made a very eloquent appeal to her hearers to arouse themselves, and by their Christian endeavors free society and politics from this curse.

"What has each one of you done? Who has saved one human soul from the pit of the blackest darkness? You have taken from $50 to $500 per year from the liquor-dealers; you have given to industry the strong arm and well-developed muscles of mature manhood; you have replaced the key-stone in the broken arch of home; you have given to the commonwealth a conscientious ballot, and

you have given to Christ's Church another member. Dear brother, you can have those shackles that bind you broken off if you will. No matter what your sin, Christ can break the shackles. I tell you, young men, that drunkenness is the ripe fruit of moderate drinking. Give yourselves, then, on the side of total abstinence. If there are any here who do not feel the need of taking the step, I beseech them to do it, that they may set an example to their weaker brother. May you, one and all, know in your hearts the importance of total abstinence. I wish we could act as unitedly as our forefathers did. Men and women of New England, see the heritage your forefathers and foremothers have given you! How true it is that 'now is the accepted time!' There is a time for every purpose and every work in this world. The time has reached us. The time to work has come. How many in this assembly are pledged on the side of total abstinence? I ask those who are not, in the name of God, to place themselves there. Sometimes, they say, a woman's fingers can undo bars and bolts in the human heart which men cannot move. I think this is so, and if it is, sisters, why can't we do all that our influence will enable us to overcome this terrible tide of horror? Many of you have heard the story of the confession a murderer made in his cell to a Christian minister. He said: "If people had only come to me before, and told me these things when my heart was young, my life might have been spared.' At last his sullen, tigerish, cold and hardened heart was broken by a woman, who by some little kindness found the door to his heart and the flood-gate to his tears. God help us, one and all, in Christ's dear name to participate in this glorious work!"

Miss Willard's farewell address at the close of the Moody meetings in Boston is thus reported in the *Globe*:—

"I remember that Abraham Lincoln, in that address of his which we have heard so often in other years, tells a story of the Orient. Once there was a young monarch, and upon his ascension to the throne he called all his wise men to come

before him, his sages and his learned ones. And he said to them, 'I want you, between this sunset and the next, to bring me some form or expression into which you shall condense the sum of your knowledge; and I want you to bring to me another sentence which shall be applicable to every form of human expression; which shall always be true, when, where, how, or by whom uttered.' And after he had said this he reminded them how swift and sure is the flash of the Damascus blade, and he made a gesture across the bowed necks of the sages, and they knew what was coming if they failed. They gathered together their old manuscripts and books, and they sat down in great distress and perturbation, but to study hard; and by the time the morning had dawned, one of them, a young man, bright and keen, said, 'This is the sum of all knowledge—"perhaps."' And they took this to the king, and he accepted this. But the hardest task was yet to come. Not one of them could answer it the first hour, and they feared and trembled. But one of the oldest of them, who had looked out upon human life, and who had learned its secrets and its sorrows, gave this sentence, and he found it, as you will find it, applicable to every possible circumstance: 'This, too, shall pass away.' We know that that is true, be it of great things or of little things. Now, let us turn to a very different book, and look into Daniel, the seventh chapter and the fourteenth verse:—

"'And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations and languages, should serve him; his dominion *is* an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.'

"And now look at the thirteenth verse:—

"'I saw in the night visions; and, behold, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of days, and they brought him near before him.'

"How I have wished that he might come near to me! And again, turn to Hebrews, twelfth chapter and the last verses:—

"'Wherefore we, receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably, with reverence and godly fear : for our God is a consuming fire.'

"That pronoun 'we' seems to bring it right home to us.

"'The kingdom of God is within you.'

"It is not some sweet persuading of the imagination ; it is that 'God was made manifest in the flesh.' Then there is something in Mathew xxiv. 35 :—

"'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.'

"This is reiterated in Mark xiii. 31.

"In the twenty-third chapter of Luke he impresses this upon us for the third time. No matter who stops, no matter who comes or goes away, these words 'shall not pass away.' May God put it into your hearts and minds to be studious of that which is able to save your souls from death. There are many other passages that it would be well for us to look at and talk about, in these last few days that are left us of this great reawakening. Christ is the end of it. In Romans x. 4, we read this :—

"'For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth.'

"A great many people are saying that they are trying to act as well as they can ; they are trying to do all they know that is right ; but this is not what Christ says. He says he is 'the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth.' Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as your Redeemer and Master? Some of us are thinking of the things that pass away ; others of the things that will never pass away. O, may God help us to study those things that do not pass away !

"It is thirteen weeks since I began this work, and eleven weeks since I came to you a stranger. I want to say something to you of what it has been to me to be here with you. I know that I am speaking to my friends, to sisters

in the dear name of Christ, to those whom I love for their works' sake, and who love me for my works' sake; and for that sweeter, but not holier or higher motive—I love for your own sake. When Mr. Moody first spoke to me about coming to Boston, to see what I could do here, it was a great surprise to me. I had been in Brooklyn, organizing temperance unions; I had work there to do, and I did not know whether I ought to come. And when one whom I have honored and trusted, but had never seen but twice, said, 'Let us ask God about it,' if I have known an earthly inspiration of sympathy, it has been the prayer that he offered then. He asked God to show me whether I ought to go or not, and that if there was any word that I could speak that would benefit any one, it would be made known to me. When I went to my little cottage home I asked my mother, as I always do, and have done since my lips could form words, 'What do you think about it, and would you like to have it so?' My mother is seventy-three years of age, and I am her only daughter, but her first words were, 'My child, do as the Lord says.'

"And so, with my mother's blessing, and with that good man's prayer, and with my own belief, I came, and we have labored lovingly together, and I believe and hope that God's blessing has come down upon our work. Dear friends, Mr. Moody said something else to me then. He said, 'I cannot help thinking of the great magazine power there is in the hearts and consciences of the New England women. If they could only get hold of the word of God, what a power they would be!' There is no brain and heart so susceptible of God as the brain and heart that is full of God's word. This, then, is my farewell message, even the words of the blessed Master himself. Search the scriptures; learn how to trust them for your own safety. They are an ark in which to sail over the mountains of sin and sorrow on the floods of God's mercy as the ark of Noah sailed on the flood of his wrath. And then learn to use them to rescue the perishing; for, unlike that day of doom, this is the day of grace."

We have thus enlarged on the temperance reform element as represented by woman, in connection with the Murphy and Reynolds movements; for the former has had a strong alliance with the latter. The two great temperance evangelists would have fallen far short of the blessed results they have wrought, had it not been for organized woman's work, prior to, and in connection with their efforts. With that enthusiasm, and patient pertinacity so characteristic of their sex, and the shrewd use of social influence, whereby woman can work alike results of good and evil, the temperance unions have been creating an atmosphere of public sentiment; preparing, so to speak, the fuel which only awaited kindling to flame into a conflagration. Dr. Reynolds has worked systematically in connection with these organizations, and frankly concedes the debt he owes to their active co-operation. But when we study the Murphy movement, we find the feminine element hardly less strongly marked, through in a less direct way. We can hardly over-estimate the stringent force that woman in her varied relations of mother, sister, wife and sweetheart, has brought to bear, to fix and consolidate the effect of the orator's appeals.

From the earliest days to the present time the curse of alcohol has rained ruin, misery, degradation and crime, on weak and struggling humanity. History, which is simply "philosophy teaching by example," is full of the most eloquent and pregnant illustrations of the curse wrought by the love of stimulants. The Biblical account of Noah's discovery of the fascination and the effects of wine, typifies the fact that even while the race was in its infancy, it commenced to be coiled in the folds of that monstrous appetite, which has grown with civilization, assuming constantly new phases, and been the fatal root of the most terrible crimes. Were the element of alcohol eliminated from the hidden causes that have made the records of humanity black and gloomy tragedies, it would sweep away the larger share of the atrocities that revolt the student in his investigations. The fall of empires, as well as the ruin of individuals, may, in numerous instances, be

directly traced to the cursed appetite for strong drink. Since the first dawn of civilization down to the present time, men have murdered their friends as well as their enemies, ruined their families, wasted their substance, in a word, transformed themselves from rational men into raving demons, in obedience to this deadly craving. From the monarch on his throne to the peasant in his hut, the insidious poison has wrought its fiendish work, and introduced moral chaos, lawlessness, cruelty, and all forms of evil, where thrift, order and virtue, but for this fell agency, would have been triumphant. It will be useless to enumerate illustrations of this fact from the annals of the past. It is one of those sad truisms of history, sown thick with illustrations through every age, written in plague, murder, rapine, and all the blackest forms of unbridled selfishness and passion. Human villany has always sought the alliance of alcohol, when it would consummate its projects, to stifle the last faint protests of conscience and enkindle the more ferocious instincts which reveal the traces of the wild beast lingering in the human breast. This form of statement may be called glittering generalization ; but it is designed to call attention to a fact, which most essayists and historians from the philosophic Buckle down, have lost sight of, or perhaps deliberately overlooked, that among the most potent factors that have entered into the problem of the human race, the love of stimulants, of which alcohol is perhaps the chief, has an evil pre-eminence.

It is a significant and striking fact, that it is only within the last two centuries that the moral sense of humanity has awakened to an alarming sense of the real gist of this tremendous question, and attempted to grapple with it practically. In spite of the innumerable facts staring men in the face, the love of wine and other forms of stimulant had previously enlisted in its cause the specious pleading of so-called philosophy, the glowing strains of poetry, and the beauties of art ; nay, it had even dragged religion into a sacreligious alliance, and daringly called on the oracles of God to set the seal of Divine

approval on the most malign agency which has blasted the bodies and souls of mankind. In a barbaric age it is easy to understand the lack of moral distinctions, but it is more difficult to fully realize the utter want of appreciation, which made the fine civilizations of the ancient world associate drunkenness rather with something poetic, refined, and ennobling, than stigmatize it as the basest and most dangerous appetite which has devastated the hearts and hopes of the race. From the sublime Homer down to the dainty and licentious Anacreon among the Greeks ; from Ennius, who sang the praises of a virtuous country life, to the wise and witty Horace, among the Romans, poetry crowned the reeling Bacchus with honors no less than Minerva, the deity of wisdom. The great philosophers and moralists did not hesitate to invoke wine as the genial friend of man, and use their strongest logic to strengthen its hold over the human understanding. The same callous and terrible disregard of this frightful enemy of virtue, health, and public welfare, continued for many ages after the victory of Christianity over the old forms of religious error. And it is a sad fact that while the most pure and blessed of religions was interpreted as tacitly indorsing the use of strong drink as a beverage, it was left for the fanatical Arab prophet and reformer, Mohammed, to brand with his strongest curses even the tasting of the deadly potion which steals away the brains and consciences of men.

Mr. Leckey, whose work on the history of Morals attracted so much attention a few years ago, acutely observes that, while the priests, philosophers, and moralists of former ages proclaimed the general ethical truths with so much clearness and eloquence, they left the attempt to grapple with and remedy the practical every-day evils of life to the present utilitarian age. Pre-eminently is this the case with temperance reform, one of the most magnificent movements in its series of waves, which this nineteenth century, great as it is in improvements relating alike to the moral, intellectual, and physical man, has known.

The evil of intoxication, unlike many other vices, has far-reaching roots of destruction and misery. It propagates itself by the most insidious feelers, and masks its dangers at the outset by alluring the unwary with appeals to some of the most delightful and worthy instincts. It borrows the arguments of society and friendship, and offers the fatal cup with honeyed smiles and words. The number of victims who have been led into the habit of drinking, thence to drunkenness, crime, and utter ruin by the hand of beauty, of kindly feeling, and regard for the so-called social amenities, is simply numberless. One may fancy Satan, the genius of evil, laughing with demoniac glee, as he witnesses the most dreadful of all the agencies for the devastation of body and soul, putting on the vestments of an angel of light, and sapping the dignity and truth of manhood with pleas drawn from the armories of God. All the readers of this book will recognize the force of the fact, as old and threadbare as it may seem. A lovely woman, pure and good in all her instincts, offers a visitor a glass of wine in obedience to a common conventionality, with her thoughtlessness a mere matter of form. She little thinks in doing this seemingly trifling courtesy, she is opening the gates, perhaps, which lead the victim down on the broad road of ruin, till he ends in the purlieus of the groggery and the brothel an outcast and a wreck. A dear friend asks one whom, mayhap, he loves as a brother, to share the social glass with him, not believing that the cup holds a potion more malignant and terrible than so much prussic acid. For in the former case, the issues not only of time, but eternity, hang in the balance. So the sweetest impulses of the human heart have been wrenched out of their sphere to allure the weak from their hold on the one anchor of safety, total abstinence.

A wise Spanish proverb says, that wine is made up of the blood of three animals, the ape, the bull, and the hog, thereby typifying the different stages of intoxication—foolish chatter and laughter, when the wits have gone astray; ferocity, which uses the knife or the pistol with unsparing hand; and the

brutish sleep, which expunges the last semblance of manhood.

Read the newspaper records that make the columns of the press a red catalogue of crime sickening to the last degree. How often does the eye behold such a story of wretched sin as this:

"A. B., a gentlemanly-looking man, entered the saloon of John Smith, on X. street, in company with a friend, and drank several times at the bar. The two seemed in hilarious good humor and on the firmest terms of amity with each other. At last A. B. became quarrelsome and noisy. His friend, fearing some disturbance, sought to persuade him to go home. The man, intoxicated to the verge of fury, used the most insulting and opprobious terms, and became utterly unmanageable. His friend took him by the arm and tried to lead him out into the street. At last the maniac, raving and frothing at the mouth, drew a dirk and drove it into the heart of the unfortunate man. He was arrested by the police and lodged in the city prison on the charge of murder."

Let us go further and look behind the curtain in this typical example. A. B. was a man doing a good business, happy in his social and family relations. Perhaps he left home with the pure kisses of a devoted wife and sweet children on his lips, to be gone for a short absence, and expecting soon to return to the embraces of the beloved ones. Hour after hour the patient wife waits for the return of her husband. At last comes the thunderbolt from a clear sky. The partner of her being, the father of her babes, the idol of her heart, is bolted within a felon's cell, and the shadow of the gibbet looms up in the distance. At one dreadful stroke, the happiness of a household is shattered, and a man who might have been an ornament of life made into an accursed wretch. Such is the work of the demon, alcohol.

Is this called an exaggerated example? No! it is but one of many such instances which make the newspaper reader shudder, for it is being constantly repeated with variations as infinite

as the complexities of human life. It has been said that no man becomes bad all at once, but only by slow gradations of vice. It is the exclusive privilege of alcohol and its brother poisons to have the power in many cases to transform the good man instantly into the devil. The mad Malay, who runs amuck butchering right and left those in his way, has brother examples in more civilized regions. But even more general unhappiness and vice is caused when the work of alcohol is more slow than in the instance we have cited.

The victim of the appetite falls from bad to worse, perhaps with many occasional lapses into virtuous resolutions, which prove too weak for the force of habit. His family are deserted and ill-treated, subjected to a slow torture for years. His wife fades away from rosy health and happiness into an attenuated, sad-eyed spectre, and his children become ragged unkempt gutter-snipes, gamins of the street, with an almost certainty of more than emulating his example. He finally dies foretasting hell, in the serpent evil of *delirium tremens*. Let us not laugh lightly at these things. They are not the occasional cases, which shock the mild philanthropist as he ruminates in his easy chair into saying with a complacent sigh: "How terrible, but I suppose they can't be helped, for human nature is *so* frail."

No! these are but citations of innumerable facts that stare us in the face in every street of a great city; in corner groggeries, sown as thick as dragon's teeth; in haggard faces, bleary eyes, and tattered garments; in dilapidated houses and filthy rookeries; in crowded court-houses and jails; in the unspeakable squalor, uncleanliness, wretchedness, blasphemy, sorrow and soul damnation, as well as bodily disease, which make whole acres of great cities a vast lazar-house of sin and horror. The imagination can hardly over-paint the picture, and the pen fails to find words to encompass the dire facts in fitting expression. What is ordinarily hyperbole gets shriveled into weak corpses of language when it seeks to find the fitting terms.

Yet wide-spread and deep-seated as is the appetite which wreaks such a curse, the signs of the time are hopeful. The poet Tennyson sings in the opening stanza of "In Memoriam :"

> "I hold it one with him who sings
> On one clear harp of many tones,
> That man may rise on stepping-stones
> Of his dead self to higher things."

The sky has been brightening for the last century, and though the gleams of the rosy, auroral morning may be slow and faint in their increase, they are clear and plain to the patient watchman on the battlements. Let us compare the present century with the past, in the case of the Anglo-Saxon nations, for example. Not much more than a hundred years ago the crime of intemperance (for in view of its awful results it becomes more than a vice), was so much the rule in Great Britain that the peasant was an habitual sot. Strong ale was as free in every cottage as water, and the laborer, the miner, the mechanic welcomed his evening at the pot-house as the pleasurable part of his hard and grinding lot. Every village was filled with paupers, and the poor-house crowded to excess. The working man rarely ended his day without being at least, somewhat intoxicated. Among the gentry the facts were even more patent. The dinner almost uniformly ended in debauch, and the three-bottle man was honored as one of the ornaments of society. Gentlemen regarded it as one of their duties to go to bed reeling drunk, and the victor in a protracted revel, who had drunk his companions under the table, was honored with the smiles of the women, the approval of society, and the admiration of his fellows. From the topmost to the lowest layers of society, men, and oftentimes women, were saturated through and through with the love of and demand for wine, gin and beer. This is no extreme statement of the historical fact. Read the novels of a century since, those vivid social pictures of men and women as they were in all ranks, and the

moral to be drawn frightens one accustomed even to the sad truths of the present time.

No less did the same fact hold in the American colonies, and even after the establishment of the republic. North and South the vice was a paramount social custom, and ministers of the gospel themselves regarded the daily use of stimulants as not only excusable, but a rational and proper thing. The laborer in the fields considered his employer as failing in his contract unless rum was furnished, and low tipping-shops, even in those days of cheap liquor, absorbed the earnings of the poor. The country innkeeper was one of the most important functionaries of the village, without whose important voice no political or social council was complete. The higher classes paraded a battalion of decanters on their sideboards, and the visitor who refused to drink the health of the host and hostess was branded as an ill-bred boor, not fit for polite circles. So the habit of drinking was most firmly intrenched in the hearts and customs of the community, and the advocate of temperance was looked on as an ignorant fanatic, not even to be honored with serious argument.

Now let us turn to the present. It is a blessed fact that refined people, although they may not ignore or taboo the habit of drinking, regard drunkenness with open aversion or disgust. The total abstainer is regarded with esteem and admiration, even if his example be not emulated, and intoxication is stamped by law as being, not only not a palliation of, but adding a blacker hue to the wickedness of crime. The sideboard, loaded with its glittering burden of liquors and wines, is no longer a necessity of hospitality ; nay, it is to-day the rare exception. Society sees that it must at least in theory frown on the alliance of the drinking habit with the usages of polite life, and many fashionable assemblies occur, without the host thinking it necessary to furnish wine to his guests. The New Year's festival is rapidly emerging from the blight and disgrace, which a few years ago made the anniversary sad and ominous in spite of the spirit of general good fellowship

pervading it; and now the rivalry is not who shall make the most alluring display of wines, but who shall furnish the strongest coffee and purest lemonade to the visitor.

Above all, the church has dissolved its unholy alliance with alcohol, and now lifts its thunders, its pleadings, and persuasions against the use of liquor in any form, as one of the crying evils of the age. The ministers of God are no longer tipplers, and advocates of what is called with tremendous sarcasm rational drinking, but practisers as well as preachers of the virtue of entire abstinence. Chemistry and physiology have turned their powerful lenses on the scientific side of the question and reiterated with telling emphasis the indubitable fact that in the use of stimulants man has nothing to expect but breaking down of body and brain. These are eloquent signs that encourage hope, and cheer the weary laborer in the cause of reform. The change is slow but sure, and though the disease is still wide-spread, deep-rooted, and sweeps hundreds of thousands yearly to a dishonored grave, the spirit of God is leavening the times and working toward a mighty victory.

And now, what has caused all this? The answer is simple. The moral atmosphere of the age is purer and stronger. With the increase of knowledge, the more careful study of social facts and statistics, the growing tendency of the age to refrain from mere theory and generalization, and grapple with details, there has come to be a solid conviction that this question of drunkenness is one of the terrible problems which society in very self-protection must solve. It is the mythic sphynx with its riddle and the inflexible alternative, "Explain me or I will destroy you." When to this is added the awakened religious sense, which now sees the truth in its genuine bearings, we can understand why the signs of the age are so full of promise.

The traveler in our newer western communities has often had occasion to observe the following fact. During the early settlement, the country is infested with malarial fever. Hardly an inhabitant whose sallow face and chattering teeth do not betoken the subtile scourge which reeks from the

moist black soil, and the prairie-sloughs. After a while, continued cultivation and drainage dry up the marshy lands, and the warm sunlight permeates through the earth, constantly turned up with plow and harrow. At last the poisonous malaria is destroyed and the air becomes pure and healthy. Communities pass through similar experiences in a moral sense. The swamps of ignorance and indifference born of lack of knowledge must be drained, before the moral atmosphere gets healthy.

Side by side with this tendency to investigate, must grow the sense of necessity for investigation, the appreciation of the evil as it exists. The heart must be stirred as well as the intellect. The emotional side of temperance reform is one of its most vital elements. It is like the steam which moves mighty machinery. The illumination of knowledge must get its primary motive from some fire in the heart and soul. It is here that the religious element links itself with such potency to the scientific side of the temperance problem. It is here that the eloquence and passion of the orator kindle the inert mass, made callous and heavy by long habit! The great waves of excitement, which so often sweep the land in connection with religious and moral movements, are essential factors.

It is too much the tendency of those who pride themselves on being rational and philosophic, to decry what are called paroxysms. The formalist sneers at the Moody and Sankey revival as mere blaze without permanent fuel. So, too, we hear ridicule of such a magnificent movement as the Murphy Temperance Reform as a false and abnormal thing, whose effects are only traced in the fatal reaction which follows the high tension of the emotions after the exciting cause has ceased. Intelligent men in viewing things in this light fail to study essential facts in human nature. Brain must have the stimulus of heart, and unless the feelings are powerfully moved, it is in vain either in the case of the individual or the community to expect important changes. No man ever reformed himself, as the oyster recreates his shell, by a mere law of vital mechanism.

It is in the light of such considerations as these that the Murphy and Reynolds movements and the Women's Temperance Unions get their significance and value. Such agencies not only kindle the heart but fire the intellect as well, and do more than all the tracts, essays, and scientific arguments in the world to strike the key-note of reform. As a remarkable phenomenon in the social history of our times, the recent temperance forces, which have been flooding and fertilizing the roots of good in our country, are worthy of the careful study of the philosopher; as a fresh example of God's loving Providence, as a great and blessed influence for the renovation of society they call forth the joy and congratulations of all the good and true spirits of the time. The names connected with these great movements will long be reverenced, and honored, for they have wrought a work as imperishable as brass or marble in the hearts of their fellows. What if many of the reclaimed men and women do relapse; what if in some features of the work there be things that excite the ridicule of the shallow and frivolous? The spirit of the Man of Nazareth underlies it, and its power will move on like a majestic flood. The solid and permanent results will remain long after its mere accidental characteristics shall have perished.

and at its last business meeting added nearly a hundred members.

"The club was organized by Dr. Henry A. Reynolds, January 16, 1876, and the work has been carried on by the president of the club, Mr. William H. Blanchard, who gives all his time and talents to the cause. The club is practically and emphatically red ribbon in all its movements and machinery.

"It has the idea of letting severely alone both politics and religious dogmas, and working for the reformation of men. It has been called the 'Banner Club' of the State, not because of its numbers, but because of the unanimity and practical working of its members. They have just moved to elegant rooms on Maine street, near the old South Church."

Stoneham was completely captured. The Boston *Traveller*, in reporting the work here, gives as follows the doctor's remarks :

"Dr. Reynolds commenced by lamenting the absence of clergymen at the meeting, which was held at the hour of the usual Sunday evening service. He said the time of meeting must be changed.

"Men have got to be saved ; and if there is any place where clergymen ought to be represented it is actively in the temperance movement. Rum is an obstacle at entrance to the church door. Our ministers, instead of preaching to the vestries half full of people, should preach to full houses, and they will do so if they can feel that the temperance work is only the forerunner of something better and higher.

"It is this sort of practical work which is to be, and must be, done. Drunkards would form the best class in the community, were it not for the curse of rum. As a rule they have no passion except rum, and it is that which causes them to commit crime. Rid your community of intoxicating drinks, and you will see how quickly crime will decrease among your people. Now they receive scoffs and kicks because they drink, when really they are a great deal better men than some who never drank a drop of liquor in their lives.

"You can't fail to see by my talk that I am a friend of the drunkard. The men who sit in this Reform Club to-night would not be here if they had been ridiculed and abused as scalawags. Take them as they are, not as they were once. I would not turn a cold shoulder to a discharged convict if I thought he had become a good citizen."

The faucet through which the last drop of liquor in Lockport had passed into the public street and gutter was then exhibited by the doctor, who said in a very eloquent and stirring manner that he would like to have such a faucet from every town in the Union.

"Now," the doctor continued, "I want to inform the rumsellers that this movement means business, not for you, but for us. I have driven my stake for sixty thousand men in Massachusetts, and I am going to have them, too. We despise your business; but if you will only sign the pledge and try to get out of it we will shake hands with you."

Dr. Reynolds opened his work at Springfield, in June, 1876. The *Republican* of that city, reports the movement as follows: "Dr. Reynolds regards the club as a very promising one (it was only a club of thirty members), but still thinks Springfield rather fallow ground for temperance work; which tallies with the testimony of the liquor dealers and makers, that this city has more numerous and more elegant bar-rooms, and consumes more beer and liquor than any other city of its size in the State. The club does not include any very prominent citizens, but its members, of course, are in earnest, and hope to increase its numbers rapidly."

Dr. Reynolds' work at Springfield was highly successful. The club here at first had only thirty-seven members; but in a short while it increased to a membership of over four hundred. The meetings held under its auspices sometimes filled three large halls in different parts of the city. Every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock and also in the evening mass meetings were held in the Protestant churches, all of which gave the Reform Clubs and their members a most cordial welcome.

The following sterling counsel given by Dr. Reynolds to the East Boston Reform Club will be read with much interest: "You are to blame for not having a larger and more effective club. You ought to be self-constituted missionaries. Out of gratitude to God for your deliverance you ought to be the first to go out into the byways and hedges, and compel others to come in. I know what it is to have a pleasant home and a lucrative practice; but I have abandoned both that I may be the means, under God, of saving others from the depth of sorrow and suffering from which I have been extricated. I could not rest. Don't leave a stone unturned to reform others. Work for this, and you will succeed.

"It don't make any difference to God whether it is a boot-black or a millionaire that you are instrumental in saving. Members of the East Boston Reform Club, start out, every one of you, as a committee of one, and you will revolutionize the whole island. The Reform Club is a life-boat. It restores men to a good name and happiness. It brings joy to the whole household; it makes men feel that they can be just what they most desire. Let a man struggling to reform feel that he has a friend.

"If there is a moderate drinker in the house, and I have no doubt there are many, let me tell them that they are on the road to destruction. Do not flatter yourselves that you are stronger than others who now fill drunkards' graves.

"Men of the Reform Club, wear the red ribbon. I would as soon go without my shirt as without my red ribbon. I don't have to change my ribbon when I change my vest, for I have one in every vest. I once was not ashamed to get drunk; why should I be ashamed to acknowledge that I don't drink, and am consequently free from the curse? I want to be known as a man who dares to do right; and if every man who reforms wears a red ribbon, it won't be long before the absence of the ribbon will be noticeable.

"It will keep men from drinking. A man with any decency in his make-up would want to take off his ribbon if he was

tempted to drink ; but while he was taking it off God would be at work at his conscience to save him from falling.

"I thought two years ago that I had some sympathy for my fellow-men, but I find now that I have ten times more love for them than ever. There is a necessity for it ; but don't forget that its platform is non-political, non-sectarian and non-legal."

During the Reynolds excitement in Massachusetts, the Rev. Joseph Cook, on May 22, in his course of Monday lectures, given in the Tremont Temple, Boston, offered the following resolutions, which were very favorably received, and which had a rising vote :

"*Resolved*, by the audience at the Monday lectures, embracing representative clergymen and laymen of all denominations :

"First. That the churches ought to draw forward the tidal wave of just reform, and never be dragged in its wake.

"Second. That the two leading principles of the Reynolds Reform Clubs, in the recent New England temperance movement, are known to us to be in practice really what they are announced by a recent convention, in Lowell, to be in theory : first, that reformed men should aid each other ; second, that religion and temperance should go together.

"Third. That these principles deserve financial, social, moral, and intellectual support, from the pulpits and congregations of all denominations.

"Fourth. That Providence has specially blessed the nation in the New England temperance prayer-meetings, and other distinctively church gatherings and discussions for the reclaiming of intemperate men, and teaching the community its duty in respect to the sale and use of intoxicating drinks.

"Fifth. That the interests of every factory child, and all the perishing and dangerous classes in cities, and especially of the rich and fashionable, imperatively call on the churches to follow with comely zeal this indication of Providence.

"Sixth. That the renting by church members of buildings

or property to be used for the liquor traffic is inconsistent with the teachings of Him who purged the temple with a whip of small cords."

Our subject's visit to Connecticut, at Bridgeport, Middletown, and New Haven, was simply a round of successes from the outset to the conclusion. Everywhere he met with great and permanent success, and he did not quit a place until he had accomplished his purpose. In this State his name became very popular, and the man himself was esteemed and beloved for his large heart and grand qualities.

He went to Providence, R. I., and here he received the usual rousing reception given him wherever he went. Here his success was almost instantaneous; and no such enthusiasm over anything was known in this city before. The people seemed to be absolutely carried away with temperance reform. The following interesting account of the doctor's work at this point is so good that we lay it before the reader with great pleasure: "The temperance movement in Providence is something remarkable. It is less than three months since the Red Ribbon Reform Club was started by Dr. Reynolds, and the signers of the pledge number over two thousand.

"The effect is wonderful. The principles they advocate take strong hold on the minds of men. The women workers are engaged in the same cause, and the politicians and the press are also beginning to turn in the direction of this great movement. Provision has been made for entertainment outside of the saloons, by having reading rooms for use in the day and evening, and measures are taken for the permanent lifting up of all who are down.

"The movement, from the first, is one of moral conviction. It is the belief of its leader that men cannot keep their pledges unless the mind, the heart, and the will, are engaged in the work.

"The Reform Club was started under unfavorable auspices, and at least one of its officers was actually intoxicated when

he signed the pledge. Everybody but the doctor prophesied his fall ; but, instead of falling, he has worked so successfully for the cause that he has increased the membership of the club sevenfold, and it now stands one of the most prosperous in all New England, having a membership of eleven hundred, who have been drinking men. There is also an auxiliary society of over six thousand, which is a good working organization in the temperance interest, and whose Sunday evening meetings call out immense audiences."

One striking characteristic of Dr. Reynolds is the prominent stress he puts upon the need of divine assistance in his temperance work. This trait is to be highly commended. Without the help of Almighty God the temperance reform, now spreading over this vast country, would be a failure in every respect—this is an undoubted fact. God has heard the prayers of the thousands upon thousands of people desirious of living purer and better lives ; and under this most merciful and loving protection the wave only grows larger and more powerful with the rapid flight of time. He is with it—no wonder it is so grandly successful !

Dr. Reynolds is a strong and devoted advocate of prayer, and believes it is essentially a part of permanent reformation. Earnest supplication at the seat of mercy certainly makes the "will-power" stronger and firmer ; it certainly does refresh and strengthen both the mind and heart ; and yet it is not everything. Something besides prayer is necessary to lasting conversion, and that something is work—real, honest, steadfast labor combined with prayer. As the doctor pointedly remarks : "I believe in prayer, but I believe in work, too. It is useless to pray with a man or woman who is starving or perishing with cold. The first thing to be done is to feed them and clothe them. Thus they will be in a condition to listen to your prayers and receive permanent benefit.

"The other day as I was down in the Eastern Railroad depot, in Boston, I saw a finely dressed man, who came up and asked if I knew him. When I told him I did not he said, 'I

am the man who took your pledge in Barre, Mass., when I was too drunk to stand alone. They held me up while I signed it. I never used to go to church or care anything for religion, but, by the help of God, I have kept my pledge. Now I have good work and good pay, and I and my family are as happy as we can be.'"

It must not be inferred for a single second that the work, after the departure of Dr. Reynolds for other scenes, remains quietly still, or lapses into a dormant condition. On the contrary it lives and flourishes like a young and hardy sapling planted in the spring time. Greater work is accomplished after the doctor quits the place than when he is there. The intense enthusiasm created by the red-ribbon advocate, is supposed by some unbelieving persons, to be surely transitory; but it is not so by any means. It is lasting, as is proven by the good results handed in by the several Reform Clubs in different parts of the Union from time to time. In referring to this subject the Boston *Congregationalist* very aptly remarks that: "The enthusiasm of its early stages has settled down into solid purpose of regular work. Reform Clubs spring up in every direction, and seem certain of accomplishing great good. The politicians and professionals have no hand in this work. It belongs to the people, and, belonging to them, it will succeed. Was there ever a time when the churches could labor in the cause so profitably as now?"

The Massachusetts legislature was attracted to the doctor's labor, and commended it. Mr. Fuller, of Boston, in his place on the floor of the House, said, "the reform has done more good than all the laws enacted during the last forty years." This remark, pregnant with much significance is made more telling from the fact that he was the chairman of the House Special Committee on the Liquor Law.

Such are some of the characteristic facts that marked the Reform Club movement in the New England States. Of course, what we have been able to collate by no means covers all the different features of the Reynolds temperance wave at

this time. But from it the reader will be able to get some definite conception of its force and strength. Dr. Reynolds' thirteen months' labor in Massachusetts and New England swept into the temperance fold at least 60,000 people; that is to say, made them active "red-ribbon" workers. Probably many more than this have been indirectly influenced, for good seed, well planted, grows and yields a harvest that we cannot well count.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DR. REYNOLDS' SPEECH AT THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE IN PHILADELPHIA.—HE COMMENCES THE GRAND MICHIGAN WORK.—PROGRESS AND SUCCESS OF A PHENOMENAL MOVEMENT.—INCIDENTS, SPEECHES, AND STATISTICS.

WHILE the great International Exposition was being held at Philadelphia, a great temperance conference, representing different nations, occurred. A great many distinguished people were present, and some of the finest orators in the country spoke in tones of startling eloquence. Among the speakers was Dr. Reynolds.

He said, upon this most memorable occasion: "It does not put one out in the least to follow such speakers as the Hon. Mr. Raper, Rev. Dr. Miner, Gen. Neal Dow, Mrs. Mary Livermore, Wendell Phillips, or any other orator, as I do not make any profession to oratory myself. I claim to be one of God's feeblest instrumentalities, raised up by His grace, and trying to do something for Him, and for those who have suffered, as I have suffered, through rum. I am one of those unfortunate men, who have an inherited appetite for strong drink. I love liquor to-night, as well as an infant loves milk. The love for intoxicants is as much a part of my make-up as my hand, and at the time I left off drinking, I had an experience of twenty years. I have suffered from delirium tremens as the result of drinking intoxicants. It has cost me three thousand dollars for what I know about drinking intoxicants; and I considered my life, previous to two years ago, ten thousand times worse than thrown away. I have walked my

father's house night after night for seven nights and days, a raving, crazy madman, as the result of intoxicating beverages. At the time that I was suffering and upon the verge of delirium tremens, I was obliged to do something I had never done before, in order to rid myself of this infernal curse. I had drunk my last drink. I had broken my bottle. I had sworn off before a justice of the peace. I had done everything men ordinarily do to rid themselves of the habit of drinking, all to no purpose. I had delirium tremens, and it would almost seem as though a man who suffered as I during those seven days and nights, would never touch the infernal stuff again; but I did, and several times afterwards I was on the verge of the delirium tremens, so near to them that I could almost look over and see them, and hear them hiss and howl at me. I was, obliged to do something different from what I had ever done before, in order to rid myself of this infernal appetite. I knew but very little about the Bible—drinking men do not read the Bible much—but I knew God had promised to assist those who asked him in faith, believing, and I threw myself upon my knees in my office, by my lounge, and asked Almighty God to save me, and promised him that if he would save me from such sufferings as I had once been through, that, with his assistance, I would be true to myself and to him, and do what I could to make others happy. At that time a little band of noble women, who had caught the inspiration from the West, were praying in my native city in a public place. Some of these women had been educated in churches where they did not believe in women's praying or talking in public. Some of them had suffered very much as the result of having drinking husbands and sons. They had received no assistance from the pulpit, law, or press, and were compelled to do something different from what they had ever done before. So they threw themselves upon their knees at the foot of the cross, and asked God to give them relief from their long suffering. And I stand here to-night believing myself to be a monument of God's grace, saved through the prayers of the noble women

of America, and feel myself to be a beacon-light erected upon the breakers upon which I have been shipwrecked, to warn off others from those shoals and breakers. Since I signed the pledge I have been a happy man. I used to be an unhappy man. I didn't want to live; I dragged out a miserable existence. I would have cut my throat, or blown out my brains but I didn't dare to. Now, I am one of the happiest men in the world. Instead of going about the streets cursing and swearing, I am going about from Dan to Beersheba doing what I can to make other people happy, singing 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' 'Rock of Ages,' 'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,' and looking upon the world as my country, and mankind as my countrymen. . . . . You have heard, doubtless, of the work which has been going on in Massachusetts and Maine. I claim that it is God's work, and at His feet I lay all the glory. Judging from a human standpoint, it is a wonderful work, but judging from a spiritual point of view, it is not wonderful, because nothing God does is wonderful. A minister said to me the other day, 'Dr. Reynolds, I have often heard of you, and am glad to meet you. I have an offer to make you. I have fifty dollars in my pocket, that I will give you if you will tell me how you do this work.' I told him I did not do it, that God did it. I told him that I looked upon myself as one of the foolish things of this world that had been raised up to confound the wise. I have a sympathy for the drunkard, which I cannot express or explain. I love him as I love my brother; and, as the result of going out, and taking God for my leader, and acting what I believed to be a practical Christian life, I have the honor and privilege and pleasure of standing here to-night, and saying to you that during the past twenty-one months, ending the tenth of this month, 51,000 men have been reclaimed from drunkenness and planted upon the rock of total abstinence—looking to God for assistance to enable them to keep their feet there. Hundreds and hundreds and hundreds are full-souled Christians. They haven't been saved by cuffs

and curses and the cold shoulder, but by the hand of brotherly love and sympathy; not by standing up here and beckoning them to come up, but by going down to them, as Christ did, and giving them a hand through which an electrical thrill of sympathy went, impregnating their whole organization, and making them feel that they have one friend. And if there is a man in God's world who is ready to accept the hand of friendship and sympathy and brotherly love, it is the poor, unfortunate drunkard. These men must be saved by practical Christian work—by treating them as men.

"Now, this reform movement is not very high-toned. It is even found fault with because it is not high-toned enough. The reason is because these high-toned people, so-called, won't come down. They don't dare to do right. They don't do right. If they did, the reform clubs, instead of being made up of middle-class men, and humble men, would be made up in part of those in higher circles of society, who would give it a higher tone; but something keeps them out. But this reform work commenced, and has been carried on, as all other reforms, among the humbler classes in society. It is so with Christianity. Christ was the reputed son of a poor man, a carpenter, and was in the highways and hedges most of his time. He didn't stand up in high places and beckon for men to come up; he didn't judge men by their property or color or nationality, or anything except the principle that was in him. He mingled with the most debased and vile and unfortunate and wretched, and led them along, and walked with them, and saved them by kindness and sympathy and brotherly love."

In the summer of 1876, the International Temperance Camp-meeting was held at Old Orchard Beach, in the State of Maine. It was here that Dr. Reynolds was elected President of the National Temperance Association, with ex-Governor Perham, of Maine, Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer, of Philadelphia, and Francis Murphy as Vice-Presidents; and it was here also that he received a very cordial invitation to go West and con-

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